POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SEPTEMBER 12 · 1964 25c

EXCLUSIVE:

'More and worse riots will erupt!'

MALCOLM X

His own story of crime, conversion and Black Muslims in action

Malcolm X in Cairo mosque

Sen. Dirksen attacks the Supreme Court / New Hampshire's "Irish Sweepstakes"

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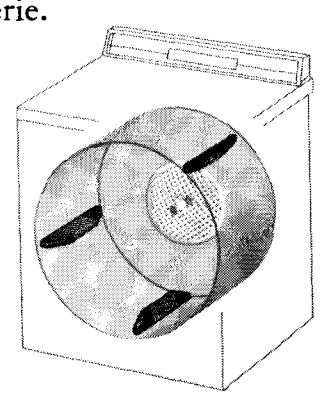

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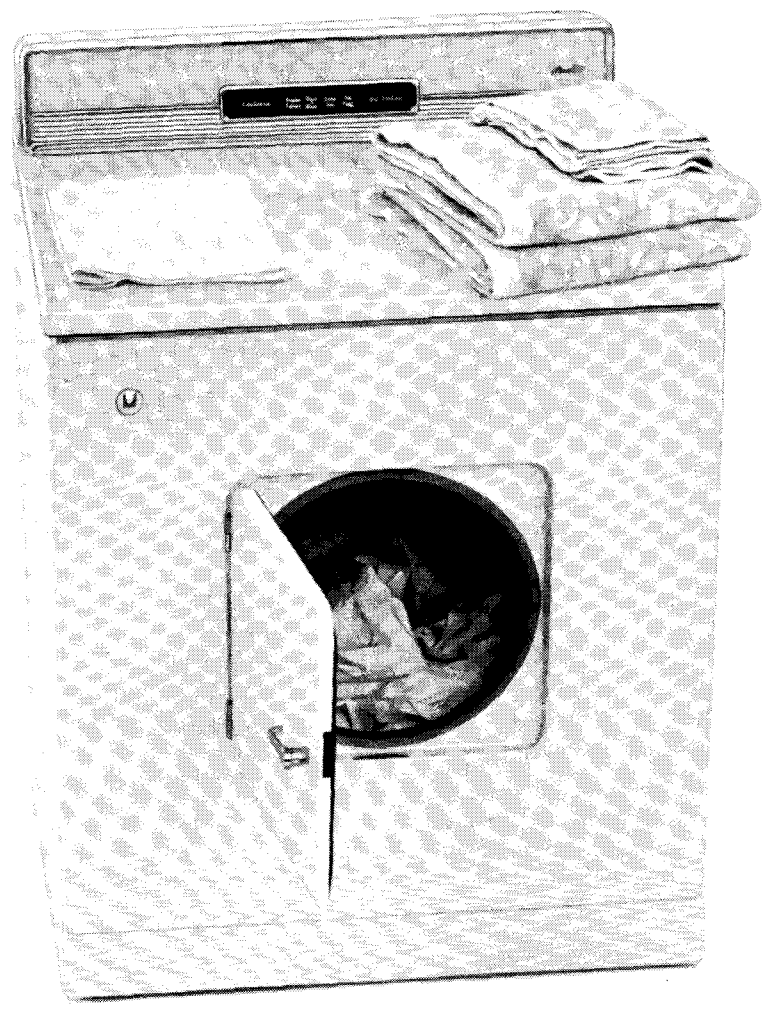

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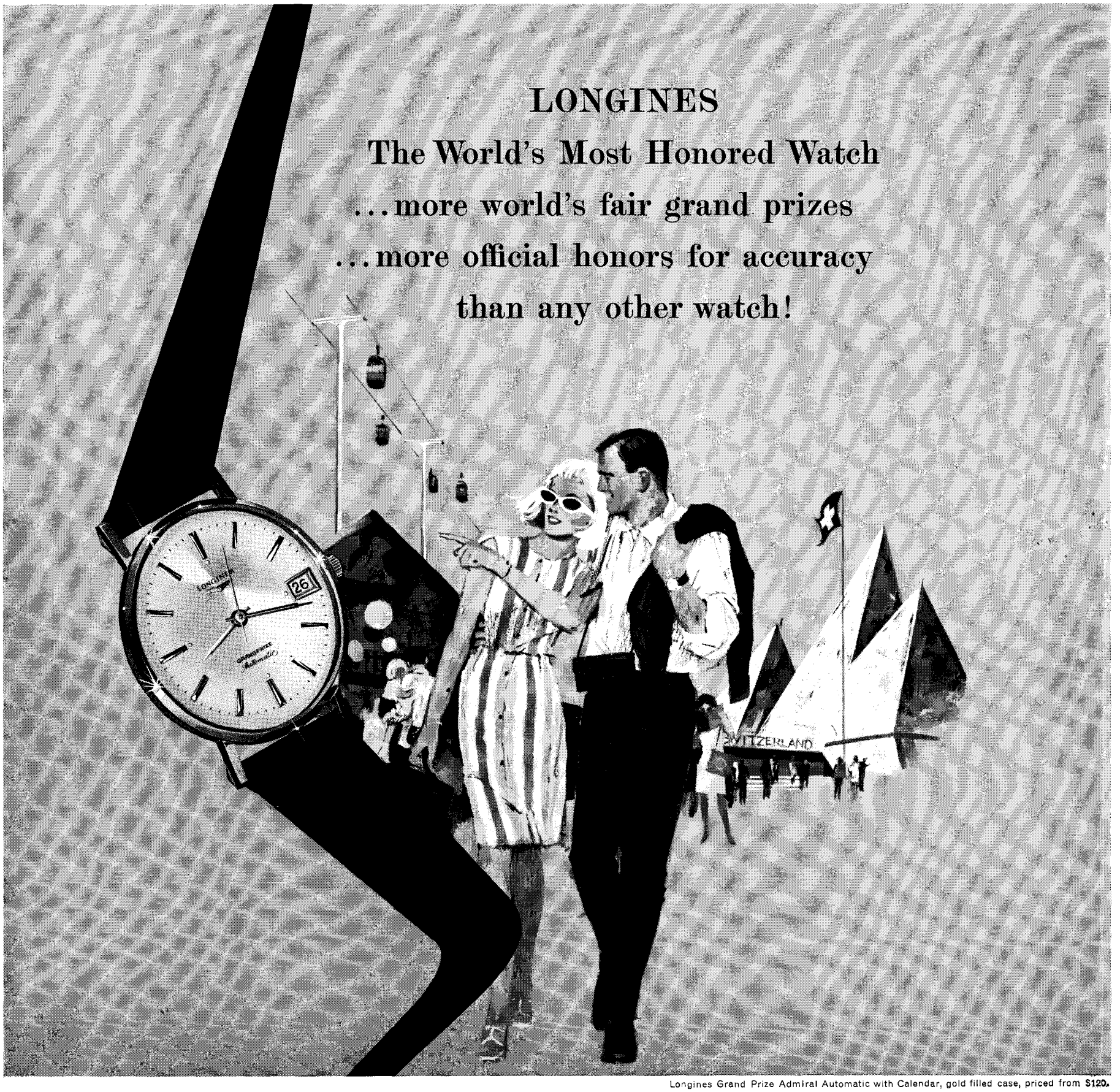

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POST

SEPTEMBER 12, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 31

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Defense spending: Where the cutback cuts deep . . . . *Don Oberdorfer* 17

To reduce the military budget, the Defense Department has been closing bases and canceling armaments contracts—and thereby throwing thousands of people out of work. Today both government and industry have to face a major problem: What should be done to regear the great American defense machine to meet the needs of a civilian economy? A nationwide report gives some of the answers.

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Fiction

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The authors, **Herbert Gold,** whose sixth and most recent novel was **Salt,** published in 1963, is also well known for shorter works. He has had two short stories, as well as one previous article, published in *The Post*. . . . Contributing writer **Don Oberdorfer** is one of *The Post*'s Washington correspondents. . . . **Malcolm X's** autobiography was put together by free-lance writer **Alex Haley,** who turned to full-time magazine writing after spending 20 years in the U.S. Coast Guard, retiring as a chief journalist. He got to know Malcolm X through three major magazine assignments on the Black Muslims Haley himself is a Methodist. . . . **Howard Bloomfield,** who makes his home in Maryland, has camped with his wife in 10 national parks where there are bears. Twice tents near theirs were raided by the animals at night. Bloomfield says, "I developed an interest in bears, while hoping bears did not develop an interest in me." . . . **Jack Iams** is a former newspaper reporter and television critic, and has written several novels, most of them mysteries. . . . While editor-at-large **Roger Kahn** was interviewing New York Yankees general manager Ralph Houk one evening last month, the sale of the ball club to the Columbia Broadcasting System was being completed, but Houk never once gave any indication that he knew anything about the deal.

The cover portrait of Black Muslim leader Malcolm X was taken by photographer **John Launois.**

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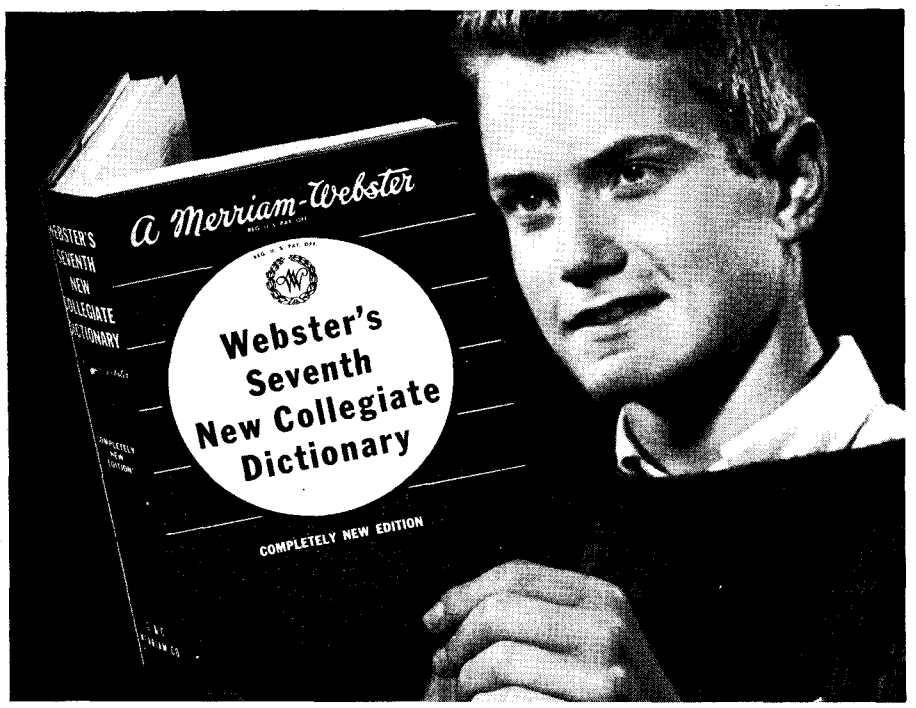

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LETTERS

Narcotics in America

GIVE DRUGS TO ADDICTS recommends Nathan Straus III [August 8–August 15]. Certainly, why not? It is about time a little common sense got injected into the narcotics problem. To deny proper medical treatment to an addict—including whatever drugs necessary—is about as foolish as refusing insulin to a diabetic.

WILLIAM K. MUNN
Oakland, Calif.

• I spent 13 years as a heroin addict and am one of the few survivors of the first experimental clinic, which operated on Worth Street, New York City, in 1919. I was much impressed with GIVE DRUGS TO ADDICTS by Nathan Straus III. *The plan outlined by Mr. Straus is the only rational approach to the dope problem.* There will be bitter objections from the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, since they have a vested interest in the control of dope—although it is common knowledge that they have failed, and will continue to fail, since addiction is a medical problem.

FORMER ADDICT

• Let Mr. Straus view the hophead with compassion. I'll view him with fear primarily. Or do our newspapers, magazines and books invent the narcotic-born atrocities I fear?

WILLIAM K. YORESEN
Pomona, Calif.

• Mr. Straus's article advocating free drugs for addicts is enlightened, intelligent and dead wrong. The British method is a humane palliative treatment and does remove the profit motive from the transaction, but for the addict it is a perpetuation of the agony and the failure of his life. May I call attention to the five addict-run Synanon Houses in California, Nevada and Connecticut where over 450 former addicts are compiling drug-free days in a warm clan environment, which provides physical sustenance and psychic support—no one understands a junkie like another junkie.

Synanon is the answer for those who desire to be free from drugs. Free drugs may be the answer for those whom Synanon lacks funds to help and for those who lack the courage to take the cure.

PEG PLESKUNAS
San Diego, Calif.

• The only immoral aspect of drug addiction is the crime it invariably leads to. Certainly the controlled legal use of drugs is worth trying if it means decreasing the thousands of crimes committed daily by addicts desperate to support their habit.

NANCY SOSNOW
Bronx, N.Y.

• Nowhere in Nathan Straus's article do I read about the life expectancy of the confirmed addict or of the "accidental" death rate from overdose, yet from my own limited experience with addicts with unlimited supply of narcotics, none lived beyond 10 years from the onset of the habit. The Hippocratic Oath, which I took, says in part: "The regimen I adopt shall be for the benefit of my patients. . . . I will give no deadly drug to any, though it be asked of me, nor will I counsel such. . . ." From where I stand, a doctor who would give narcotics would be in the same rank as Hitler's genocidal physicians.

M. C. WALTON, M.D.
Mountain View, Mo.

Doctor Walton is in a position today to exercise his judgment as to the administration of narcotics to a nonaddicted patient. What I advocate is simply that in carefully controlled experimental projects, physicians be permitted to use the same discretion in prescribing medicine, including narcotic drugs, to addicts. Under present conditions representatives of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and other law-enforcement officials have effectively prevented physicians from exercising their discretion in regard to addicted patients. The doctor is best qualified to decide whether his patient should have a narcotic, and I believe we should try leaving the decision in his hands. —Nathan Straus III

The first million is the hardest

Because I am not a millionaire, it is hard to feel sorry for one who has been taken to the cleaners [ODD SAGA OF THE BIG BAHAMAS SPENDERS by Trevor Armbrister, August 8–August 15]. But I have some ideas that would help in retrieving his fortune. He could contact the German scientist who reportedly has discovered a process to extract gold from seawater, and they could set up a laboratory where the Yukon meets the Tanana River in Alaska—I am sure that if the rivers were stirred up, the beds there would yield a rich mixture of gold solutions and fine dust. Or he could arrange to have the shoreline of the coast of Japan filled in to increase her land areas. These are just a few of the things that might be tried.

As for myself, I have given up any ideas of ever becoming a millionaire. It is too much trouble. I expect to retire soon on my social security and pension, which will not be enough, but is better than nothing.

R. C. PATRICK
Dayton, Ohio

Oh yeah? Yeah, yeah!

Beatlemania has been further perpetuated in the hearts of millions of teen-agers throughout the world, thanks to Alfred G. Aronowitz's THE RETURN OF THE BEATLES [August 8–August 15].

"SCREAMIE" NOLAN
Stratford, Conn.

• Thank you for trying. It *was* a rather high-class article.

ELONA PENSAK
Memphis, Tenn.

• Your article proved the Beatles to be different but nippy and gear also. But when you get down to the Blackwells and Mersey Monsters—*drag!*

LINDA DUNNOVANT
Beaufort, N.C

• Why don't you just sit back and enjoy them?

SUSAN K. HUSEMOLLER
Ellsworth AFB, S.Dak.

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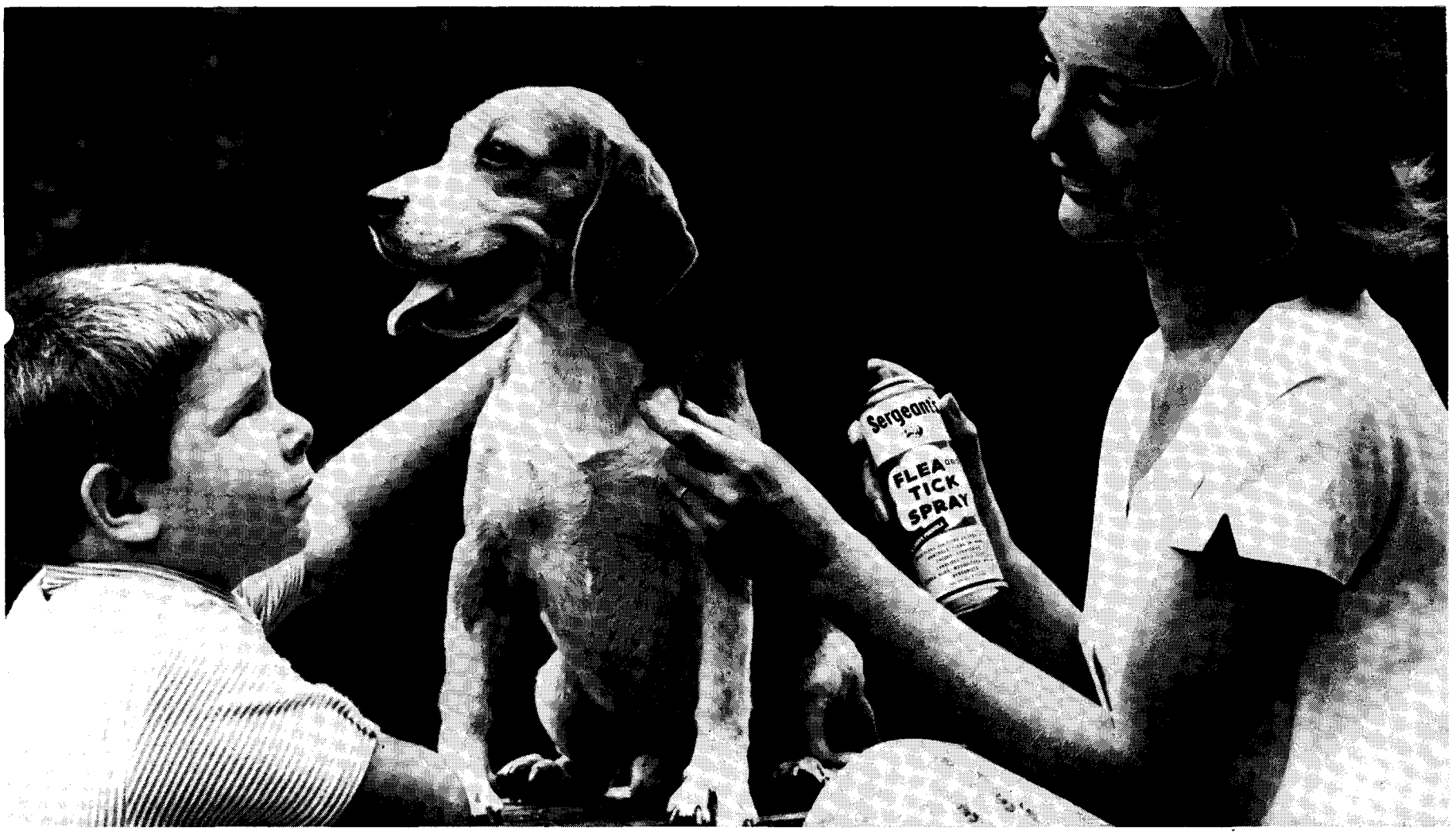

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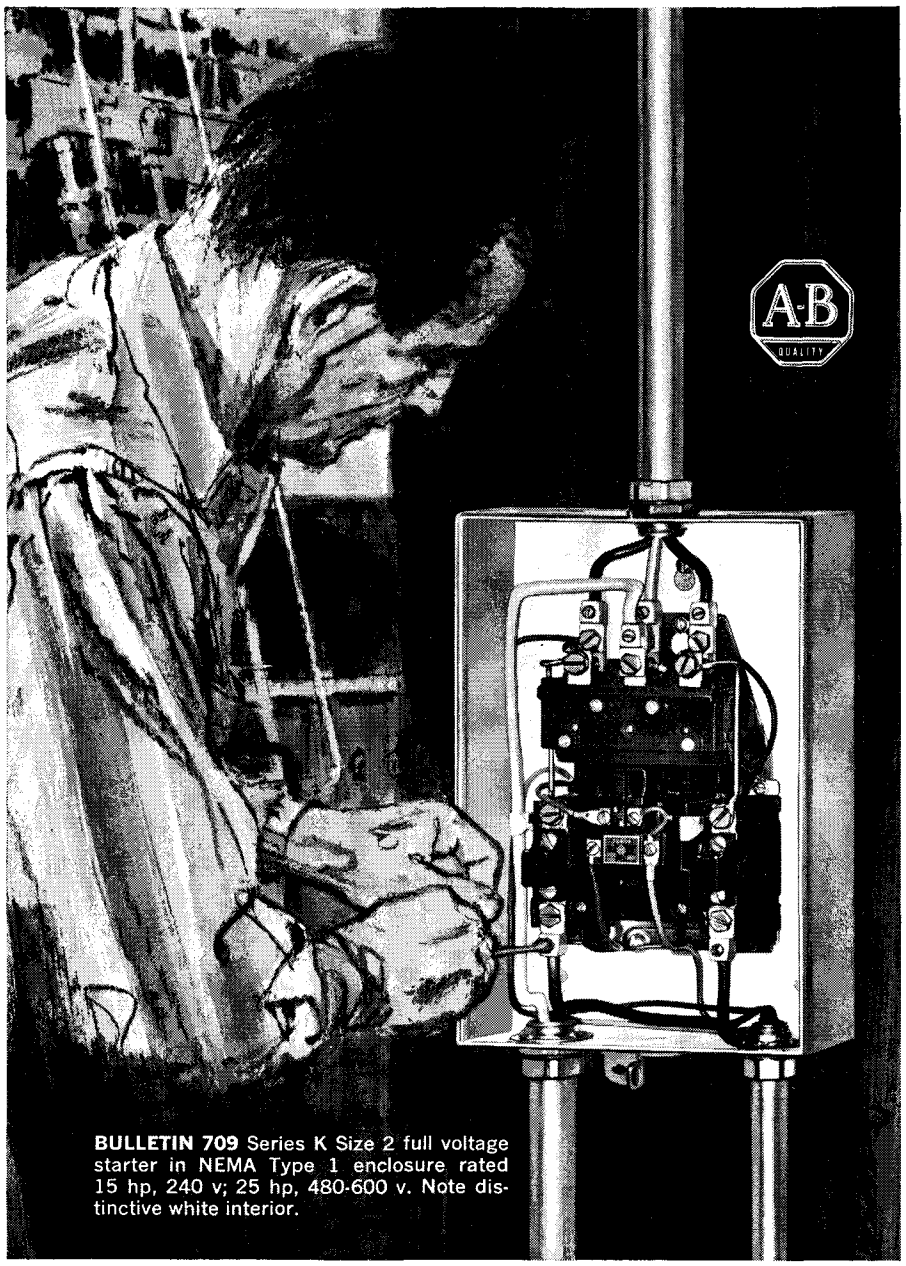

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LETTERS

• I am sure that in Soviet Russia young girls would reserve their admiration for scientists, scholars, artists and such, rather than the coterie of criers and crooners and phonies that clutter up our entertainment industry.

ARTHUR A. MADSEN
Hayward, Calif.

• When my Mom saw pictures of the other rock singers, she told me that she would love the Beatles for the rest of her life, because they gave me a beautiful love for music and manners rather than a weird gory love for music and no manners.

SANDI MARSDEN
Boise, Idaho

• You speak of a Liverpool of 50 or a 100 years ago. Oh yes, the houses are gray, and it's almost constantly overcast, but as for the people being "small, tough, and wiry"—rubbish! And as for the "meager factory wages," they are as high in the North of England as in the South, if not higher. I can assure you that we from the North are not suffering from "malnutrition" nor do we exist on "spare diets." As for Liverpudlians feeling that "they aren't a part of England at all"—poppycock! John, Paul, George and Ringo are definitely a part of England, and proud of it, and we are very proud of them.

MRS. G. K. ANDREWS
Yorkshire, England
[near Liverpool]

Animals aloft

I am the Pan American Airways captain who flew Peter Batten, his family and his zoo [HAVE ZOO, WILL TRAVEL by William Trombley, August 8–August 15] on his trip from Jakarta. The allegation that "several hornbills died in the plane's cargo hold, which was supposed to have been pressurized and heated and was neither" is untrue—the entire plane is both pressurized and heated! If it were not, no animals could survive the outside temperatures of –15°F to –85°F. Monkeys are brought from India to the U.S. for the Salk vaccine; canaries go from Japan to New York; recently a baby Indian rhinoceros was flown from Calcutta to Portland.

R. R. DELAREUELLE
Walnut Creek, Calif.

The good old days

Don't despair of our present-day world after reading Erich Fromm's melancholy synopsis of our consumption-happy society [OUR WAY OF LIFE MAKES US MISERABLE, July 25–August 1]. Some of us lived through the era of "Victorian morality," and it wasn't so pleasant either. We had the high point of religious and racial intolerance and political corruption. We had outdoor privies and physicians in frock coats and black beards.

RUSSEL S. DART
Middle Haddam, Conn.

• I lived in the days when men were not machines. I am 76 years old. My father was a carpenter, and he could work for whom and where and when he pleased, without fear of being ground to death if he stopped to look about him.

CARRIE HUMPHREY SACKRITER
Meadow Vista, Calif.

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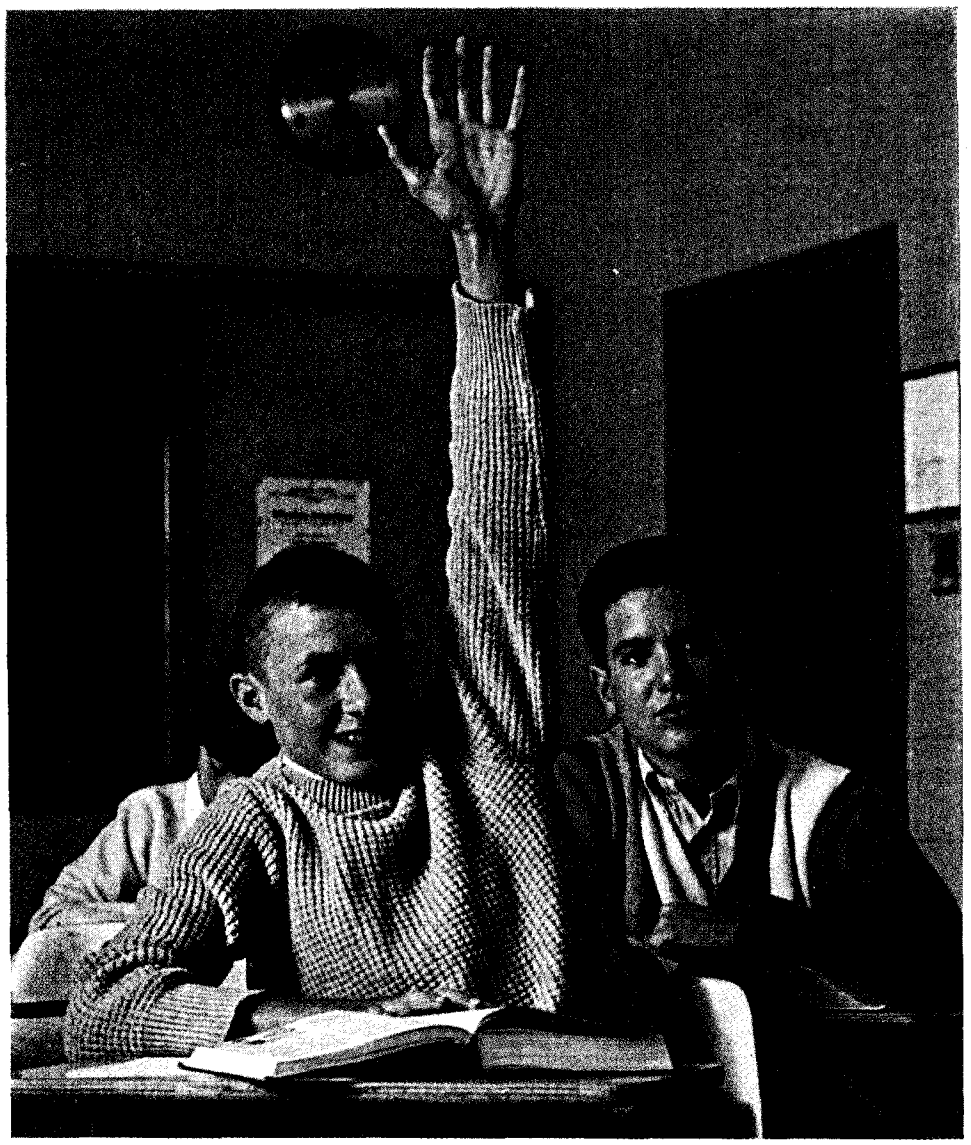

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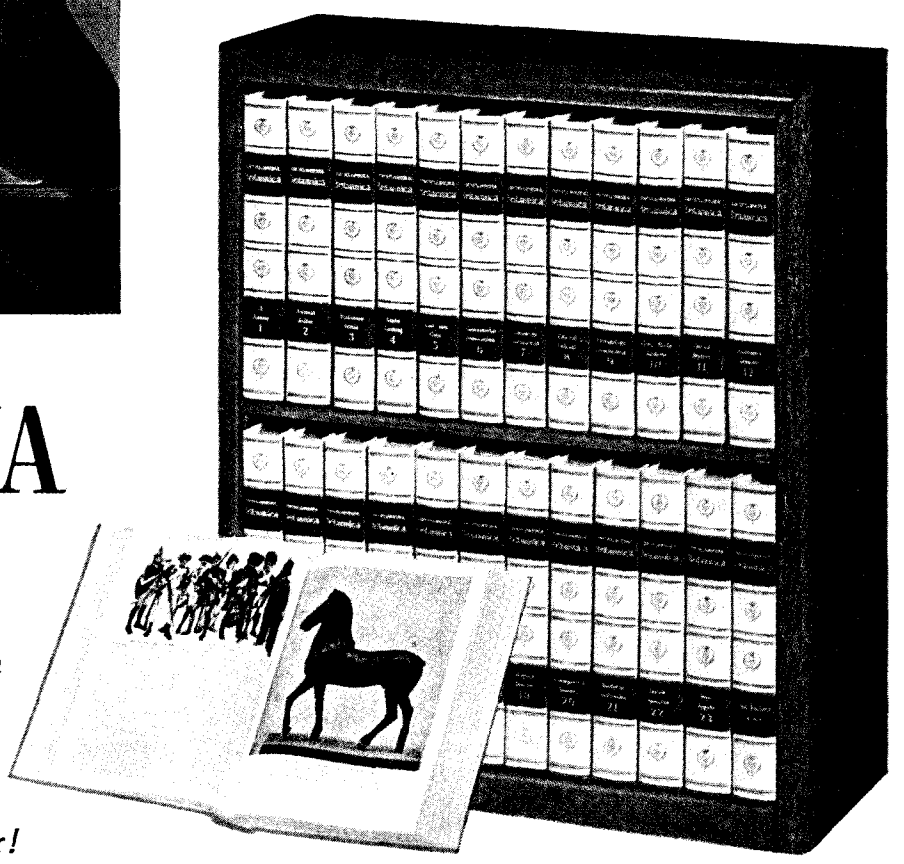

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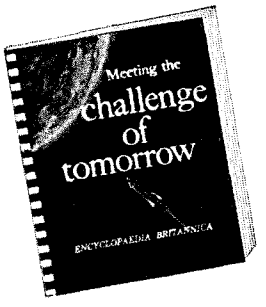

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SPEAKING OUT

THE SUPREME COURT IS DEFYING THE PEOPLE

A G.O.P. leader sees legislative chaos and threat of judicial dictatorship in the high court's rulings on how states must govern themselves.

Famed for his splendiferous oratory, Senator Dirksen is a native and resident of Pekin, in central Illinois. He served eight terms in the House, then moved to the Senate, where he has been minority leader since 1959.

By Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen

Have we reached the point where the Preamble to the Constitution, which now reads "We, the people . . . do ordain and establish this Constitution," has been changed to read "We the Supreme Court do hereby decree a new form of government for the people of the United States"? Have we permitted the Court to constitute itself an authority supreme and contrary to the expressed will of the people?

There is a grave danger that we have. On June 15 of this year, six members of the United States Supreme Court took what may prove to be the longest step toward creating a judicial dictatorship in this country. They did it by decreeing that the legislatures established by the people in the states of Alabama, Colorado, Delaware, Maryland, New York and Virginia were null and void, and they dictated the form of legislative government which the people of these states must accept.

The Supreme Court proclaimed that it was acting to enhance democracy and to abolish inequities between the city dweller and his country cousin. Moreover, they have sold us this decision with the alluring slogan of "one man, one vote," a concept which is beautifully democratic in the abstract. But the states of the nation are not governed abstractly. For 188 years they have been governed by a realistic system of legislative compromise, which recognizes the diverse interests of a diverse people. Now, suddenly, the Supreme Court says it is wrong.

The form of legislature the high court declared null and void is in effect today in every state in the Union. It is the same form of representation which was adopted by the 13 colonies when they threw off the yoke of the English kings. Basically, it is a legislature composed either of two houses, one house based upon population and another house based upon area, or of one house based upon both population and area. The men and women of the colonies fought, bled and died for the right to establish state governments of their choice. This was the choice they made.

Then, a decade later, they met in constitutional convention in Philadelphia. There they forged the provisions of the federal Constitution on the anvil of experience, hammering out the solutions to the problems of fair representation for all. Even at that time there were rural areas and populous areas, each with diverse and legitimate interests. It was only natural that the sparsely settled and less affluent states should fear the power of the rich and strong. After much debate, this truly vexing problem was solved by a historic compromise. Today we have the handiwork of that solution, the Congress, a legislative body of two houses, one of which is based on population and the other upon state boundaries.

That was the will of the people in those times, and that has been the will of the people since, as new states have been added to our Union, each one embodying the same principle in its own state constitution. But that is not the will of six men on the Supreme Court. Let us look at how they have ordered the people of this country to refashion their state legislatures.

It all began two years ago in the case of Baker vs. Carr, which came to the Supreme Court from Tennessee. For the first time, the court held it had the final authority over the composition of the state legislatures. Now in the six cases recently decided, the court used that newly assumed authority in an extraordinary way. The judges decreed that the 14th Amendment, which was adopted in 1868, requires both houses of any state legislature to be apportioned on the basis of population alone. Moreover, it directed the lower federal courts to put this new decree into practice through orders at the state level.

In Colorado, after the Baker vs. Carr decision, the people of that state in 1962 had voted almost 2-to-1 to approve a plan to overhaul their legislature. Yet the Supreme Court refused to accept the plan approved by the people, and Colorado was given only two weeks to find a new solution. A specially called general assembly attempted to comply and adopted a new apportionment plan. Then the state supreme court of Colorado declared that plan to be unconstitutional. Today the citizens of Colorado do not know what they can do and—in view of all these facts—who can blame them?

In New York the supreme court not only ordered reapportionment but before it was through it had set new terms of office for members of the general assembly. The New York constitution provides for two-year terms for its legislators, but it has been decreed that those elected this fall shall serve for only one year. Then there is to be a second election, and members are to be elected for another year. Then there is to be still a third election, when lawmakers are to be named to a regular term.

An even more appalling situation has been created in Oklahoma. There a three-judge federal court has taken upon itself the role of reconstituting the state legislature. The court began by declaring invalid a portion of the state constitution and election laws. The state passed a new election law and proposed a constitutional amendment to remedy the defects. Then, in May of this year, the voters of Oklahoma approved the amendment to the state constitution and elected representatives under the new election law. Now the court has declared that amendment and election null and void and ordered new elections based on its own legislative formula—contrary to that approved by the people of Oklahoma.

I learned long ago that the people are the fountainhead of all power in this country. In Colorado and Oklahoma, as well as several other states, the people have acted decisively, but the federal judges will not accept the result. They say that they represent some higher power to determine the form of our state governing bodies, which is a mistaken and dangerous notion.

Certainly in any representative government there exists a fundamental right in the people to determine how their legislatures shall be constituted. Yet according to the powerful dissenting opinion of Associate Justice John Marshall Harlan, the Supreme Court majority has now declared it to be unconstitutional for a state to give effective consideration to any of the following factors in establishing its legislative districts:

1. History;
2. 'Economic or other sorts of group interests';
3. Geographical considerations;
4. Area;
5. A desire 'to insure effective representation for sparsely settled areas';
6. 'Availability of access of citizens to their representatives';
7. Theories of bicameralism (except those approved by the court);
8. Occupation;
9. 'An attempt to balance urban and rural power';
10. The preference of a majority of voters in the state.

In this, the court would blindly disregard the facts of nature as well as the basic principles of representative government. A businessman in Garber, Okla., whose state legislator used to live in nearby Enid, may now have to travel to Oklahoma City to ask for the improvement of a bridge or complain about the condition of a road. A rancher or miner near Duncan, Ariz., could discover that his only representative lives in Tucson, a burgeoning electronics-and-space center with problems completely dissimilar to those at home. In my own home state, voters in sparsely settled southern Illinois may find they must go 150 miles to locate the nearest state legislator.

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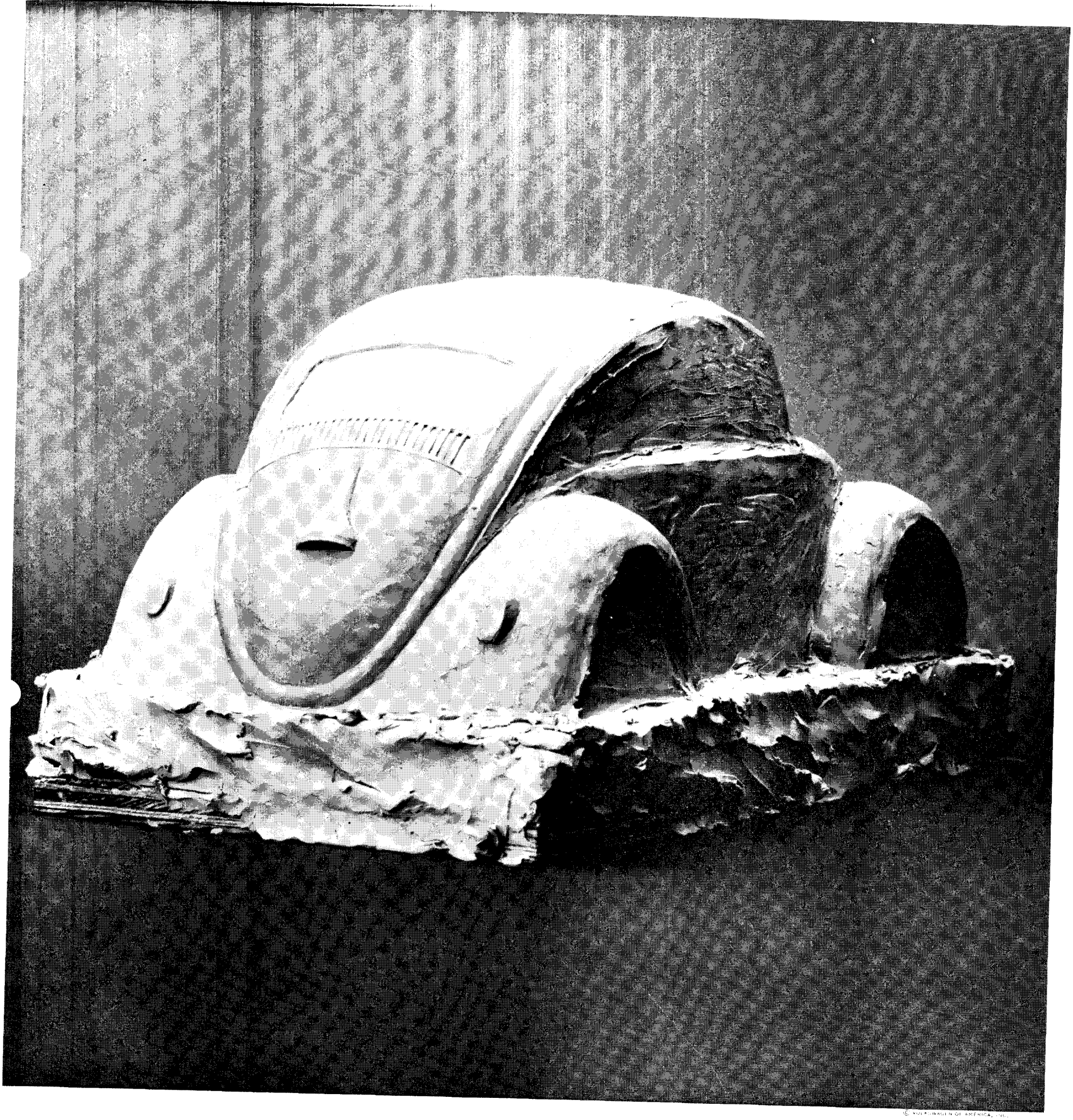

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O. J. always means Florida orange juice, naturally.

The Supreme Court

It is a tragic misreading of the history and the temper of our nation to say that such practical matters have no place in government. No one appreciated this more than the present Chief Justice of the United States, when he was still the governor of California. In 1948, commenting on the problem of representation, he stated that:

"The agricultural communities of California are far more important in the life of our state than the relationship their population bears to the entire population of the state. It is for this reason that I never have been in favor of restricting their representation in our state senate to a strictly population basis. It is the same reason that the founding fathers of our country gave balanced representation to the states of the union, equal representation in one house and proportionate representation based upon population in the other."

That was sound doctrine then, and it is sound doctrine now. For the forces of our national life are not brought to bear on public questions solely in proportion to the weight of numbers. If they were, the six million citizens of the Chicago area would hold sway in the Illinois legislature without consideration of the problems of their four million fellows who are scattered in 100 other counties. Under the court's new decree, California could be dominated by Los Angeles and San Francisco; Michigan by Detroit; New York State by the five boroughs of New York City; and Pennsylvania by Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

Let us look at a specific application of the problem. It is a fundamental rule of government that "the power to tax is the power to destroy." The patriots of Boston recognized this when they rebelled against the ruinous taxes levied by George III. Consequently our forefathers safeguarded the exercise of the taxing power by providing that Congress would control the federal purse. They provided that all revenue measures must originate in the House of Representatives, where each member must be elected every two years.

At the same time, the rights of each state, large or small, were protected by the requirement that such measures must also win approval in the U.S. Senate.

The court now proposes to deny similar protection to many of the citizens of the states. In turning control of the state legislatures over to the cities, the court is giving to the city bosses the power to tax and with it the power to destroy. For it is the city boss who often controls the nomination and election of representatives to the state legislature. The result can be foreseen. Just as all roads led to Rome 2,000 years ago, with tribute and tax revenues flowing to the Eternal City, so today we are confronted with a parallel as a result of the court's decisions. In place of helmeted soldiers going forth from Rome to collect the tax and bring it to the emperor, we are now to be confronted with political minions surging forth from the controlling city machine to levy, collect and bring back the revenue to be used to perpetuate and further the grandeur and power of that machine.

The city machine will determine where the roads will be built, where the school funds will go, where the police protection will be provided, where the welfare funds will flow. All this and more will be determined and distributed by the city machine. Is this the representative type of government that the court refers to? Is this really protection of the urban voters?

These are some of the problems which must have been in the mind of Governor Warren in 1948, but strangely they do not have the same impact for Chief Justice Warren. Nevertheless, the viewpoint which he expressed so well in earlier days is now on the lips of many thoughtful citizens. And they wonder what can be done to prevent the damage and disorganization which would inevitably flow from the Supreme Court's latest rulings.

The basic step we must take is a constitutional amendment to make certain that the people themselves, and not the federal courts, have the final voice in the makeup of their own state legislatures. I have prepared such an amendment, and it has already been cosponsored by about one quarter of the United States Senate. My proposal, which would be the 24th amendment to the Constitution, declares:

First, that the citizens of each state shall have exclusive power to determine the composition of its legislature and the apportionment of the membership thereof.

Second, that this power shall not be infringed or its exercise subject to review in any federal court.

Third, that at least one house of each legislature must be apportioned on the basis of population as determined by the Federal Census or, in the case of a unicameral legislature, that population shall be one of the determining factors of legislature apportionment.

Debate is a laboratory

It might take at least two years for the adoption of this constitutional amendment. It would be proposed by Congress and must be ratified by three-quarters of the states. Such an amendment would demand careful consideration in every forum. There must be hearings and testimony. The language must be tested in the laboratory of debate.

Thus we have a second problem. We must have immediate action to prevent our state governments from being turned inside out while we are engaged in the slow, thorough process of submitting a constitutional amendment.

Realizing this, I proposed a statute to stay the action of the federal courts upon the request of a state or its people. A version of this proposal was approved by the Judiciary Committee of the U.S. Senate by a vote of 10 to 2. In order to get action this year, before untold harm is done by judicial rulings, I attached the substance of this legislation to the Foreign Aid Bill as an amendment. I chose that bill because it was the only one remaining on the "must list" to reach the desk of the President for signature before Congress can finally go home.

Some have criticized the choice of the Foreign Aid Bill to carry this emergency amendment, but I believe it is altogether fitting and proper. One of the purposes of our vast aid program is to promote democratic government beyond our shores. My amendment seeks time to preserve it at home. The people of America themselves—not six judges of the Supreme Court—must be permitted to decide this momentous issue of state representation. If the Foreign Aid Bill helps to win us that time, it will have redeemed, in this case, its own democratic promise—but in a manner that none of us could ever have predicted or foreseen.

Everett M. Dirksen

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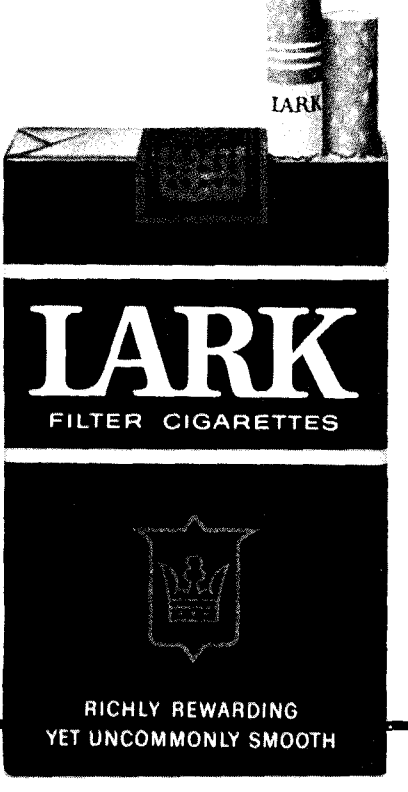

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The meaning of the margin

Goldwater

Johnson

WASHINGTON: Let us suppose that next November 4 your morning newspaper carries some such headlines as these:

JOHNSON ELECTED IN CLOSE RACE
Polls 53 Percent of Total Vote

GOLDWATER MAKES STRONG SHOWING IN SOUTH, WEST, MIDWEST

Or let us suppose that the papers carry such headlines as these:

JOHNSON WINS IN LANDSLIDE
Popular Electoral Majority
Rivals '36 Roosevelt Victory

TAKES 48 STATES, 60 PERCENT OF VOTE

As these imaginary headlines suggest, if President Johnson wins in November—which still seems highly probable—a great deal depends on how much he wins by. For his margin of victory will profoundly affect the future of the Republican Party, and also the future of Lyndon Johnson.

Sen. Barry Goldwater might quite conceivably be less disappointed than Lyndon Johnson by a narrow Johnson victory. Goldwater and his strategists want to win in November, of course. But they also want—and almost as much—to control the Republican Party after November. Immediately after his nomination, Goldwater moved quickly and toughly to re-create the Republican National Committee as the party's power center, and to staff the whole structure with all-out Goldwater men.

Quite obviously, Goldwater and his men are looking beyond November, 1964. Goldwater was looking beyond November, 1964, even before President Kennedy was killed. By this time last year Nelson Rockefeller's remarriage had made Goldwater the front-runner, but he was still quite genuinely reluctant to run. As he remarked to this reporter at the time, the possibility that he might be President "scares the hell out of me." What really scared him even more was the possibility that he might be so badly beaten by Kennedy that his brand of conservatism would be sunk without a trace.

If he could take 45 percent or more of the popular vote, Goldwater reasoned, he would at least prove that his kind of conservatism had a mass following, and he and his followers would live to fight another day. But if he took less than 45 percent of the vote, his brand of conservatism might never recover from the disaster.

President Kennedy is dead, but Goldwater's reasoning of a year ago remains valid. If Goldwater loses but runs a respectable race—and his own figure of 45 percent seems a reasonable measure of respectability—then the Goldwaterites will almost certainly keep their tight grip on the party power structure, and Goldwater himself could well be the candidate again in 1968. But if Goldwater loses in a landslide, then it is absolutely predictable that the moderates of the hated "Eastern Establishment" will stage a counterrevolution, and highly probable that it will succeed, with the nomination in 1968 of William Scranton or someone like him. Thus if Goldwater loses, the whole future of the Republican Party may depend on his margin of defeat.

By the same token, the future of Lyndon Johnson could also be much affected by his margin of victory. There is no doubt at all about the kind of margin Lyndon Johnson wants. He wants to equal—and, being Johnson, to better—Franklin Roosevelt's landslide of more than 60 percent against Alfred M. Landon in 1936.

He wants a Roosevelt-scale landslide partly for political reasons, since a really big victory would give him the kind of authority at home and abroad which he partly lacks as a President-by-inheritance. But he wants a big victory for understandable human reasons as well.

Roosevelt was Johnson's mentor and political hero—"He was like a daddy to me." The President has an urgent desire—almost a need—to match Daddy's great triumph. But that is not the only reason why Lyndon Johnson wants so much to win, and to win big.

Shortly before the Democratic Convention reporters asked the President the then-inevitable questions about his vice-presidential choice. "I see so many people today who just a few months ago were talking about what was happening to Lyndon Johnson," he replied sardonically. "I am glad that you have a renewed interest in the Vice President."

Johnson was referring, of course, to what was, less than a year ago, one of the sillier jokes of the Washington "ingroup": "Whatever happened to Lyndon Johnson?" The joke got deeply under Johnson's thin skin. As he told Robert Kennedy in the White House interview when he killed Kennedy's vice-presidential hopes, his own experience in the powerless vice-presidential office had been "miserable." It could have been nothing else to a proud man who loves power. In fact, before President Kennedy was murdered, Johnson had just about made up his mind not to run again. On his last trip abroad, he even talked at length with an old friend about how to break the news to President Kennedy.

Given this background, and given the kind of man he is, it is no wonder that Lyndon Johnson so much wants to win big, and to win on his own. A small win will tend to make him circumspect, and as an old friend has remarked, "Lyndon's as cautious as an old coyote." But might not a really big win tend to dissipate that native caution?

"Power is poison," Henry Adams wrote gloomily. "Its effect on Presidents has always been tragic, chiefly as an almost insane excitement at first, and a worse reaction afterward...." There are several examples to suggest what Adams had in mind, notably the case of Lyndon Johnson's "daddy," Franklin Roosevelt. In the exciting afterglow of his great triumph at the polls, Roosevelt in 1937 vastly overestimated his power, and tried to pack the Supreme Court. When he was defeated on the issue, he never fully recovered his domestic authority.

Pride goeth before a fall, even in Presidents, and Lyndon Johnson is at least as prone to the sin of pride as Franklin Roosevelt was. Already, in the White House press corps, Johnson is sometimes referred to half jokingly as "the king," or "his majesty," and a great victory at the polls might inflate his royal tendencies to a genuinely worrisome degree. At least it is easy to see why it has become almost a cliché among pro-Johnson politicians and reporters to say, "I hope Lyndon wins, but not *too* big."

Of course your morning newspaper on November 4 just might carry another set of headlines:

GOLDWATER WINS IN UPSET
President Concedes After Midnight

POPULAR VOTE CLOSE BUT DECISIVE

Such headlines would mean a genuine revolution in the political power structure of the United States. The meaning of that revolution will be examined later in this space.

Stewart Alsop

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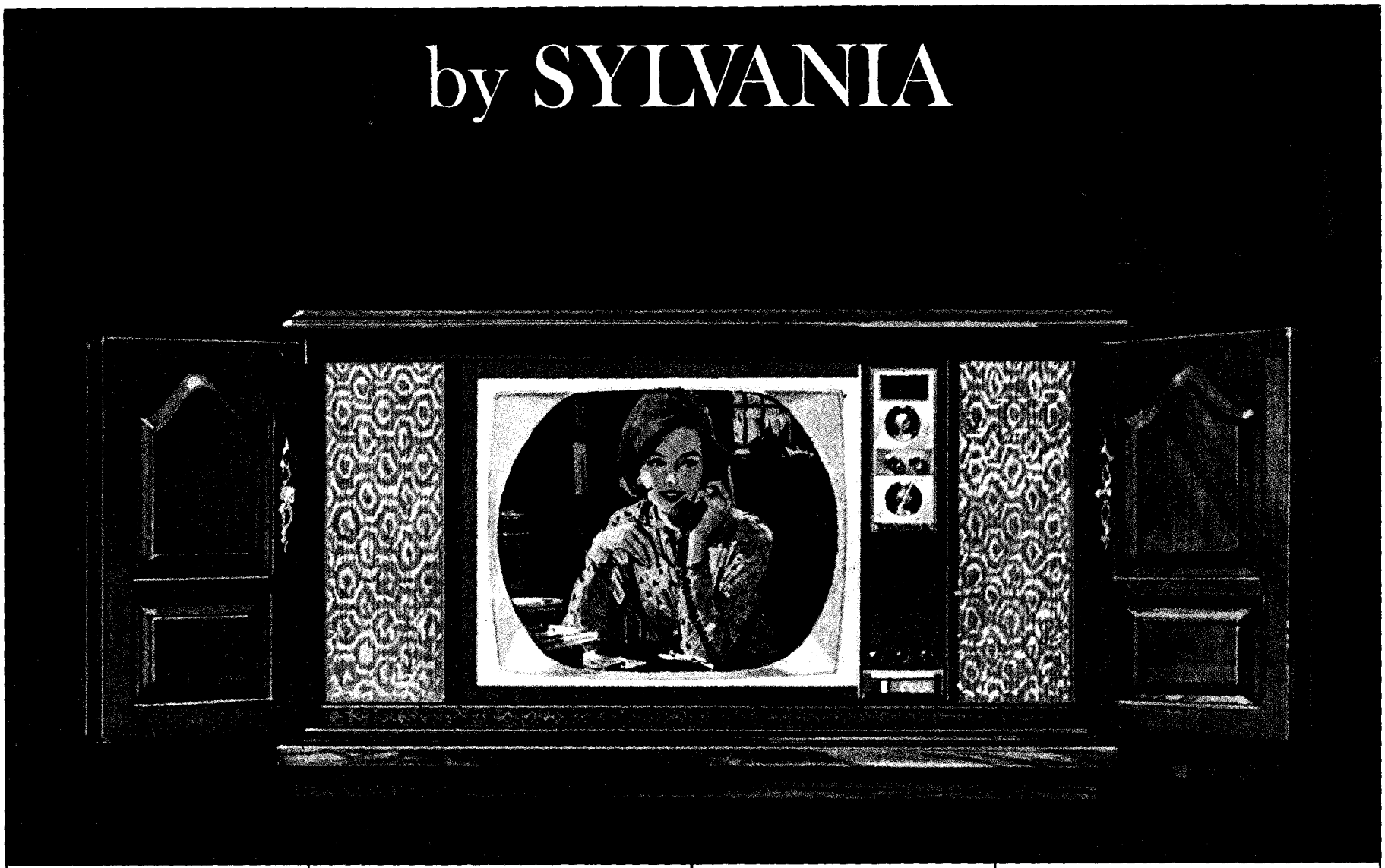

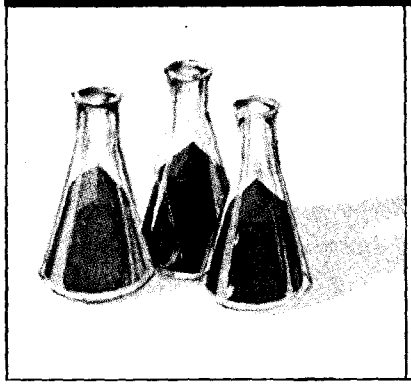

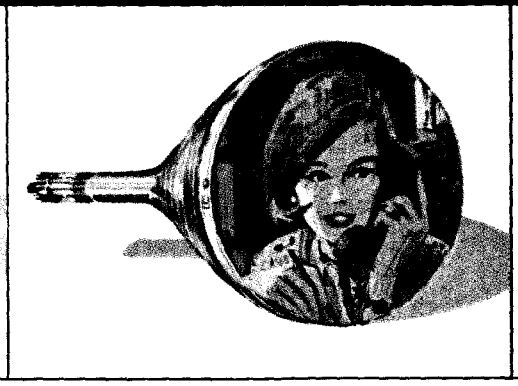

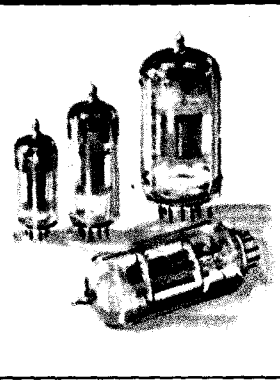

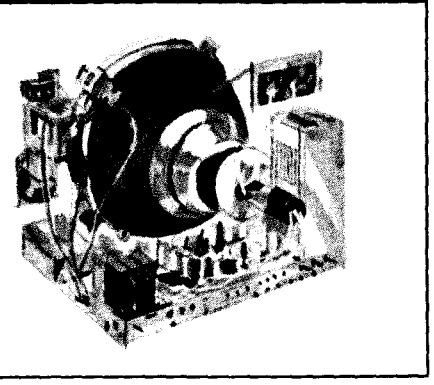

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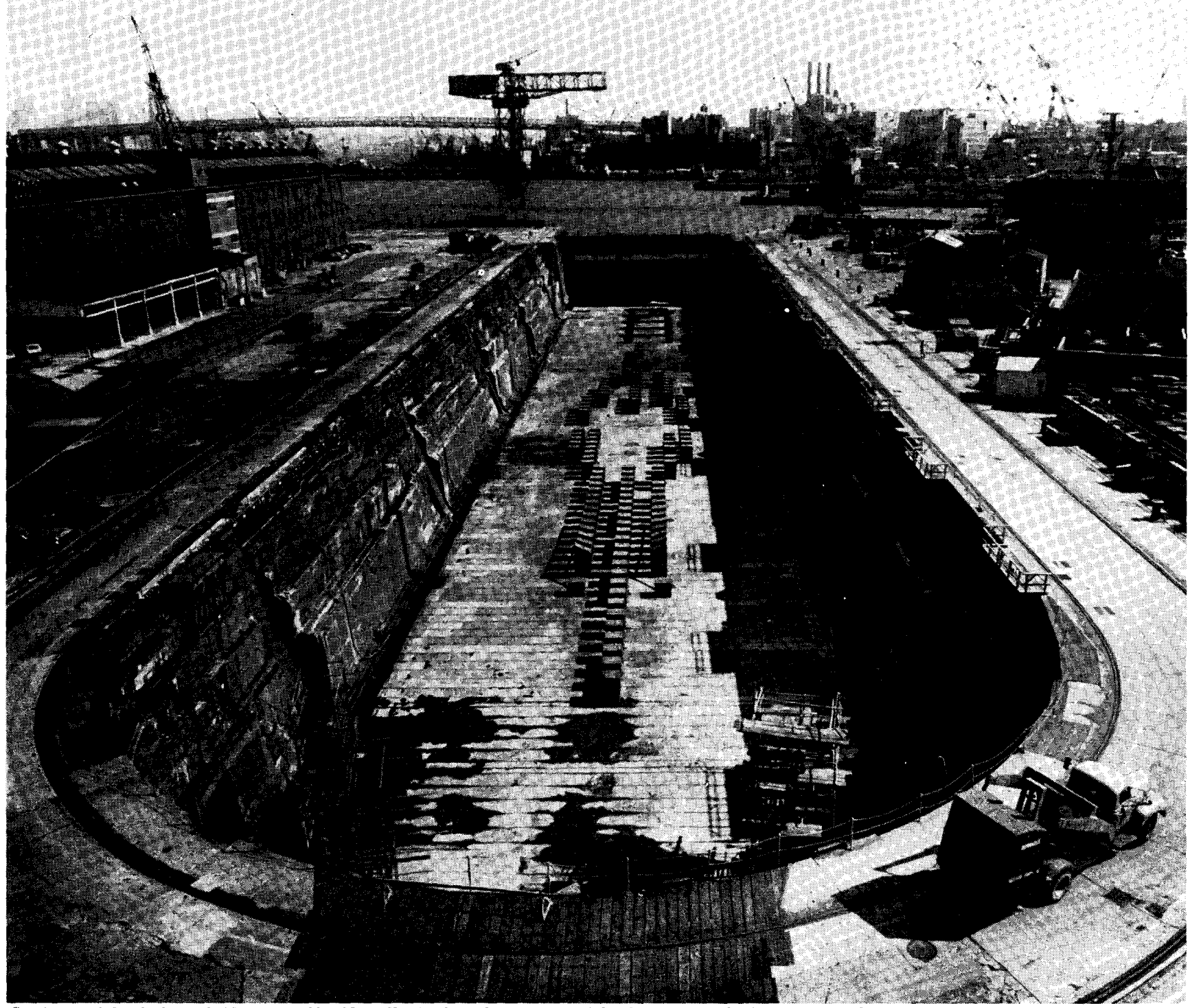
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

WHERE THE CUTBACK CUTS DEEP

A sudden drop in defense spending has cost thousands of jobs, posed a hard problem: How to regear a great defense machine to civilian needs.

By DON OBERDORFER



Carrier-sized dry dock stands idle at Brooklyn Navy Yard, where ship repair work has been trimmed back to one tenth of yard capacity.

Disaster was a silvery, sweptwing fighter plane inching balefully down the mile-long production line of the Republic Aviation Corporation at Farmingdale, N.Y. Grime-streaked riveters and neat technicians alike watched it approach with fear and loathing, and when it finally passed them, they turned in their tools and joined the long lines at the unemployment office outside. This was the end of an era—the end of the long line of needle-nosed F-105 fighters, which stretched from the factory to the flight-test center, the training commands and the combat hangars from Okinawa to Bitburg, Germany. After the final ship passed down the production line last month, there was nothing—except vacant workbenches, empty steel scaffolds, and here and there a uselessly dangling overhead crane.

"Almost fifteen years in this business, and this is the way it ends," groaned Lou Ciaverelli, an assistant foreman on the "jungle line," the final assembly area of the vast factory. "Here goes the best damn cockpit man I ever had." He fingered a layoff slip that had been handed him by a courier from the personnel office. "He's been dreading it too—asked me twice today if his notice was on the way."

William Eveland, a stubby, stubble-bearded craftsman,

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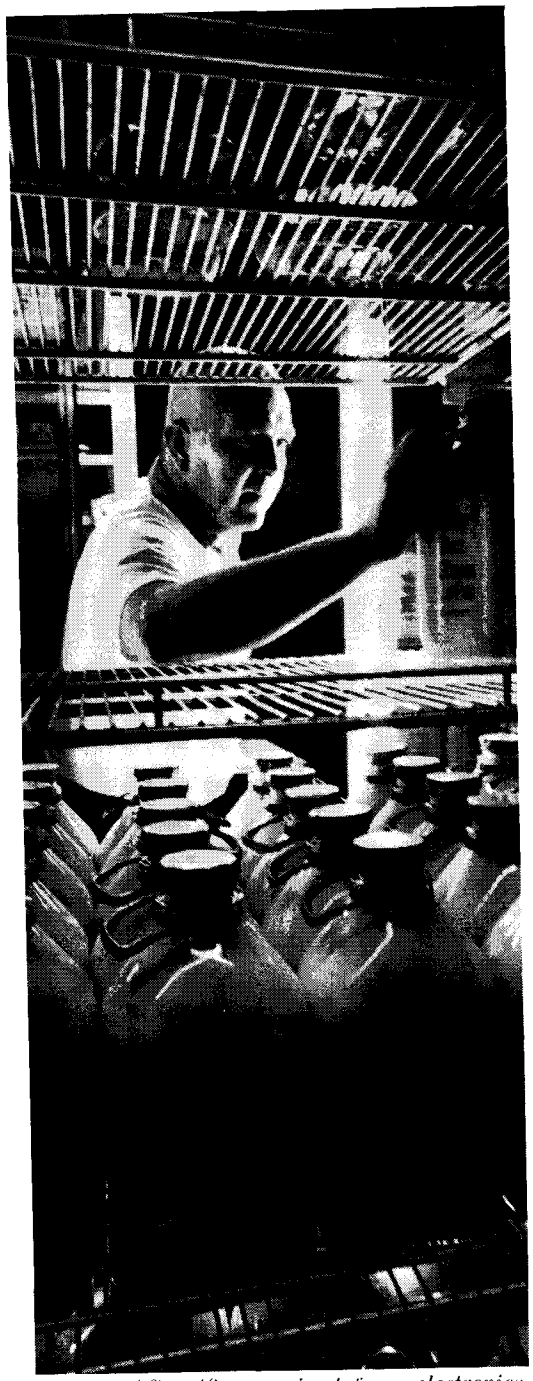
Skilled technicians must abandon their training, swallow their pride.



After 16 years in defense electronics, Richard McAdams sells milk for a living.

had wired the control panel of the third-from-last airship when the foreman brought the notice. "It's lousy," he said. "Twelve years and three months I've been happy here, and we've built some pretty tremendous airplanes. Now they say they've got enough of them, but what about guys like us? Sure, I'll make the rounds of the other aircraft plants, but from what I hear, I may end up pumping gas at some filling station. I hate to see it end like this."

Eveland was one of 259 aircraft workers laid off by Republic that week, and one of at least 57,000 defense workers whose jobs have vanished within the last year—casualties of an unexpected and momentous cutback of more than two billion dollars announced by the Pentagon to affect aircraft factories, missile centers and shipyards from coast to coast.

Almost overnight, eagerly sought engineers and highly specialized technicians have found themselves pounding the pavement. Some small defense firms have failed, and even the giants are seriously assaying their chances to diversify into the civilian market. Leaders of great cities and states are shuddering at the prospects for their largest industries.

On the other hand, presidential advisers believe they see the first realistic chance in a decade to shift the emphasis of government spending from the needs of war to the needs of men. Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara believes he can not only check the swelling of the defense budget, but forecasts some additional cuts between now and mid-1967. In the same period federal tax revenues should increase by $10 billion, more than has been spent so far on the entire space program. Just as money saved by the current cutback is being used to help pay for the poverty program, this huge future fund could enable the President to perform unprecedented feats of administrative legerdemain—simultaneously to begin major new spending programs, move toward a balanced budget and cut taxes.

All this because the U. S. Department of Defense decided the time had come to pare down the most stupefying shopping list in the world. Each year the Pentagon hands out more than $20 billion in armaments orders. In addition, it is the world's largest purchaser of construction, clothing, aspirin (500 million tablets a year) and almost anything else you can name. Its annual spending for petroleum alone is more than enough to finance the yearly operations of the White House, the Congress, all the federal courts and the departments of State and Justice. To meet its incredible needs, it employs 2.7 million men and women in uniform, one million civilians and three million defense-plant workers in every state—almost one tenth of the American labor force. Directly or indirectly it supports almost half of the nation's scientists and engineers.

Last October, when Roswell Gilpatric, then Deputy Secretary of Defense, made a speech in which he forecast an end to the decade-long expansion of the military budget, few people took him seriously. Then in December came a series of contract cancellations and base-closing announcements. In January President Johnson announced a new Pentagon budget which was $1.1 billion less than the previous year's, and before an astonished Congress could act on that, the White House disclosed that almost one billion dollars more had been chopped away.

A tremor spread through the offices of the defense industry and through Congress, where most lawmakers serve ex officio as vigilant protectors of military bases and defense plants back home. Nevertheless, Carl Vinson, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, assured his worried colleagues that the nation's strength is undiminished. "Simply stated," he said, "we have reached a point in several areas, principally missiles, where we are coming up pretty close to our total needs. And we simply do not need to buy as many of the items as we did before. As a matter of fact, we are stronger in our defense today than we have ever been in any peacetime period."

This year the Pentagon plans to buy 24,649 fewer missiles than the year before, 343 fewer aircraft and six fewer warships. At least 29 domestic military installations will be closed. And sometime after the November election Secretary McNamara, the man most responsible for this epochal reversal, is expected to announce the closing of several of America's oldest and largest naval shipyards.

The reversal in defense spending has become a campaign issue. In his first major speech after the Republican convention, Barry Goldwater charged that "We are disarming ourselves and demoralizing our allies." McNamara and other Administration figures dispute these charges, pointing out that in the past three years the Pentagon spending has exceeded the spending rate under the Eisenhower Administration by $30 billion. In McNamara's view, a basic reason for the recent cutback is that these heavy expenditures had created "a strategic superiority that is incontestable." More than 200 weapons-research projects have been launched to insure that this superiority is maintained. But in the meantime the stupendous force of heavy bombers, liquid-fuel ICBM's, solid-fuel missiles and Polaris nuclear submarines is nearing completion. The costly re-equipment program for the Army and Marine Corps is past its peak, and many of McNamara's cost-reduction reforms are paying off. "For all these reasons," says a high official, "we have turned a corner."

The enormity of all this has begun to dawn in the dozen major centers throughout the country where defense procurement seemed only yesterday a permanent way of life. A good example is Sunnyvale, Calif., which has shot up from a fragrant plum-orchard village of 9,800 people on the eve of the Korean War to a bustling city of 72,000. Much of the reason is the Polaris missile, which is produced at a sprawling Lockheed Aircraft Company plant on the outskirts of town.

By next Christmas, however, all of the planned armada of 41 Polaris nuclear submarines will have been launched, and most of the missiles to arm them will be finished. Already the first batch of 2,200 Polaris workers has been laid off.

At his Sunnyvale furniture store, City Councilman Fred Logan notes that building permits are still increasing and professes faith in the future. "To tell you the truth," he explains, "we've been so busy building new roads to ease the traffic jams from the Lockheed plant that we haven't had time to think about the problem. But not many people would believe you if you said the boom will end." A county official, who has been watching job trends, disagrees. "We're facing a mess," he says, "and nothing has been done about it."

In the classical pattern of defense procurement, Lockheed hopes to devise a more powerful Polaris to make the present model obsolete before its production run is finished. In the Pentagon, however, one of McNamara's "whiz kids" scoffs at the prospect. "The missile we have now has a range of 2,500 nautical miles and can destroy any city on earth. Unless Khrushchev decides to surround his major cities with effective anti-ICBM installations, I doubt it would be worth billions more for a new-generation Polaris."

Similar considerations led to the can-

End of a line: One of the last F-105 jet fighters built for the Air Force is checked out at Republic's Long Island plant.

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cellation of a proposed new guidance system for the Titan missile, throwing 1,400 engineers and technicians out of work at the American Bosch Arma Corporation at Carle Place, N.Y. Today a handful of specialists rattle around in a computer laboratory where 125 men used to work. "You open a drawer in an empty desk," reports an employee, "and you come upon memories of your co-workers—an old bowling score or a half-finished sketch. It's like working in a morgue."

A third of the victims moved away from the area. The rest remain on troubled Long Island, where five major defense firms have been laying off workers, while only one has been hiring. Engineers have swallowed their pride and gone to work as the heads of cleanup crews at the World's Fair. Electronics technicians have abandoned years of training to become firemen, short-order cooks and floor waxers. Nat Fasone, who tested computer components for the Atlas missile-guidance system, is a toupee salesman at a fraction of his former pay.

The Golden Gate?

David Rossi, a gardener's son who pulled himself up to a technician's job, and a degree in electrical engineering, has been forced back into his father's trade. Now he mows the grass, trims the shrubs and cleans the swimming pool at an estate in nearby Brookville. Twice he landed jobs at electronics factories, but each time, the contracts soon ran out. The last time he was laid off was the week before his twin girls were born.

"My three kids can't eat stones," he says. "My savings are dwindling, and I'm losing confidence in this place. If it doesn't pick up soon, I'll have to pull up stakes and move to California." Unknown to Rossi, 979 engineers in Los Angeles were drawing unemployment compensation at latest count. Last year California paid more than $50 million from state funds to jobless defense workers.

Along Route 128, Massachusetts' famed "Electronics Gulch," scores of small subcontracting firms are feeling the effects of the cutback. At the foot of the Black Hills of South Dakota the town of Edgemont worries over the prospect of life without the nearby Army ammunition depot, which is as populous as the town itself and is scheduled to close in 1967. Meanwhile New Iberia, La., puzzles over the closing of the $21.9 million Naval Air Station, with its gleaming hangars and warehouses and modernistic living quarters. It was finished only four years ago.

Just over the horizon is the expected shutdown of several of the nation's 11 major naval shipyards. The striking power of the vast World War II fleet of 5,000 combat vessels has been concentrated in 873 modern warships, and there is simply not enough work to go around. Nevertheless the Navy yards cost $950 million a year to operate—eight times as much as the federal cancer-research program. Secretary McNamara has ordered one of his cold-eyed studies, and offered his advance opinion to Congress that some yards will have to go. Lawmakers from Virginia to Honolulu promptly retorted that "disaster" would occur if their local Navy yard were affected.

Recently a caravan of 57 busloads of workers from the Brooklyn Navy Yard descended on Washington to express their alarm. "My congressman claims he's for the poverty program," roared George Beecher, a burly shipfitter who is among a thousand workers to receive layoff notices since January. "Well, I told him, 'You're creating worse poverty right here, pal. We elected a Democratic President in 1960, and now we find out a Republican Secretary of Defense is running the country.' They better look out in November." Mindful of this danger, the White House temporarily rescinded the scheduled layoff of 400 more Brooklyn workers in October. Nevertheless the illustrious old yard, which has served the nation since the War of 1812, is now working at one tenth of capacity. Across the battleship-gray door of a half-empty machine shop a worker has chalked a short, descriptive word: GLOOM.

But these cutbacks are inevitable, and workers can see them coming. The most difficult blow is the cancellation of a major weapons program, which can come like a thunderbolt out of the blue. Last December 10 the bolt struck Seattle, where 5,000 employees of the Boeing Company were working on a $750 million orbiting space glider, the *Dyna-Soar*. After a White House conference on the budget, and on the advice of Pentagon scientists, Secretary McNamara decided it wasn't worth the cost, and canceled it.

"I remember like it was today," says Irv Haag, who was then a Boeing assembler. "Three of us were standing in the plant talking, when some guy hears the word over a radio and grabs the loudspeaker. I stopped right in the middle of a sentence. One of the guys said my mouth just came open, and I noticed the same thing about him. The other guy just sort of breathed, 'Can you beat that? I wonder who's going to be the first to go?'"

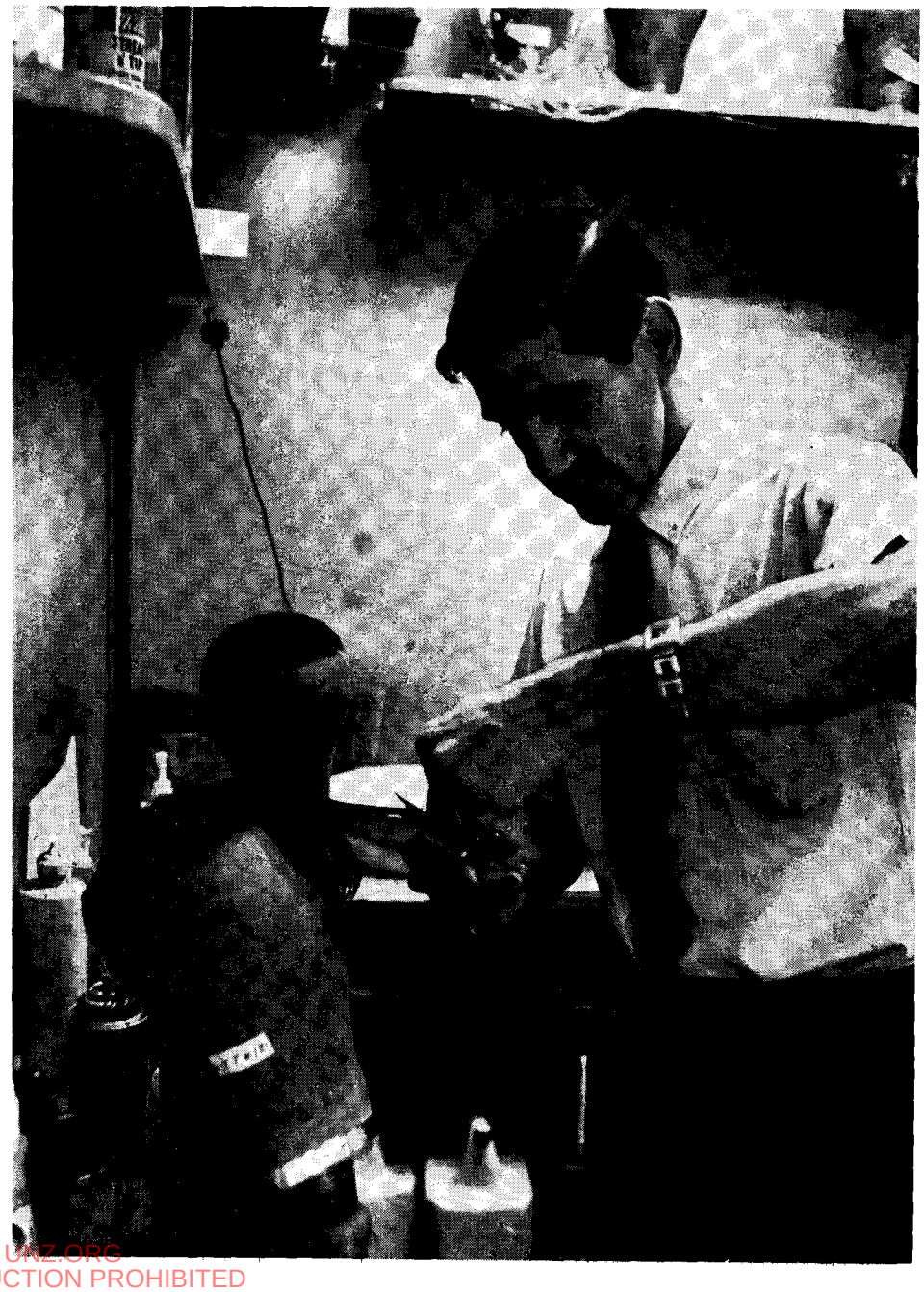
The first layoffs came within three hours. As *Dyna-Soar* workers hit the street, their ranks were swelled by jobless clerks, waitresses and others whose livelihood depended on the dollars that flowed from the plant. Many workers bolted for new jobs at other Boeing centers or elsewhere, leaving a forest of FOR SALE signs in some neighborhoods. Apartment vacancies soared to 10 percent. Auto sales slumped. "We didn't sell many steaks," said a butcher, "but you should have seen the rush on hamburger."

The bottom fell out of home building, throwing construction workers onto the unemployment rolls. Three suburban utility districts dropped plans to extend water, sewer and street facilities to new subdivisions. Harstad Associates, the consultant firm which was to have laid out these improvements, was forced to discharge 56 of its 100 employees.

The *Dyna-Soar* layoffs quickly became a political issue. Republican congressmen Thomas M. Pelly and Bill Stinson of Washington blasted McNamara for "false economy" and suggested the nation's defenses were in danger. Opponents of Democratic Gov. Albert D. Rosellini attacked him for failing to diversify the state from its heavy reliance on defense. In fact, Rosellini had been attempting to lure new nondefense industries, but continuing layoffs at Boeing eradicated jobs twice as fast as he could secure new ones.

Boeing employment at Seattle has dropped steadily from 76,000 workers two years ago to about 50,000 now—though only a fraction of this decline is due to *Dyna-Soar*. Mayor J. D. Braman recently notified city department heads of a likely budget freeze for the coming year, because city tax revenues are feeling the pinch. "We're not in deep trouble," says Braman, "we're in temporary trouble. If

Laid off in July, Long Island technician John Carberry drives ice-cream route.



Electronics expert Nat Fasone has a new specialty—New York toupee consultant.

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A $1,000 toaster, or yachtsmen's compasses for $30,000 apiece.

Defense Cutbacks

Boeing should land the contract for the supersonic transport plane, we may be in another boom cycle."

The Seattle employment security office in the shadow of the city's famous Space Needle is "the busiest place in town," cracks a cabbie. Some workers have exhausted unemployment benefits; others have found new work to get themselves and their families off the dole. Assembler Irv Haag was called back to work at Boeing after three months of unemployment, and now makes almost as much as he did before; but his wife, Nellie, is keeping the part-time job she found in a school cafeteria "just in case." Not so lucky is skilled patternmaker Ted Zerby, who was laid off within hours of the *Dyna-Soar* cancellation. He and his wife both work as office janitors which, in a good week, brings in $50 to $65 altogether—about half his former pay. Jim Tarp, an electronics technician, landed a job digging sewer pipe. "For the first two weeks it nearly killed me," he reports. "I'd like to get back to electronics, but I've got a wife and three children to support."

Several abandoned stores are signs of adversity in suburban Burien. "We'd be crazy to say this hasn't hurt," says furniture merchant M. C. (Chuck) Snyder, "but it has taught us a lesson. We can't sit here and demand economy in the federal budget everywhere but in our own backyards. We may have to take our lumps, but we can stand it."

Some of the 20 communities which have recently lost major military payrolls are shining examples of what can be done to fight back. Greenville, S.C., stopped moaning about its closed Air Force base and landed 17 new industrial plants with more total jobs than it had before. The vast military installation, which the city bought for a song, is the finest industrial property for many miles. When B-52-bomber production declined in Wichita, Kans., townspeople brought in 12 small plants to make everything from pleasure boats to water heaters, with the result that unemployment there is still below the national average.

Presque Isle, in northern Maine, turned an installation of obsolete Snark missiles into an industrial park where shoes and plywood veneer emerge from production lines in former missile hangars. The U.S. Department of Agriculture took over a building once used for the arming of hydrogen warheads. "It is the only lead-lined potato-research center in the world," boasts industrial manager James K. Keefe.

"Local gumption is the key to this thing," says Donald F. Bradford, director of the Pentagon's three-man Office of Economic Adjustment, which helps communities to soften the blow. "We can mobilize help from every department of government, and bring in analysts to aid townspeople to chart a sensible future. The main thing, though, is local determination to take the shock in stride, to live with the future instead of the past."

Frequently a difficult situation is made worse by rumors that politics is the cause of it all. The Pentagon does not operate in a political vacuum. But, while the timing or mode of announcement has often been dictated by politics under both Republicans and Democrats, there is little evidence that the basic decisions themselves are political.

During Lyndon Johnson's campaign for the vice presidency in 1960, he was harried by hecklers in Harlingen, Tex., a town of 41,000 people, in the sun-drenched Rio Grande valley. When Harlingen's big Air Force navigation-training base was ordered closed the following year, townspeople blamed the L.B.J. incident. The real cause, however, was the decline of the manned bomber, which had cut the Air Force requirement for navigators in half. It took Harlingen almost two years to recover from the shock. Five thousand residents departed with the Air Force; at one point there were 69 vacant businesses downtown and 1,300 vacant homes.

In rapid succession Harlingen suffered the collapse of efforts to land an electronics plant and a university center; a drought that crippled the cotton crop; and the bankruptcy of a small aircraft-manufacturing firm that had agreed to utilize the old air base. "Our big job," says Mayor Mike Hodes with characteristic understatement, "was to foster optimism instead of pessimism." Finally local businessmen raised $100,000 to advertise the empty houses as homes for retired people from the Midwest. Today more than 600 have been sold, and Harlingen is fast becoming a retirement center. "We're almost glad the base closed when it did," says Mayor Hodes. "For five years that possibility dangled over our heads like an ax. When it finally fell, we bled; but we didn't die. We're on the road to recovery and, thank goodness, we'll never have to go through that again."

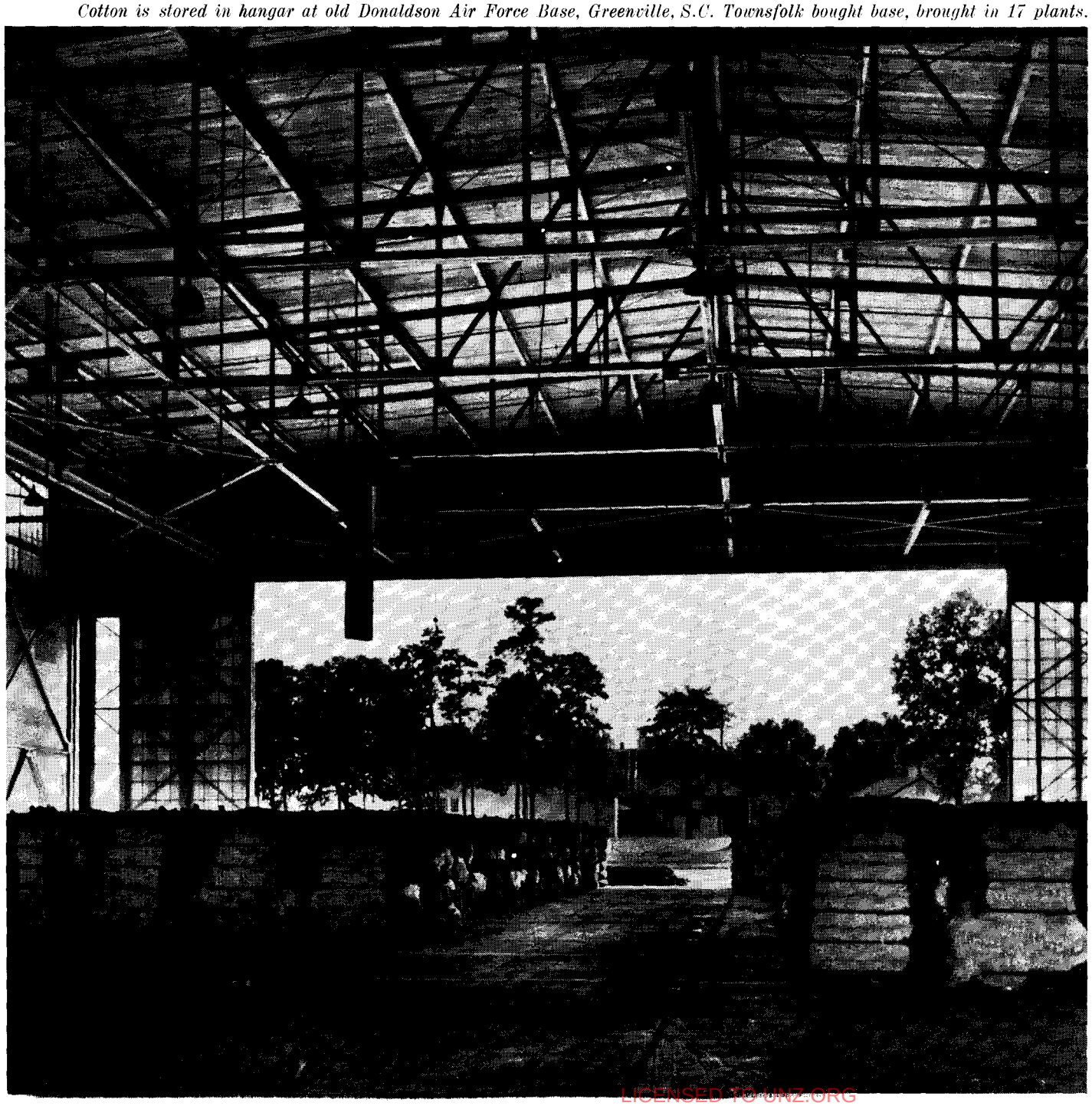
Whether corporations are as adaptable as towns is another matter. Some company officials refuse to believe that cutbacks will continue, banking on some new world crisis or dramatic Soviet achievement to reverse the trend. Most, however, agree that weapons procurement will drop one billion dollars or so each year for the next four or five years—somewhat faster than the total military budget. The expected result is tougher competition for contracts and more mergers or liquidations. "Some of us aren't going to be around anymore," says the vice president of an electronics firm.

Just a year ago, *The New York Times* surveyed 25 top defense companies and found virtually no planning underway to adjust to a major decline. "Some companies," the paper reported, "reacted with surprise and shock, as if they were ice cream vendors being asked what they would do if children were abolished." But since then attitudes have changed swiftly. Now almost every major defense firm is making serious studies of diversification into the civilian market.

As late as February the president of Sperry Gyroscope Company (95 percent defense and space) was publicly dubious about prospects for conversion to civilian markets. Just three months later Sperry set up a special task force of economists, engineers and market analysts to explore possible civilian sales. The first fruit of this effort was a $12.5 million order from a major airline for a new inertial navigation system, which Sperry engineers are adapting from Polaris submarine techniques. Another team of engineers has been shifted from military flight instruments to study an electronic traffic-control system for New York City. "While the growth is being taken out of defense, industrial electronics is gaining," says J. J. McSweeny, the firm's director of long-range planning. "It makes sense to put more attention in this area."

Yet many attempts by defense contractors to invade consumer markets have been conspicuously unsuccessful. One firm that made a navigational instrument for the Navy for $250,000 managed to produce a "simplified" commercial version suitable for yachts. The supercompass cost $30,000 a copy and was, pre-

Cotton is stored in hangar at old Donaldson Air Force Base, Greenville, S.C. Townsfolk bought base, brought in 17 plants.



Photographs by Jim Mahan

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dictably, a commercial flop. "Sure, we could make an electric toaster," says the president of one propulsion firm, "and it could measure heat to a small fraction of a degree for 375 years without trouble. But it would cost $1,000 and come in a black box housewives wouldn't buy."

Even though the scale of the current cutback is trifling beside the plunges after World War II and Korea, the adjustment is more difficult in many respects. This time, there is no great pent-up consumer demand to absorb productive energies released from defense. Equally important, the personnel and talents of the major firms are far less relevant to normal business. "Only governments need the large and complex systems we are organized to produce," says the president of a giant weapons corporation.

To take up the slack, some defense companies have outlined national projects they could undertake with government direction and financing, including vast new educational and mass-transportation systems, air-pollution control and even mining of the ocean floor. In sum, these represent a second national moon program, but one tied to the needs of earth. (The Government space program itself has leveled off at a spending rate of about five billion dollars a year, and cannot be expected to absorb much of the excess defense talent.)

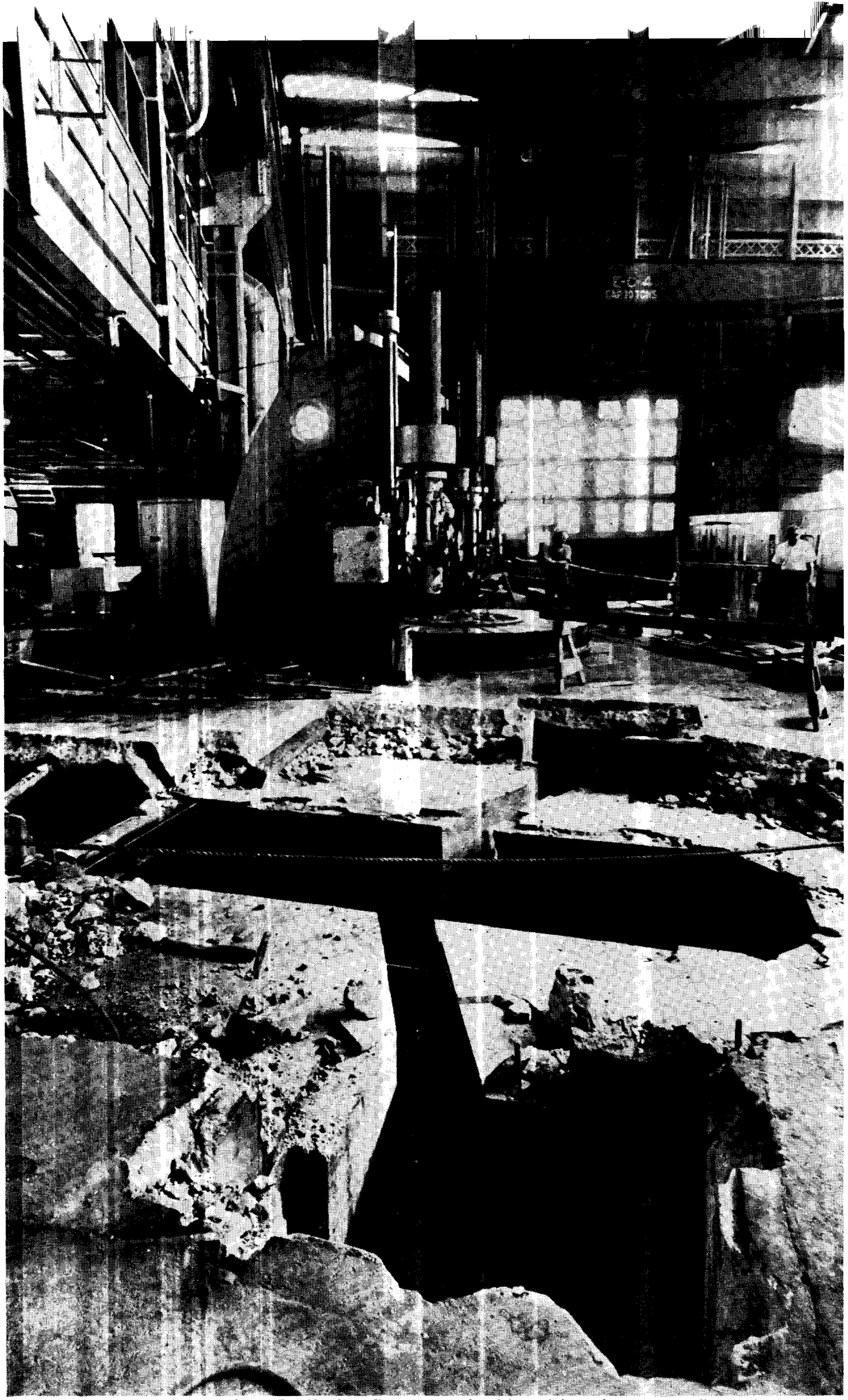
Arthur W. Barber, whose extraordinary title is deputy assistant secretary of defense for arms control, has been dispatching leading defense scientists and engineers to sell nonmilitary programs to officials in civilian agencies. "This is not a sophisticated form of leaf-raking," Barber declares. "The nation has created in the defense complexes the greatest problem-solving talent of all time. On the other hand, we have enormous problems in many areas of civilian life. It would be tragic not to bring the two together."

While awaiting more evidence of such a shift, many businessmen have expressed the fear that the cutback in defense might set off a general recession in the economy. Government experts do not agree. "You've got to keep this in perspective," says Gardner Ackley, chairman of the Committee on the Economic Impact of Defense and Disarmament, which President Johnson set up last December. Ackley points out that automobile sales and home building have often dropped more than one billion dollars a year without serious national repercussions. "If we divert the savings in defense to productive uses, such as tax cuts and expanded federal civilian services, or channel more money to the states," he says, "the economy should continue growing at a steady rate. At the same time some areas and many people will be hurt in the shuffle, and helping them weather the storm is the heart of the problem."

One hardheaded veteran of defense cutbacks recently pondered the future before a group of worried colleagues, and found more grounds for fascination than alarm.

"In the last ten years," said George Trimble, vice president for advanced programs of The Martin Co., "our industry has experienced a steady and abnormal growth, and maybe some of us are spoiled. Maybe they think it's going to continue that way forever.

"The job right now is to find new ways to employ our knowledge and capacity in both military and civilian fields. Some people forget that in our business, change is the name of the game. Without change, we will die." THE END



Huge propeller-milling machine ripped up at Brooklyn Navy Yard for lack of work leaves holes in the payroll as well as the floor.

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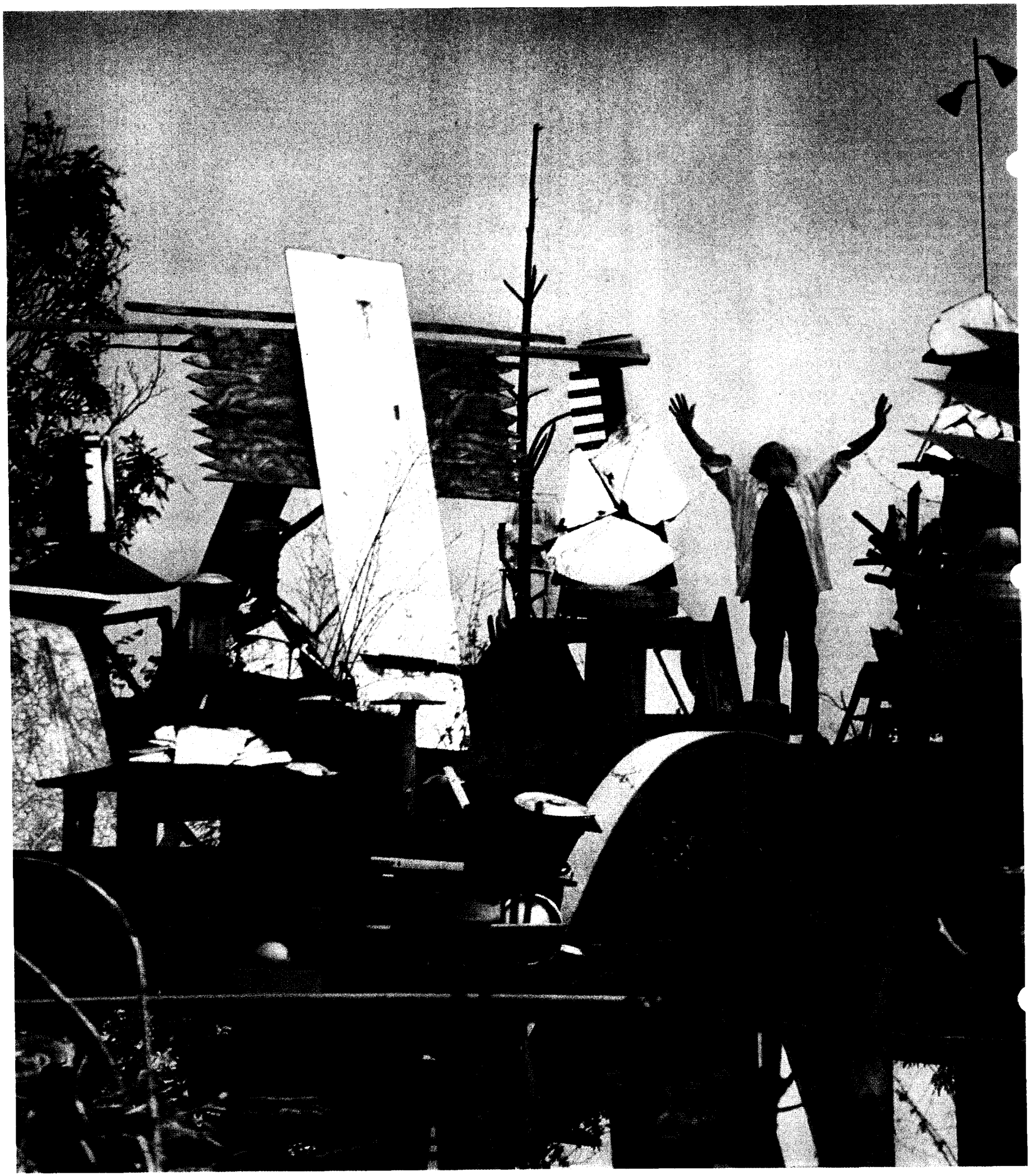

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From roof of his Woodstock home, builder Clarence Schmidt bestows fond blessing upon his creation. It includes car fenders, mirrors, lawnmowers, clam rakes, bicycles, sleds, costume jewelry, ski poles, eggbeaters, water pistols, spoons, shopping carts and dried starfish.

Schmidt lives in a cluttered room deep within ***his seven-story*** *house. Last winter a couple of rooms slid down the* ***mountain.*** *"The back of the building is in such bad shape I can't bear* ***to look at it,"*** *he says.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VYTAS VALAITIS

MIRACLE ON A MOUNTAIN

FOR 30 YEARS A BEARDED ECCENTRIC HAS BEEN CREATING A WEIRD JUNKPILE. OR IS IT A MASTERPIECE?

By David L. Goodrich

To get to the masterpiece, you drive up Ohayo Mountain, near Woodstock, N.Y., past woods, modest-sized houses, rolling meadows. Near the peak of the mountain, you turn left and follow a narrow road through the trees. After a few hundred yards the trees thin out, the road bends, and suddenly it stands before you. It is made from thousands of household appliances, auto parts, pieces of furniture, and other scrap materials that have been set carefully in place, then coated with roofing cement, then daubed with house paint.

Nearly every kind of object known to modern man is there—among them, steering wheels, tires, spoons, guitars, washing machines, a rowboat, ski poles, frying pans, umbrellas, supermarket shopping carts, costume jewelry, sleds, lawnmowers, bicycles, clam rakes, rocking chairs, marbles, electric fans, eggbeaters, milk cans, light bulbs, water pistols and dried starfish. In this oddly beautiful tangle, birds chirp and the wind scrapes; brightly colored living flowers nod in the breeze beside even brighter-colored artificial flowers; the air smells of shrubs, tar, paint, dust; coils of black-and-silver garden hose twine in the trees like snakes. The jumble is topped by a skyline of spiky shafts and angular, pagoda-like forms, in which fragments of glass and strips of chrome shimmer in the sunlight. One of the loftiest spires is capped by a black kitchen stool with a silver nail keg sitting on it. Nearby, a portion of a brass bedstead is outlined against the clouds. Below this "sculpture garden," tumbling down the mountainside a full seven stories, is an enormous, ramshackle house patched together out of tons of wood, stone, and glass. The house contains a dizzying labyrinth of passageways, staircases, and roughly 35 musty, silent, grotto-like rooms, some flooded with brilliant colored lights. The walls of the house are decorated with castoff items wrapped in gleaming aluminum foil—parts of a piano, coffeepots, women's shoes, tree branches, coat hangers, dismantled clocks.

This creation—the near-acre of interconnected construction plus the chateau-sized funhouse—has been tagged with such labels as "Dada Disneyland," "Pop Art Taj Mahal," and "monument to American waste." All of it was produced by an eccentric, gray-bearded, 66-year-old gentleman named Clarence Schmidt. It is Schmidt's life's work, his gift to the world. It is also his residence.

Like many other products of raucous individuality, it has earned both friends and enemies. An artistic foundation helps pay its bills. A movie has been made of it. Art experts have praised it. Henry Geldzahler, one of the curators of New York's Metropolitan Museum, considers it an "impressive work of primitive art and a positive contribution to our artistic experience"; Lawrence Alloway, curator

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Fond of the effects of light, Schmidt adorns his work with many mirrors.

TWO NEIGHBORS SAY
IT IS AN UNSIGHTLY MENACE AND
SHOULD BE DESTROYED.

Miracle on a Mountain

of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—also in New York—terms it a "really great work of folk art."

Thousands of weekending sightseers have visited it, puffing up Ohayo Mountain on bikes and purring up in Bentleys. Some have wondered at it, laughed with it, complimented it; others have called it a "junkpile" and an "eyesore." A few of Schmidt's neighbors object to it because they fear that the tourist traffic it attracts will lower real-estate values. Two of them, who live right next door, have declared it an "unsightly menace and a hazard," which should be destroyed. They have started legal proceedings which might possibly accomplish just that.

Clarence Schmidt, the man who built the miracle of Ohayo Mountain, is as sturdy and weather-worn as a century-old oak. He is friendly and impulsive, and likes to bear-hug visitors. In warm weather he wears only shoes, a pair of overalls, and a red hunting cap, which he sometimes decorates with leaves. Talking about his project, he begins quietly, then grows more and more animated. In a few minutes his head is back, his eyes are shining, his shoulder-length hair is blowing. He sweeps the cap off his head and flings his arms wide.

"One man did it all!" he cries. "*Me!* There's more art right here than in all the museums in the entire country! Forget the Pyramids and the Mona Lisa!"

Schmidt has been laboring on his mountaintop aerie for something like 30 years. He was born in New York City and moved the 100 miles north to Woodstock in 1920. His father was a plasterer, and for many years Schmidt worked as a mason and plasterer; the sturdy stone walls he constructed are dotted along the Woodstock roadsides. Some time in the '30's—he cannot recall exactly when—he erected a one-room log cabin for his own use. He soon started piling on rooms, working his way up the slope. His first outside decorations were modest in scale and were made from simple materials—plants, Venetian-blind slats, mirrors from a demolished beauty parlor. He has been adding to the house tirelessly—almost compulsively—ever since, and his outdoor constructions have grown steadily larger and more sophisticated. He created most of them in the past four or five years, and says that building them has helped him "find himself."

"I used to be very shy," he explains. "I kept to myself. But now I enjoy talking to people about my work."

Schmidt is often asked why he began his project, but he considers the question irrelevant. "Artists shouldn't have to explain themselves," he says. "Why did I begin all this? Why does *anyone* build *anything?* I guess I did it to help humanity—to bring some comfort and pleasure to people. All of my life I've dreamed of creating something that would live forever in the minds of men."

"If I see something going to waste, I figure out a way of using it," says Schi

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He often mentions his maternal grandfather as a source of inspiration. "He was a landscape gardener," Schmidt says, "and he used to make beautiful floral displays and waterfalls in the lobbies of the biggest hotels in New York. He used simple materials like mine—wild plants, rocks, wooden crates which he covered with tree bark. Maybe all this started with him."

Visitors to Schmidt's retreat offer a variety of explanations as to why he built it and why he continues to add to it despite the protests of neighbors. "He does it because he *has* to," says one woman. "Something's driving him, and besides, he loves the attention it brings him." A harsher local critic sees the project as Schmidt's "defiance of the world," and adds, "He knows it annoys people and that's why he keeps at it."

As remote as a cave

Schmidt lives in a cluttered, daylightless bedroom-kitchen-living room deep in the interior of his building. (His wife, Grace, occupies a more conventional house nearby, with their 11-year-old son, Mike. She dislikes the project and refuses to talk about it. Mike, however, is crazy about it, and visits it often.) Schmidt calls his lair "the Inner Sanctum." It has a bank teller's window in the wall, communicating with the next darkened room; otherwise it is as remote and inaccessible as a hermit's cave.

He gets pieces from vacant lots and dumps.

Schmidt's expenses are minimal: his materials—roofing cement, house paint, nails, panes of glass—cost very little, and he eats only one real meal a day. Although he no longer does masonry for others, Schmidt covers expenses with a small income from real estate and monthly grants from a philanthropic organization, the Lannan Foundation, of Chicago.

Schmidt is up early each morning, bustling around with plasterer's trowels, glass cutters, odds and ends of junk. When he isn't working on his creations, he wanders around and through them, studying them. "I love to see the light on them," he says. "The reflections and shadows keep changing. The pieces are wonderful in the moonlight, and at sunset, and after a snowfall."

For his *chef-d'oeuvre*, Schmidt quarries his own stone and forages most of the metal, wood and plastic he needs in dumps and vacant lots, then carts it up Ohayo Mountain in his dilapidated station wagon. "If I see something going to waste," he says, "I *have* to figure out a way to use it. What I value most is mirrors—I can find thousands of things to do with them."

Visitors often give Schmidt contributions. The commonest are coins, which are thickly studded in the roofing cement on some of the constructions. Recently a group of college art majors donated auto bumpers, headlights and fenders, and high-school students provided the yoke of an ox. Some gifts—rings, bracelets, identification cards—are more intimate, as if the donors wanted to leave behind parts of themselves. Women's shoes are found here and there, smeared with thick layers of roofing cement. Schmidt likes to point to a woman's handbag, also heavily encrusted and built into a piece of sculpture. "I had to give that lady a paper bag," he says, "so she could carry her things home." In one place of honor, Schmidt displays a large handsome lock of bright red hair donated by a visiting dancer. In other special spots, Schmidt has embedded several pairs of false teeth. "People bring me things from all over," he says. "Seashells from Florida, a TV antenna from California, a coffee mill from Ireland. They visit me because I'm a cross between Rip Van Winkle and Baron Munchausen. I'm the original beatnik—meaning I'm off the beaten path."

Schmidt is shrewdly aware of the value of publicity, and makes an effort to please reporters. Asked how he would describe his accent—he speaks with a very faint Germanic inflection plus traces of New Yorkese—he says, "It's a mixture of Brooklynese and Proper Bostonian. Maybe that's not completely accurate, but it would look good in print."

He is proud of his "technical discovery"—the use of roofing cement to bind his constructions together. He says the cement, which he calls "ash-fault," also serves as partial preservative, and gives his materials an interesting surface texture particularly after wind, rain, and sun have had a chance to "cure" the pieces. He doesn't plan a construction beforehand, but simply places each component where it "feels best." He is both amused and annoyed when sightseers try to find meanings in his work. "If I put together a typewriter, an outboard motor and a golf bag," he says, "one person would tell me I'd created a cow, a second would think it was an angel, and someone else would come along and see a fish. I tell them all they're right, and they go away happy."

Schmidt's visitors have donated coffee mill, signs, tires, false teeth, hair swatch.

Constructions are held together with a roof cement which Schmidt calls "ash-fault."

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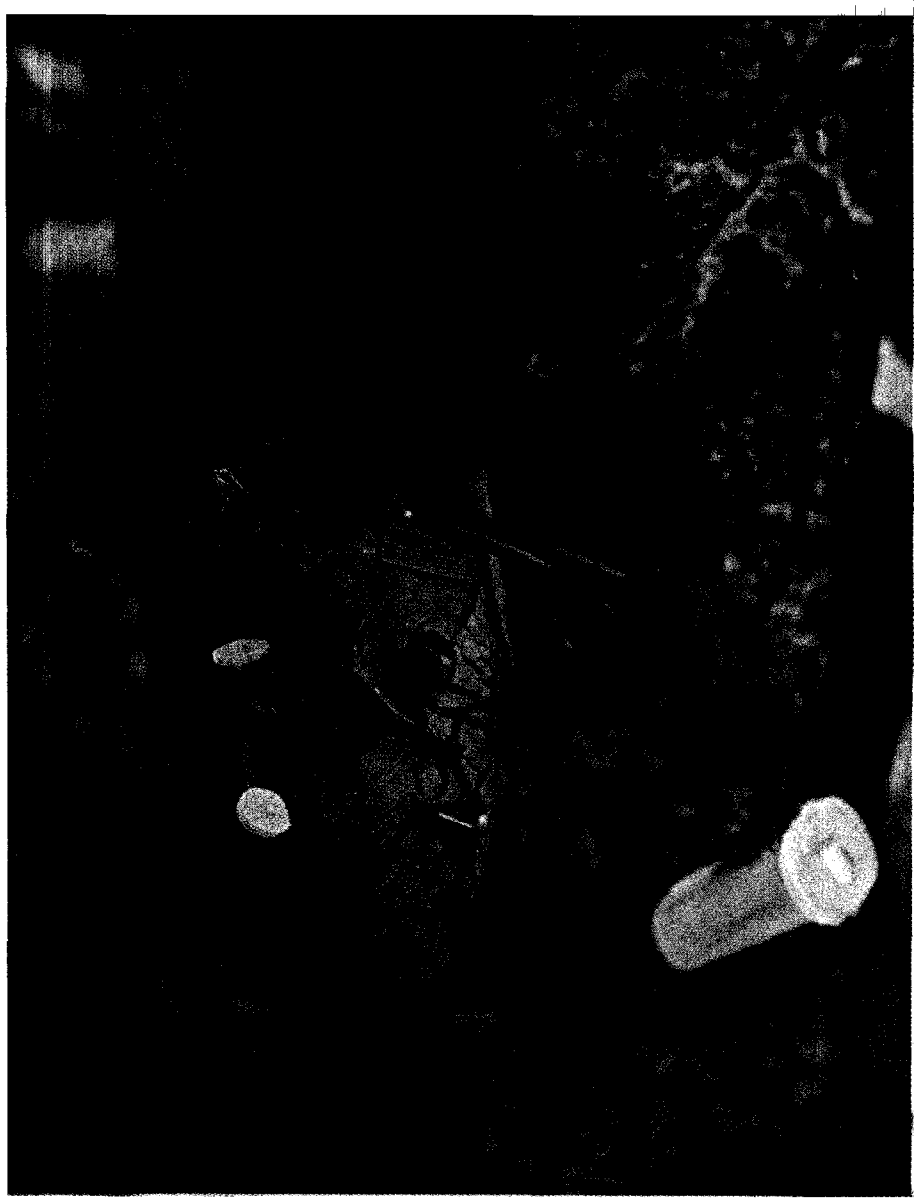

A donated shoe enlivens Schmidt's work. Coins are most common gift of visitors.

SCHMIDT SAYS SOMEONE ONCE TRIED TO BLOW UP HIS BIZARRE CREATION.

Miracle on a Mountain

Schmidt's bailiwick is roughly 10 minutes' drive from the center of Woodstock. It is not visible from town—or even from the main road up Ohayo Mountain, because of the trees surrounding it. (The best overall view is from a clearing immediately in front of it, or from the air. Not long ago an airline pilot who had spotted it from 20,000 feet drove to Woodstock for a closeup.) The influx of sightseers is heaviest on weekends, but even on weekdays they come in a steady stream. On a recent sunny Monday afternoon, the procession was led by a handsome, fortyish woman in a small foreign car. She had known Schmidt for years; he built the stone wall around her garden. They talked for a while, and she inspected his latest works, in which he was experimenting with more massive materials—parts of a sawmill—and lots of black and silver paint. When she had left, a station wagon arrived, bearing a delegation of bearded and ponytailed visitors from Woodstock's art colony. They wandered around, then sat while one beard picked a banjo. "Clarence," a second beard said, "is history's greatest Dada-ist. I mean, who else ever worked this hard?" Schmidt pulled one of the girl visitors onto his lap and boomed out a chorus of his favorite song, *When Day Is Done*. "I once sang with Dylan and Diaz," he announced. (He was referring to folk singers Bob Dylan and Joan Baez, who came sightseeing and wound up giving him a private songfest.)

The next caller was a fast-talking, ascot-clad painter named Bob Dacey, who presented one of his large, nonobjective works to Schmidt, for inclusion in the project. The gift troubled Schmidt, who prefers straightforward, "recognizable" pictures. "Dacey keeps saying how beautiful it is," he said, "but I can't see it." Dacey was followed by another painter, Joe Cantor, who commented that the sculptures ought not to be connected. "Say the Museum of Modern Art in New York wants to give Clarence a one-man show," Cantor explained. "How are they going to get the works down there? They're all stuck together."

Next came a red-faced man with a crew-cut, and a birdlike little woman wearing a bandanna—an Australian, on a trip around the world. "She's visiting my family," the man said. "I couldn't let her miss *this*. I gave Clarence that rowboat over there."

The afternoon's last callers were a half-dozen members of the Volunteer Fire Department, driving a fire engine. While beams from its whirling red light bounced off mirrors and windowpanes, the chief sold Schmidt a ticket to an upcoming bazaar. Schmidt was delighted by the fire engine, and kept eying it possessively. "*Say*," he said, "why don't you fellows leave that thing here?"

Schmidt sometimes takes visitors on a tour of his house. It is an eerie, otherwordly experience. Before leading his visitors in, Schmidt pauses in the sculpture garden to explain that he doesn't know how many rooms the building contains—he's never counted them. He thinks there may be 35, perhaps even 40. The preliminaries dispensed with, Schmidt ducks through an arch in the sculpture garden, opens a kind of root-cellar door covered with tree bark, and moves into a narrow gallery. There are dozens of windows on one side, looking out over the distant hills and, at the foot of Ohayo Mountain, a large, gray-blue body of water—the Ashokan Reservoir. Some have "stained glass" in them, which Schmidt makes by coating the panes with a translucent mixture of lacquer and house paint. Leading off the gallery is a dimly lit corridor with a low ceiling. (At this point, claustrophobics generally find some excuse to head back to daylight.) Schmidt walks down the corridor and enters a modest-sized, darkened chamber. He reaches into the gloom, flicks a switch, and suddenly dozens of Christmas-tree lights come alive, glinting on mirrors, glass, spirals and loops and arches of aluminum foil. Nearly ever inch of wall space is covered by paintings, deer heads, foil-wrapped tree branches and twigs; between these, the walls are surfaced with rough, brown tree bark. The room has a gay, youthful, festive feeling. Many of the objects crowded into it are associated with childhood, holidays, playtime: bubble pipes, dolls, Christmas wreathes, artificial flowers, jolly Currier and Ives prints. Schmidt points out the branch of a live tree embedded like a beam in the ceiling, and explains that he didn't cut down the larger trees but used them as support.

"This is the world's largest tree house," he says. "I work here in the winter. I have electric heaters, but no running water. Last winter they cut the power off, and I froze my feet. I got a lot done then; working kept my mind off my troubles."

Schmidt moves into the next room, then down a twisting flight of stone steps to the next, then farther down to the next. Many of the rooms are bathed in colored light and crammed with countless knickknacks and endless chains of decoration. The descent is like probing an archaeological dig where many of the unearthed treasures have been placed on display.

To many Woodstock residents, Schmidt's wonderland is a welcome addition to the community. Its fans include painters and sculptors, businessmen, students, professional people. Others in town have never seen the project, or even heard of it to half the men on the fire engine, for example, it came as a complete surprise.

For Schmidt's close neighbors, however, the popularity of Schmidt's masterwork presents problems. "Sometimes it's like Broadway and 42nd Street around here," one resident complains. "A lot of people in the area are afraid that real-estate values are going to drop."

Schmidt has had some lively verbal battles with neighbors, and recently added heat to the controversy by telling a *New York Times* reporter that "hecklers" had tried to blow up one of his works with dynamite. State police, summoned by Schmidt, did, in fact, find a third of a stick of soggy old dynamite—without caps or fuses—in one of the constructions. The police feel, however, that Schmidt may have accidentally carted it in himself.

While sabotage may not be imminent, there are other dangers threatening Schmidt's bailiwick. One is wear and tear from the elements. Schmidt seldom does maintenance work on already completed sections of the house; as a result, it is beginning to deteriorate. Last winter a couple of weather-weakened rooms slid down the mountainside. "I was down in the Inner Sanctum when they went," Schmidt says. "I thought the noise was thunder. The back of the building is in such bad shape I can't bear to look at it—it makes me too sad. I need more financial help, to keep it in repair."

Legal status unclear

A second set of difficulties could prove even more troublesome. Schmidt's next-door neighbors, brothers Frank and Walter Helbig—who are also Schmidt's first cousins—maintain that the land the project occupies belongs to them; Schmidt deeded it to them, they say, some 30 years ago. The Helbigs have asked an Ulster County court to declare Schmidt a trespasser, and to order him to remove himself and his creations.

Through his lawyer, Franklin P. Gavin—who was retained by the Lannan Foundation—Schmidt has contended that the papers supposedly deeding the land to the Helbigs were improperly drawn, and has further stated that, in any case, he has squatter's rights, and cannot be evicted. As this is written, Schmidt's legal status is unclear. Pending a final decision, he has been temporarily ordered by the court to stop adding to the project, and begin dismantling it. So far, he has not heeded the court's instructions.

"People tell me," Schmidt says, "that if the worst happened, and everything went against me, I might wind up in jail. One friend even offered to bring a bucket of ash-fault and some materials to my cell, so I can keep working. They tell me my place might be torn down. I can't believe that. That couldn't happen in this day and age. There are too many people who love art.

"I'm an old man, but sometimes I feel as though I just started my life's work. I don't know when it will be finished—probably never, even if I work for years." He paused and stroked his beard. "There's so much I still have to do, and so little time to do it." THE END

"How could one man do it?" says Schmidt. "Even I am surprised that I could do it."

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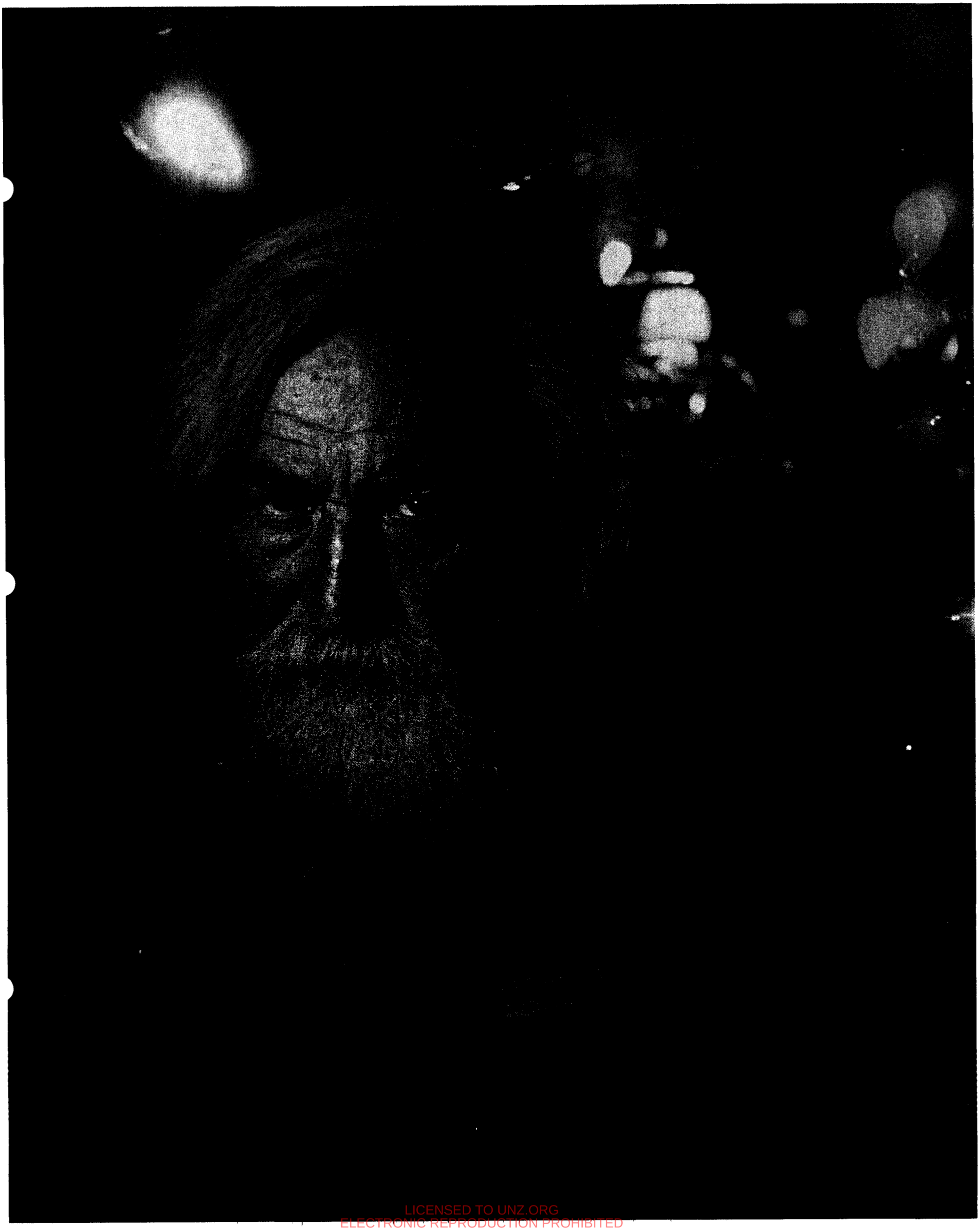

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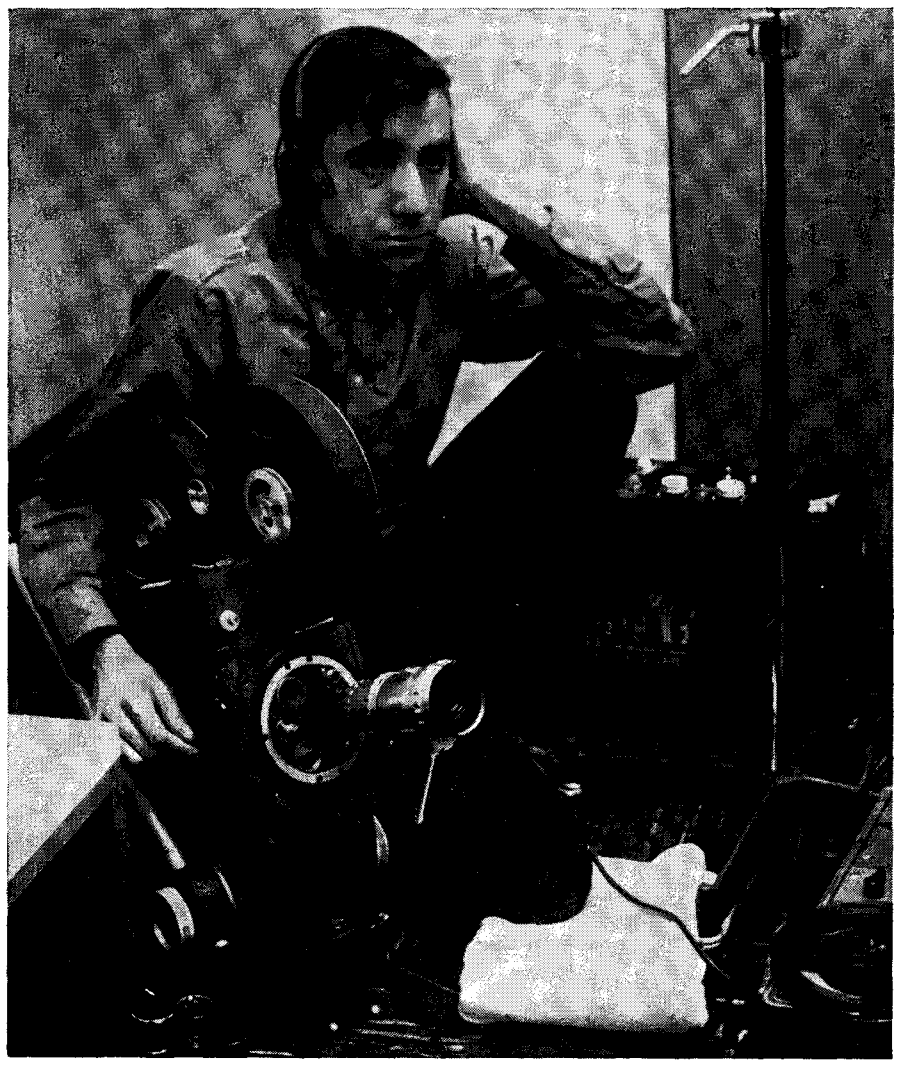

Bob Nostri filming his documentary on a children's hospital. A month later he was dead.

BOY ON FIRE

A famous novelist tells the true and moving story of an extraordinary young man who fought off death until he could achieve his life's dream.

BY HERBERT GOLD

All his life Bob Nostri knew that he would die very soon. He did not try to be a hero about it; he merely filled out his little time with enormous human vitality. He defied the death in his body even as it extinguished him. In his final weeks, hardly able to rise to his feet, he labored from his bed at the complex job of editing a masterly motion-picture documentary which he had photographed. And then he died. He was 22 years old.

One evening last May television viewers in the Los Angeles area saw Robert Nostri's touching and astonishing film *The World of Childrens Hospital*. A long-time patient of Childrens Hospital of Los Angeles, Bob Nostri had wanted his film to memorialize the suffering and hope of children and the achievements and hope of medicine. He was himself a victim of cystic fibrosis, the incurable disease with which he had been born, and his documentary expresses, among other things, a will to patience.

The film is largely devoted to a triumph of surgery, the correcting of a hereditary heart defect. The boy whose case the film presents has benefited from an advance in medical research, and will live a normal life. For Bob Nostri there would be no such advance. He finished the shooting of his film in a fever of obsession, working all his waking hours. "I don't have time for discipline," he said, and, indeed, he never saw the completed film.

What sort of a young man was he?

Even now, more than a year after his death, those who knew him are absorbed in recollection. One of his friends is writing the story of his life. A doctor is willing to pause on his rounds to report, "Well, he was unusual. Yes. When we did the autopsy, we didn't see how he kept going. His lungs were petrified. He must have been breathing fire. That movie kept him going. No, you can't explain such things. He outlived any human expectation. He was not normal."

Some wish to make him a saint; some can remember him more clearly. He was certainly unusually intelligent. He was certainly driven to create. Arrogant, ferocious, scheming—he was all of these things too. He had to be, to raise the $12,500 he needed to make his film. How did he get the hospital to support the work of a film maker barely out of adolescence? He tricked and bludgeoned it out of them. He told them that it would cost only $4,500, and when a friend informed him that his budget was much too low, he said, "Of course. But once they are committed, we can get more money out of them." He developed the cunning of the master politician. He knew how to make people commit themselves to him.

He did not use his disease; he did not like to let people know of his illness. To some he explained his passion to make movies by saying, "I want to drive a Lincoln Continental. I want to gamble in Las Vegas. I want to have the most beautiful woman in the world." To closer friends he gave a deeper explanation: "I want this film to go on forever." He wanted it to keep him alive, alive and working as long as he could, and after his death, alive in the memory of others. The achievement is there. The tenderness of doctors, the yearning of parents, the turbulence of the hospital, the sweetness of children—all are brought together in this short film with its remarkable taste, rhythm and compassion.

Too young to be kind

Earlier he had made a film about his own disease, cystic fibrosis, which overwhelms lungs and glands with thick mucus, and chokes the life out of a child. And still earlier, at the age of 12, he had organized 30 kids in his neighborhood to make a childish but imaginative little film entitled *The Thing*, with himself as director, producer, editor, cameraman, and featured player. Even then he had a quality that the gods seemed to have breathed into him. Despite the frail body, terribly emaciated, his great dark eyes radiated power. His quality was deeper than charm; it was a demand on the more complacently alive to join him in his own powerful enterprise of carving vivid signals of his life upon the world.

He was perhaps too young to be kind. Unto his death he was rude and unsparing. He preferred projects to bull sessions. A friend had to be a coworker. If the person wanted to work, fine. If not, there were others waiting to give evenings, Saturdays, Sundays, to fufilling Bob's plans. He wrenched allegiance and love out of his friends.

He did not have the time to give love in particular, to one particular person. He had been tormented by dreams of lust but he did not dare to approach girls; his breath was too short, and his time was too short, and he would sometimes moon after a girl, but then give it up with self-scorn. "I'm too skinny. I'll save it for later." He would withdraw and attend to his projects.

Was he the indulged, spoiled son of a comfortable family? No. His parents were divorced. His father is a trailer salesman. His mother works as a waitress and is proud of her 200 trophies for achievement in the tango, fox-trot, rhumba and waltz. After his mother's remarriage he lived in a trailer parked in the yard of her house. The trailer was filled with his books, papers and film equipment.

He attended San Fernando Valley State College, one of the proliferation of junior colleges in California, because it was all he could afford. Valley College is a smog-ridden complex of green stucco bungalows with loudspeakers in the courts between the buildings. It was founded shortly after World War II, and it looks a little like an Army post. It is not a tenderhearted place: Teachers are overworked, students are pressing to get just a little ahead of high school—a boy has to fight to be noticed. Bob edited the yearbook and changed it from a conventional

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souvenir album to an exciting publication. "Even drum majorettes have souls," he lectured his staff.

"He seemed eaten up inside," one of his teachers remarked. She had not known he was sick. "He wasn't the bland California kid of the 'Sixties. He had to stir things up. He was offensive, rude, in a hurry. But somehow he became a leader of the bright kids. He had a combination of purpose, self-reliance and aggression which gave him power. He didn't have buddies. He had followers."

His mother remembers his saying, "Mom, don't ask me silly questions about what I had to eat last night. I don't have much time."

His father says the boy didn't confide in him. When he needed help—money for a camera, a few dollars for film or tuition—he demanded it. He was tough. People didn't dare refuse him.

Making his last film, he took his camera into the wards where children were dying, into the operating rooms, into the rooms where pitifully deformed children played and complained and survived. He got them to laugh. He got the picture of the reality of their lives—injections, anesthesia, hurt, waiting. He refused to prepare a script in advance; he believed the story would tell itself. And the story did emerge—a story of the defiance of disease and the omnipresent possibility of hope. It must have been his own story for him to know it so well.

When some doubted his ability to make the film, he assumed the accent of a Viennese psychiatrist to "egg-zplain the zikologigal justifigation" for the project. When they laughed, he had them. He would learn what he needed to learn. He would train himself. He would appropriate the talent out of will and air.

"Sometimes," his mother remembers, "he would say, 'Mom, I don't have very long.' Well, I sort of tried to kid him out of it. 'Aw, Bob,' I said, 'you don't know what you're talking about.'"

But he didn't want that sort of comfort. He knew.

At Childrens Hospital Miss Mary Ames Anderson, who helped him organize the film, said, "He tried to cram everything into his life. He knew everything about cystic fibrosis—he made the doctors tell him. He hated to waste time reading. He would corner people and grab out of them what he needed to know in order to do what he needed to do."

With friends he would suddenly enter a mood of buffoonery. He took a trip to San Francisco with his friend Beau Gill, who was fired from the film, who was rehired, who quit, who was enticed back again. In Chinatown he bought a coolie hat and an elongated cigarette holder and swaggered down the street in his flapping clothes—he was almost a skeleton by this time—chattering in a made-up foreign language to astonish the crowd and delight his pals. Because his breath was short, he tried not to laugh, but they could read the smile. Life tickled him. "He wasn't a hero," comments Beau Gill. "He had guts was all."

Toward the end his adolescent mooning about girls ceased. He turned on the charm more sparingly; he was focused. Certain things could make him stop for a moment. For example, when the 13-year-old boy going into heart surgery asked, grinning, "Bob, what'll you do with all this film if I die?" Bob went ahead and shot fresh footage, and the boy lived. It was almost as if the boy could not waste Bob's time by dying.

When he himself was an adolescent, Bob enticed his friends into closets with a tape recorder and urged them to say whatever came into their heads. "Whatever comes up! Just talk!" Then, in the dark, as they listened to the played-back babble, the deep truth might peep out. He was a rushing, pell-mell psychoanalyst. A friend's mother remembers, "When my husband died, Bob was a great comfort. He knew what to say to us all."

In his last days, with his lungs choked with mucus, living on pure nerve, living on fire, barely able to move, he said with his odd smile, "This has been the healthiest time of my life."

Making his film on cystic fibrosis, he had learned that antibiotics and hormones can control the disease up to a point, but eventually the malfunctioning pancreas, sweat glands, lungs will give up. The disease is an inherited disorder, from which perhaps 25,000 American children now suffer. He was very proud of being "the oldest surviving patient." Actually, there are a few who have lived longer than he, but not many. No one argued with him about his little conceit.

In April of 1963 he telephoned his associates from his trailer. "The film will go," he said. "It works." And then he said that he was very tired and thinking of taking a little time off. "Two or three days," he said, "if it's all right with you."

They told him he had earned a rest.

He went to the hospital. He telephoned to say that he wanted no visitors. "Just some routine tests," he said. He did not mention that he was in an iron lung. He died a few days later.

In his trailer friends found the pieces of edited film, carefully sorted into 25 shopping bags. There was also poetry, books, scraps of notes and plans and a record he had pressed of himself playing the saxophone—wild, erratic, wailing jazz.

In the seventh grade he had written a poem, which was published in his junior-high-school newspaper. Entitled *Blind Death*, it begins with these words:

As I sleep this lonely night
I think of the bird who has lost
his flight. . . .

Is there a lesson for us in his life? In the words of Dylan Thomas's famous poem about death, he did not go gentle into that good night. He raged, raged against the dying of the light. And since his rage was bent to work in the world, he left friends, memories and the tangible product of his rage and pity behind him to make certain that this lonely night of death is not the end of Robert Nostri's flight over earth. THE END

Desperate to complete his film before dying, Nostri (left) enlisted the help of devoted companions and drove them almost as hard as he drove himself.

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Malcolm X prays in the great Mosque of Mohammed Ali in Cairo, where he began his movement among African leaders to indict America before the Unit

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Nations for racial crimes.

An autobiography

By MALCOLM X

I'M TALKING TO YOU, WHITE MAN

"I dream that one day history will look upon me as one of the voices that helped to save my country from a catastrophe."

The explosive Black Muslim rebel who defies both white and Negro leadership tells a story that swings from violence and degradation to religion and racism.

When my mother was pregnant with me, she told me later, a party of Ku Klux Klan riders came suddenly one night, galloping on their horses around our home in Omaha, Nebr. They stopped with their upraised torches lighting all around the house to prevent any escape by my father. My mother came out of the front door. She defied them that she was alone with her three small children, and that my father was away, preaching, in Milwaukee. The Klansmen shouted threats and warnings at her that we had better get out of Omaha because the good Christian white people were not going to stand for my father's "spreading trouble" among the local "good" Negroes with the "Back To Africa" teachings of Marcus Garvey—at that time, 1925, the most controversial black man on earth.

The Klansmen spurred their horses and galloped about the house, close enough to use their gun butts to shatter all of the glass panes in the windows. Then they rode away. My father, the Rev. Earl Little, was enraged when he returned. He decided that they would wait until I was born—which would be soon—and then the family would move. I am not sure why he made this decision as he was not a frightened Negro, as most then were, and still are today. My father was a big, six-foot-four, very black man. He had only one eye. How he had lost the other one, I never have known. He was from Reynolds, Ga., where he had finished the third or maybe the fourth grade. Among himself and his six brothers he had seen four of them die of violence, three of them in the South, killed by white people, including one of them hung. What my father could not know was that of the three remaining, including himself, only one, my Uncle Jim, would die in bed, of illness. Northern white police were later going to shoot my Uncle Oscar, and my father was finally, too, going to die at white hands.

It has always stayed on my mind that I would die by violence. I have done all that I can to be prepared.

I was my father's seventh child. He had by a previous marriage three, Ella, Earl and Mary, who lived in Boston. In Philadelphia he had met and married my mother. Their first child, my oldest full brother, Wilfred, was born there. They moved from Philadelphia to Omaha, where Hilda and then Philbert were born, and then I was the next one in line.

The family waited, as my father had decided, and my mother was 28 when I was born on May 19, 1925, in an Omaha hospital. Louise Little, my mother, who was born in Grenada, in the British West Indies, looked like a white woman. Her father *was* white. She had black hair, and her accent did not sound like a Negro's. Of this white devil father of hers, I know nothing except her shame about it; I remember hearing her say that she was glad that she never had seen him. It was of course as a result of him that I got my reddish-brown "mariny" color of skin, and my hair of the same color. I grew up as the lightest child in our house. (Out in the world later on, in Boston and New York, I was for years insane enough to feel that it was some kind of status symbol to be light complexioned. Now, I hate every drop of that white rapist's blood that is in me.)

We next went to Lansing, Mich. A house was bought, and soon my father was doing free-lance Christian Baptist preaching in local Negro churches, and during the week he was moving about, spreading the Garvey teachings. He had begun laying the foundation for the store that he had always wanted to own when, as always, some stupid local "Uncle Tom" Negroes began funneling everything they heard to the local white people.

On the nightmare 1929 night which is the earliest vivid memory that I have, I remember being suddenly snatched awake into a nearly petrifying confusion of pistol shots and shouting and smoke and flames. My father had seen and shouted and shot at the two white men who had set fire to our house and were running away. My mother with the baby in her arms just made it into the yard before the house crashed in, showering up sparks. The police and firemen came and stood around watching the house burn the rest of the way.

I remember waking up in 1931, again to the sound of my mother's screaming. When I scrambled out, I saw the police in the living room. All of us children who were staring knew that something bad had happened to our father.

From "The Autobiography of Malcolm X," to be published by Doubleday and Co., Inc. ©1964 by Alex Haley and Malcolm X.

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With conked-up hair and zoot suit, Malcolm at 15 began hustling career.

"I was unique in class, like a pink poodle."

Malcolm X

My mother said later that she was taken by the police to the hospital, and to a room where a sheet was over my father in a bed, and she wouldn't look, she was afraid to. Probably it was wise that she didn't. My father's skull, on one side, was crushed in. He had been bludgeoned with something. And his body was cut almost in half where he had been run over by the wheels of a streetcar. He had been bludgeoned by someone, and then laid across the tracks for the streetcar to run over. He lived two-and-a-half hours in that condition. (Negroes born in Georgia had to be strong just to survive.) It was morning when we children at home got the word that he was dead. I was six.

My mother was 34 years old now. She was very shook up. Some kind of a family routine got going again. And for as long as the first insurance money lasted, we did all right. When the state welfare people began coming to our house, we would come home from school sometimes and find them there talking with our mother, asking a thousand questions. They were acting and looking at her and us and around in our house in a way that had about it the feeling that we were not people. We were just *things*, that was all.

We swiftly began to go downhill. The physical downhill wasn't as quick as the psychic. My mother was, above everything else, a proud woman, and it took its toll on her that she was accepting charity. And her feelings communicated to us, and among us children. It didn't help any when I began to get caught stealing snacks from stores, and the welfare people began to focus on me.

It was about this time that the large, dark man from Lansing began visiting. He looked something like my father. He was single, and my mother was a woman without a man, and the state people were bugging her. The man was independent; she would have admired that. She was having a hard time with disciplining us, and a big man's presence alone would help. And if she had a man to provide, it would erase the state people in general.

It went on for about a year, I guess. And then the man from Lansing jilted my mother suddenly. It was a terrible shock to her. It was the beginning of the end of reality for my mother. She began to sit around, or walk around, and talk to herself, almost as if she was unaware that we were right around there in the house, watching her. It was gradually terrifying.

The state people saw her weakening. That was when they began the definite steps to take me away from the house. They began to tell me how nice it was going to be at the nearby Gohannes's home, where the Gohannes's and their nephew, "Big Boy," and old Mrs. Adcock all had said how much they would like to have me live with them.

When finally I did go to the Gohannes's home, at least in a surface way I was glad. I would return home to visit fairly often, and saw how the state people were making plans to take over all the children. My mother talked to herself nearly all the time now. The court orders were signed, finally. They took her to the state mental hospital at Kalamazoo. My mother is still in the same hospital.

I guess I must have had some vague idea that if I weren't in school, I'd be allowed to just live at the Gohannes's and wander around town, stealing and loafing, or maybe get a job if I wanted one. But I got rocked on my heels when a state man that I hadn't seen before came and got me at the Gohannes's and took me down to court. They said I was going to the detention home. It was about 12 miles from Lansing, in Mason, Mich. I was 13 years old. The detention home was where all boys and girls on their way to reform school were held, waiting.

The lady in charge of the detention home, Mrs. Swerlin, and her husband were very good people. Her first name was Lois, and Mr. Swerlin's was Jim, I remember. She was bigger than he, a big, buxom woman. She showed me to my room—in my life, my first *own* room. It was in one of the dormitorylike buildings where the kids in detention were kept. I discovered next, with surprise, that I ate right at the tables with them.

Different ones of the detention home youngsters, when their dates came up, went on off to the reform school. But mine came up two or three times; it was always ignored. I saw new youngsters arrive and leave. I was glad, and grateful. I knew it was Mrs. Swerlin's doing. She finally told me one day that I was going to enter the Mason High School.

The white kids there were friendly. Somebody, including the teachers, was calling me "nigger" everywhere I turned, but it was easy to see that they didn't mean any harm. "The nigger," in fact, was extremely popular. I was unique, the only one around—you know what I mean? Every Sunday I went to Sunday school and church. There was no black church to go to, so I went to the white one.

In Mason High I was elected the class president! It shocked me. More than it did other people. I see it now. My grades were among the highest in the school. I was unique in my class, like a pink poodle. I am not going to say that I wasn't proud.

Along toward the end of that year, our father's grown daughter, Ella, by his first marriage, came from Boston to Lansing. After visiting each home where my different brothers and sisters were staying, Ella left. But she had told me to write to her, and she had suggested that I might like to spend the summer holiday visiting her in Boston. I jumped at that chance.

That summer of 1940 I caught the Greyhound bus, with my cardboard suitcase and wearing my green suit. If someone had hung the sign HICK on me, I couldn't have looked much more obvious.

Ella met me. She took me home. The house was on Waumbeck Street, in Roxbury, the Harlem of Boston. I saw, or met, I suppose a hundred people whose big-city talk and ways left my mouth hanging open. The cars they drove! I tried to describe it, when I got back to Lansing, but I couldn't. I thought constantly about all that I had seen.

One day Mrs. Swerlin called me into the living room. She said she felt there was no need for me to be at the detention home any longer. I wrote to Ella in Boston. I don't know how Ella did it, but official custody of me was transferred from Michigan to Massachusetts. The same week that I finished the eighth grade, I again caught the Greyhound bus. All praise is due to Allah! If I hadn't gone on to Boston, probably I'd still be a brainwashed black Christian.

This time I was big enough to walk around town by myself, and I just knocked myself out, gawking. Boston's downtown had the biggest stores that I ever saw, and white people's restaurants and hotels. On Massachusetts Avenue, next door to the Loew's State Theater, was the big, exciting Roseland State Ballroom. Big posters advertised the nationally famous bands, white and Negro, that had been there. I saw that COMING NEXT WEEK was Glenn Miller.

I wanted to find myself a job to surprise Ella, to show her I could, mostly. One afternoon something told me to go inside a poolroom whose window I was looking through. Something made me decide to talk to a stubby, dark fellow who racked up the balls for the pool players, and whom I'd heard different ones call "Shorty." And one day he came

Minister of the Harlem Mosque, a sedate Malcolm escorts Elijah and friend before fateful schism rent the Nation of Islam.

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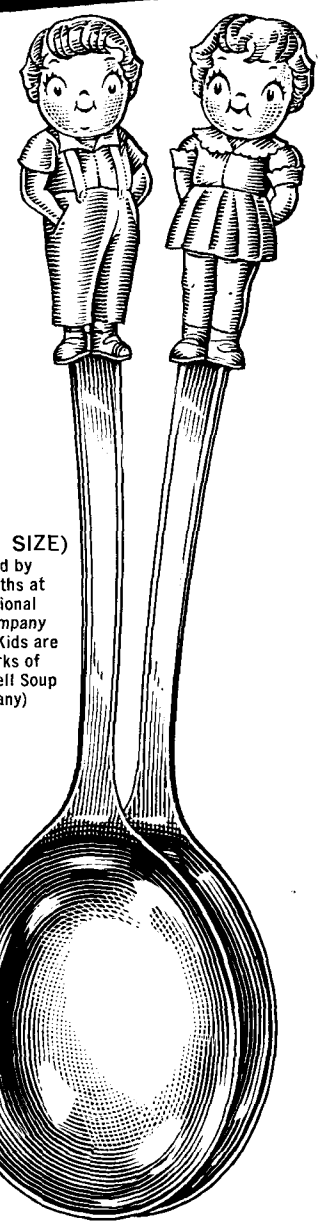

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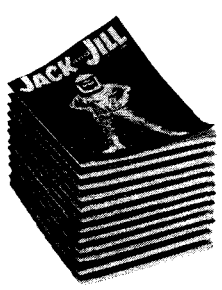

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WITH LOVE . . . FROM THE MAILMAN

First a hick in Boston, Malcolm hit Harlem and

Malcolm X

outside and saw me standing there with my kinky, reddish hair and he had said, "Hi, Red," so that made me figure that he was friendly. Inconspicuously as I could, I went on to the back, where this Shorty looked up at me over an aluminum can that he was filling with the powder that pool players sprinkle over their fingers. His hair had been "conked" to make it slick and straight. I told him I'd appreciate it if he'd tell me how could somebody go about getting a job. He asked what had I ever done, and where. And that was how he learned that I'd been at Mason High. He nearly dropped the powder can. He hollered "My homeboy! Man, gimme some skin! Man, I'm from Lansing!" Pretty soon we sounded as though we had been raised in the same block, and we were reacting like long-lost brothers. "You're my homeboy—I'm going to school you to the happenings." I just had to stand up there and grin like a fool, I was so glad to hear those words.

I hung around in the back of the poolroom, and Shorty, keeping an eye on the pool games up at the tables, would run and rack balls, then come back and talk. He asked my circumstances, and I told him about Ella and all. Shorty's job—or "slave"—in the poolroom there, he said, was just to keep ends together while he learned his horn. A couple of years before he'd hit the numbers, and bought a saxophone. "Like all the cats," he told me, "I play at least a dollar a day on the full number with my main man. Soon as I hit that, I plan to organize my band, get the studs some uniforms and stuff." Before we went out, he opened his saxophone case and showed the horn to me. It was gleaming brass against the green velvet, an alto sax. He said, "Keep cool, homeboy. Some of the cats will turn you up a slave."

When I got home, Ella said there had been a telephone call from somebody named Shorty. He had left a message that over at the Roseland State Ballroom, the shoeshine boy, named Freddie, was quitting that night, and Shorty had told him to hold the job for me.

The front of the ballroom was all lighted when I got there. A man at the front door was letting in members of Benny Goodman's band. I told him I wanted to see the shoeshine boy, Freddie.

A wiry, brown-skinned, "conked" cat upstairs in the men's room greeted me. "You Shorty's homeboy?" I said I was, and he said he was a friend of Shorty's. "Good old boy," Freddie said. "He called me, he'd just heard I hit the big number, and he figured right I'd be quitting." Then he gave a demonstration in how to make the shine rag pop like a firecracker. By the close of the dance Freddie had let me shine the shoes of three or four stray drunks he talked into it, and I had practiced picking up my speed on his shoes until they looked like mirrors. After we had helped the janitors to clean up the ballroom after the dance, throwing out empty liquor bottles we found, stuff like that, Freddie was nice enough to drive me all the way home to Ella's on the "hill" in his maroon, secondhand Buick. He looked across at me. "Some hustles, now, you just got to realize you're too new for. Some cats will ask you for liquor, some more for a 'stick'—reefers. Whatever else they ask you for, you just act dumb, until you get able to dig who's a cop. You can make ten, twelve dollars a dance for yourself if you work everything right. The main thing you got to remember is that everything in the world is a hustle. OK, Red?"

In about two weeks I had found out that Freddie had done less shoeshining and towel hustling than selling liquor and reefers, and contacting white "Johns" for some Negro girls. Most of the Roseland's dances were those for whites only, and they had white bands only. The Negro dances with Negro bands were only now and then. They jam-packed that ballroom, the black chicks in real way-out silk and satin dresses and shoes, and their hair done in all kinds of styles, and the cats sharp in their "zoot" suits and crazy "conks," and everybody grinning and greased and gassed.

The first liquor I drank, my first cigarettes, even the first marijuana—reefers—I can't specifically remember. But I know they all mixed together with my first shooting craps, playing cards, and betting my dollar a day on the numbers as I started some light hanging out at night with Shorty and different ones of his friends, and, sometimes, chicks they knew. Mixed in with this time, too, was my first zoot suit and my first processing of my kinky hair to straighten it, the conk. Shorty had promised to school me in how most young cats beat the barbershops' three- and four-dollar price by making their own "congolene," and conking themselves, once they learned how.

The evening that Shorty said that we would do it at his pad, after he got off from the poolroom, I took the little list he had printed out for me, and went to a grocery store. I got there a can of Red Devil lye, two eggs, and two medium-sized white potatoes. Then, at a drugstore near the poolroom, I asked for Vaseline, a large jar; a large jar of soap; a big comb and a fine comb; one of those rubber hoses with a metal spray head, and a rubber apron and a pair of gloves.

Shorty paid six dollars a week for a room in his cousin's beat-up apartment. He peeled the potatoes and thin-sliced them down into a quart Mason fruit jar. He started stirring with a wooden spoon down among the potato slices as he gradually poured in a little over a half can of the lye. A jellylike, starchy-looking stuff resulted from the lye and potatoes, and Shorty broke in the two eggs, stirring real fast. The congolene turned pale-yellowish. "Feel the jar," Shorty said. I cupped my hand against the outside, and snatched it away. "Damn right, it's hot, that's that lye," Shorty said. "So you know it's going to burn when I comb it in—it burns bad. But the longer you can stand it, the straighter the hair."

He made me sit down, and he tightly tied the string of the new rubber apron around my neck, and combed up my bush of hair. From the big Vaseline jar he took fingersful and massaged, hard, all through my hair and onto the scalp. He thickly Vaselined my neck, ears and forehead. "When I get to washing out your head, you got to remember that any congolene left in burns a sore."

The congolene just felt warm when Shorty started combing it in. Then, my head set afire! I gritted my teeth and tried to pull the kitchen table's sides together. The comb felt like it was raking skin off! I couldn't stand it any longer; I bolted to the wash basin. I was cursing

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found that on this scene he was a hick again.

Shorty for everything I could think of when he got the spray going and started soap-lathering my head. "The first time's always worst. You get used to it better. You took it real good, homeboy. You got a good conk."

When Shorty let me stand up and see in the mirror, my scalp still flamed, but this time not as bad; I could bear it. The mirror reflected Shorty behind me. We both were grinning and sweating. After that Vaseline, I had this thick, smooth sheen of shining red hair—real red—and straight as any white man's!

Shorty would take me to groovy, frantic scenes (parties) in different chicks' and cats' pads. With the lights and the jukebox down mellow, we "blew gage" (smoked marijuana) or "juiced back" (drank liquor). The chicks I met were fine as May wine, the cats were hip to all happenings. (That's just to give a taste of the slang that was talked by everyone whom I respected in those days.) I'd acquired the fashionable ghetto adornments, my zoot suits and a conk; I had begun drinking liquor, smoking cigarettes and reefers, and I was absorbing a lot of the "hip" dialogue.

Beacon Hill chick

I had to quit the shoeshine hustle because I liked to be on the Roseland dance floor when the bands were playing, but Ella helped me get a job as a soda jerk in the Townsend Drug Store, two blocks from her house. That was when I met my first white woman. I'm going to call her Sophia, for which I have my own private reasons. I met her at the Roseland Ballroom. When I caught this fine blonde's eyes, I just stopped. Froze! This one I'd *never* seen among the white girls that came to the Roseland black dances. She was giving me that "I-go-for-you" look.

She didn't dance well, at least not by Negro standards. But who cared? I could feel the staring eyes of other couples around us. We talked. I told her she was a good dancer, and asked her where she'd learned. I was trying to find out why she was there. Most white women who came to the black dances, I knew their reasons, but you didn't see *her* kind. She had vague answers for everything. And then I know she asked in that cool Lauren Bacall sound of hers would I like to go for a drive.

I just couldn't believe my luck. *Would* I? It was just *too* much!

For the next five years—into 1946, when I went to prison—Sophia was my main white woman. For two of the years she stayed single; for the other three she was married to a white man, for convenience. I soon found out from her, different parts of it at different times, that she was the oldest of a well-off divorced Boston woman's three daughters. Sophia would pick me up. I took her to the dances, but mostly to the bars around Roxbury. We drove all over. Sometimes it would be nearly daylight when she let me out in front of Ella's.

She was entranced with me. Automatically, I began to see less of Shorty. When I did see him and the gang, he would gibe, "Man, I had to comb the burrs out of homeboy's head; now, looka here, he's got a Beacon Hill chick."

Meanwhile I left the drugstore and soon found me a new job. I was a busboy at the Parker House. After only a few weeks, one Sunday morning I ran in to work expecting to get fired, I was so late. But the whole kitchen crew was too excited and upset to notice. I picked up their talk—Japanese planes had just bombed somewhere called Pearl Harbor.

You wouldn't have believed it was me. "Getcha goooood haaaaaman' cheeeeeese . . . sandwiches! Coffee! Candy! Cake! Ice cream!" Rocking along the tracks every other day for four hours between Boston and New York, in the coach-car aisles of the New Haven line's *Yankee Clipper*. An old Pullman porter, a friend of Ella's, had recommended the railroad job for me. He had told her that the war was snatching away railroad men so fast that if I could pass for 21, he could get me on. I knew that several New Haven trains ran between Boston and New York. Secretly, for years, I had wanted to visit New York City. Right there since I had been in Roxbury, I had heard so much raving about "The Big Apple," as it was called, by various kinds of people who traveled a lot, by musicians, merchant-marine sailors, chauffeurs for white families, salesmen and different hustlers.

Anyway, at the railroad-personnel hiring office down on Dover Street, a tired-acting, grayheaded, old white clerk got down to the crucial point. "Age?" When I told him "Twenty-one," he never lifted his eyes up from his pencil. And I knew I had it made.

The dining-car crew told me before we left Boston that their favorite spot in New York was a place called Small's Paradise. The cooks took me up to Harlem with them, in a cab. White New York passed by like a scenario, then almost abruptly, when we left Central Park at the upper end, at 110th Street, the people's complexion changed to Negroes. It was about five-thirty in the afternoon.

Busy Seventh Avenue ran along in front of Small's Paradise. No Negro place of business had ever impressed me so much. Around the big, luxurious-looking circular bar probably were 30 or 40 men, or mostly men, and several women, drinking and talking.

From then on, every layover night in Harlem, I explored new places. I first got a room at the Harlem YMCA because it was less than a block from Small's Paradise. Then I got a room, cheaper, at a rooming house where most of the railroad men stayed. I hung in Small's and the Braddock bar so much that the bartenders began to pour bourbon, my favorite brand of it, when they saw me. And the steady customers in both places, the hustlers in Small's and the musicians and entertainers in the Braddock, began to call me "Red," the nickname that my red conk made natural, I know.

My musical friends were of the caliber of Duke Ellington's great drummer, Sonny Greer, and that great personality with the violin, Ray Nance. Ray's the one who sang that wild "scat" style, that "bloo-blop-ble-blop-bla-bloo-blam-blam—" Remember that? And people like Cootie Williams; a little later on Pearl Bailey sang with Cootie. And Eddie (Mr. Cleanhead) Vinson; in the Braddock he'd kid me about *his* conk—he had nothing up there but skin. He was hitting the heights then with his *Hey, Pretty Mamma, Chunk Me in Your Big Brass Bed.* I knew Cy Oliver; he was married to a kind of red girl, and they lived up on

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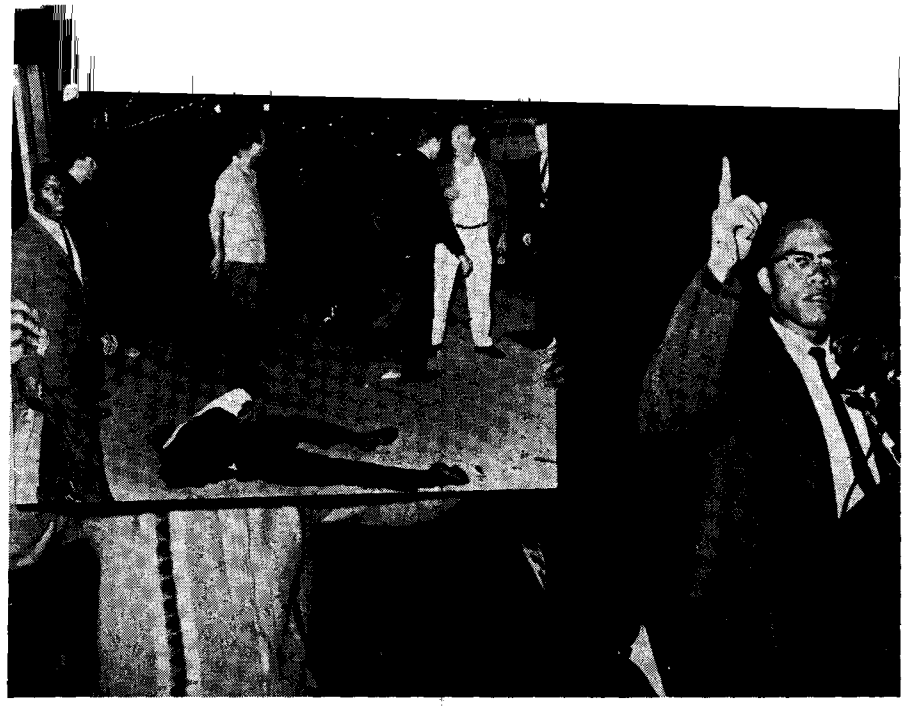
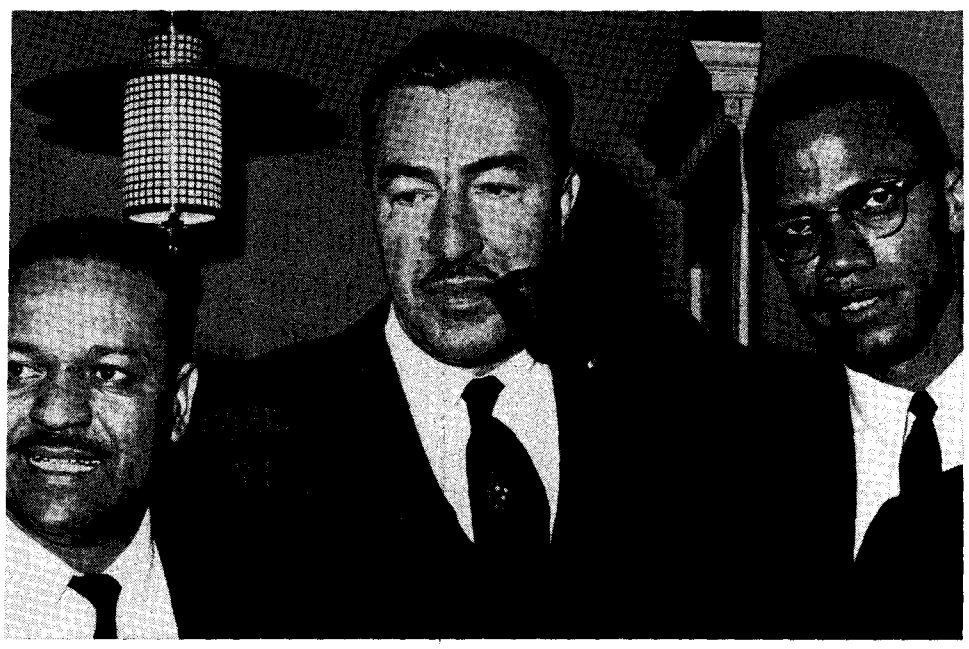


At a Harlem rally for Muslims, Malcolm exhibits blowup showing racial clash.

Death by violence has brushed Malcolm X three times—as a child, as a hustler, as a Muslim.

Fidel Castro met Malcolm when he came to the United Nations, failed to convert him.



Solidarity: tactical talk with the Rev. Galamison (left) and Rep. Adam Clayton Powell.

Malcolm X

"Sugar Hill," and he did a lot of arranging for Tommy Dorsey.

By that time, on the *Yankee Clipper*, they had a laughing bet going among the waiters that I wasn't going to last. Because I had so rapidly become such a wild young Negro. I'd come to work, loud and wild and half high off either liquor or reefers, and I'd stay that way, jamming sandwiches at people until we got to New York. Off the train I'd go through that Grand Central Station afternoon rush-hour crowd, and many people simply stopped in their tracks to watch me pass. The drape and the cut of a zoot suit showed to the best advantage if you were tall, remember—and I was over six feet. My conk was fire-red. My knob-toed, orange-colored "kickup" shoes were the Cadillacs of shoes in those days. (They made these ridiculous styles for sale only in the black ghettos where ignorant Negroes like me would pay the big-name price.) And then, between Small's Paradise, the Braddock Hotel, and other places, as much as my $20 or $25 would let me, with my increasing number of friends I drank liquor, smoked marijuana, and got a few hours' sleep before the *Yankee Clipper* rolled again.

What did me in was that when some passenger wrote the New Haven line a mad letter, the conductors backed it up, telling how many verbal complaints they'd had, and how many warnings I'd been given. I didn't care. Me quitting the railroad was in my mind only a matter of time anyway. And I knew that the way the Army was snatching up anybody who was warm and able to walk, all the jobs I could want were going begging.

Back in New York, stony broke, I went over to Small's Paradise. One of the bartenders called me aside and said that if I went downstairs right away to the office, I might be able to replace a day waiter who was about to go into the Army.

Ed Small and his brother, Charlie, had seen me in the place so much that it made it pretty easy. They also knew I was a railroad man, which, for a waiter, was the best kind of recommendation. It was in 1942, just past my 17th birthday.

With Small's practically in the center of everything happening, waiting tables there was Seventh Heaven seven times over! Charlie Small had told me not to be *late!* Why, what was he talking about? I was so anxious to be there, I'd arrive an hour early! Inside of a week I don't know who liked me most, the cooks or the bartenders. And the customers, who had seen me among them around the bar, recognizing me now in the waiter's jacket, were surprised, pleased, and they couldn't have been more friendly. Recognizing that by New York terms I still was just a hick, they began to school me. Every day I listened raptly to one or several of the customers who felt like talking—these seasoned, mature hustlers—and it all added to my "education." Particularly, my ears absorbed like sponges when some of them in a rare burst of confidence, or a little beyond his usual number of drinks, would tell me "inside" things about the particular form of hustling that he pursued.

Plain-clothes detectives were quietly identified to me, by a nod, a wink. Knowing the law people in the area was elementary for the hustlers, and, like them, in time, I would learn to sense almost the presence of any police and agent types. And added to the civilian ones then in 1942, each of the military services had civilian-dressed "eyes" and "ears."

Every day, all of my tips—as high as $10 a day—I would gamble on the numbers, and dream of what I would do and buy as soon as I "hit." The straight number chances of hitting were a thousand-to-one, but your chances could be increased by what was called "combinating." For example, six cents would put one penny on each of the six possible combinations of three digits. Take the number 840, say. "Combinated," it would cover 840, 804, 048, 408, 480 and 084.

"Detroit Red"

The daily small army of "runners" each got 10 percent of the money they turned in, along with the bet slips, to their "controllers." (And if you hit, you gave the runner a 10 percent tip.) A controller might have as many as 50 runners working for him, and the controller got 5 percent of what he turned over to the "bankers," who paid off the hits, paid off the police, and, off the balance, got rich.

I should stress that Small's wasn't any haven for criminals. I dwell upon hustlers because it was their world that fascinated me. Actually, for the night-life crowd, most of which the hustlers regarded as "square," Small's was one of the two or three most decorous night spots that Harlem had. It was formally recommended by the New York City Police Department to white people who would ask where was safe to go in Harlem.

From time to time I'd have Sophia come over from Boston to see me. She would come in on a late-afternoon train, and come to Small's and I'd introduce her around until I got off. We would make it to the Braddock Hotel bar, where she would nearly have a fit with meeting some of the "name" musicians who now would greet me like an old friend. "Hey, Red—who have we got here?" And they would make on over her. They wouldn't let me even think about paying for the drinks I ordered.

Once, when I called Sophia in Boston, she sounded funny. She said she couldn't get away until the following weekend. She told me that she had just married some well-to-do Boston white fellow. He was in the service. She went on to say she didn't mean for it to change a thing between us. I told her it made me no difference.

When I had been around Harlem long enough to show signs of permanence, it was inevitable that I was going to get a nickname that would identify me beyond any confusion with two other red conked and well-known "Reds" who were around. I had met them both. One was "St. Louis Red," a professional armed robber. When I was sent to prison, he was doing some time for trying to stick up a dining-car steward on a train between New York and Philadelphia. The other one was "Chicago Red." In a speakeasy where I was a waiter later on, he was the funniest dishwasher on this earth, and we became good buddies. Now he's making his living being funny as a nationally known stage and nightclub comedian. (I don't see any reason why old "Chicago Red" would mind me telling that he is "Redd Foxx.") Anyway, before long, it happened. Different people, knowing I was from Michigan, would ask me what city. Since most New Yorkers never had heard of hick-town Lansing, I would say "Detroit." Gradually, I began being called "Detroit Red"—and it spread, and stuck.

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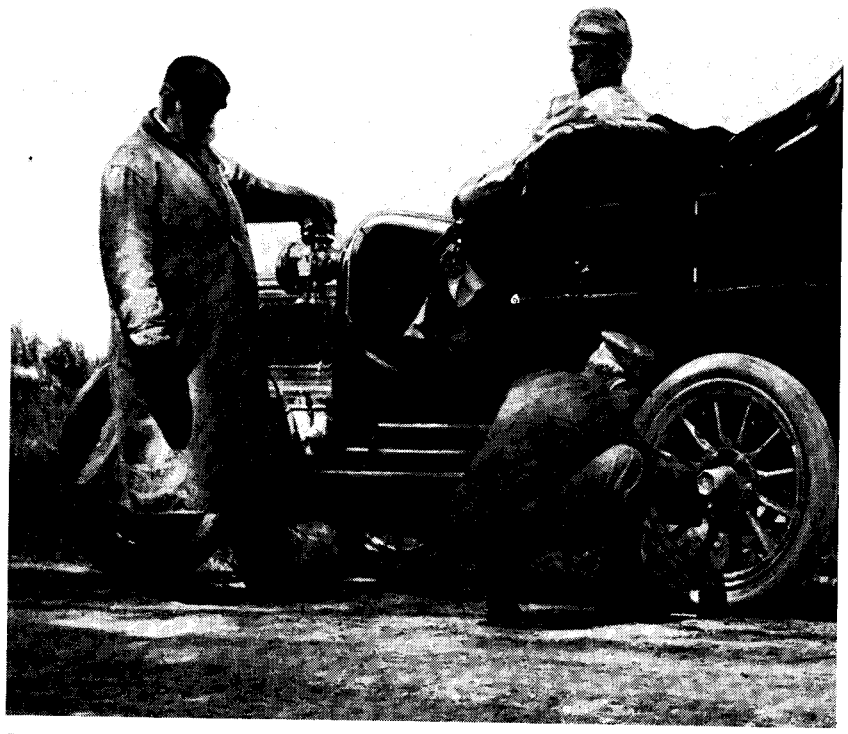
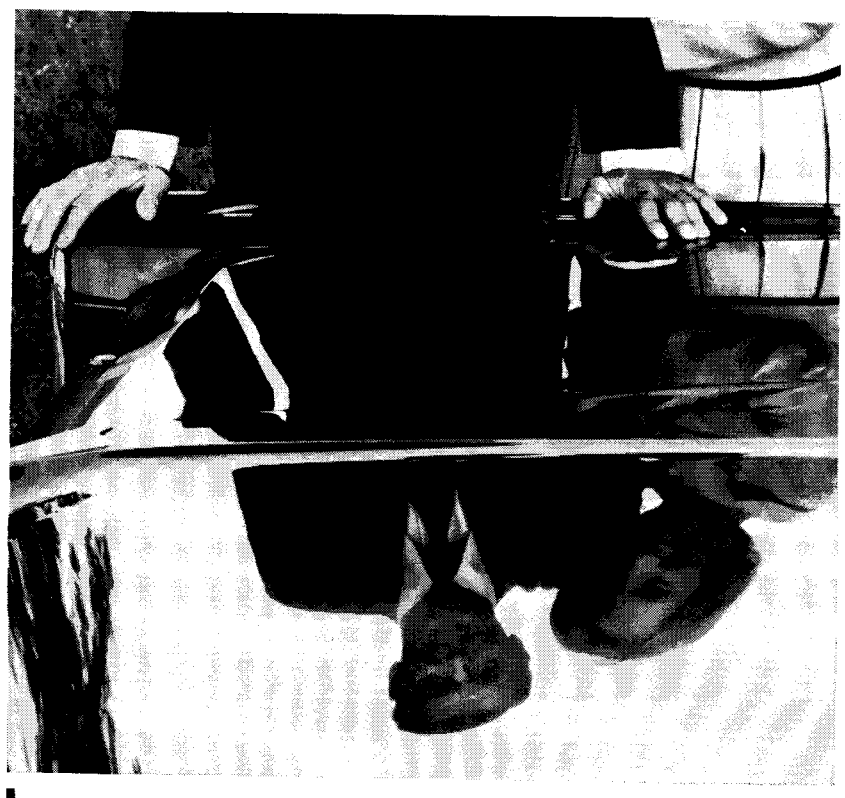
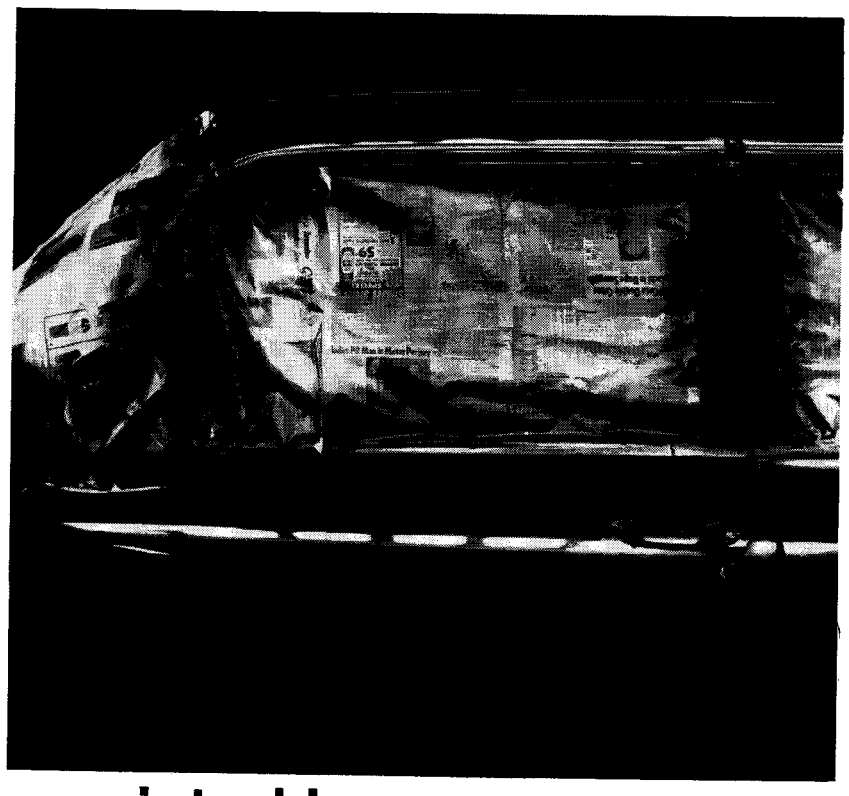


To fix an old one...



buy a new one...

rent a good one...



repaint a blue one...

let your fingers do the walking

Solve your automotive problems almost auto-matically—just look up Automobile: Repairing—Dealers—Renting—Painting. Check the ads for range of services, locations, and hours. Before you step into your car, let your fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages.

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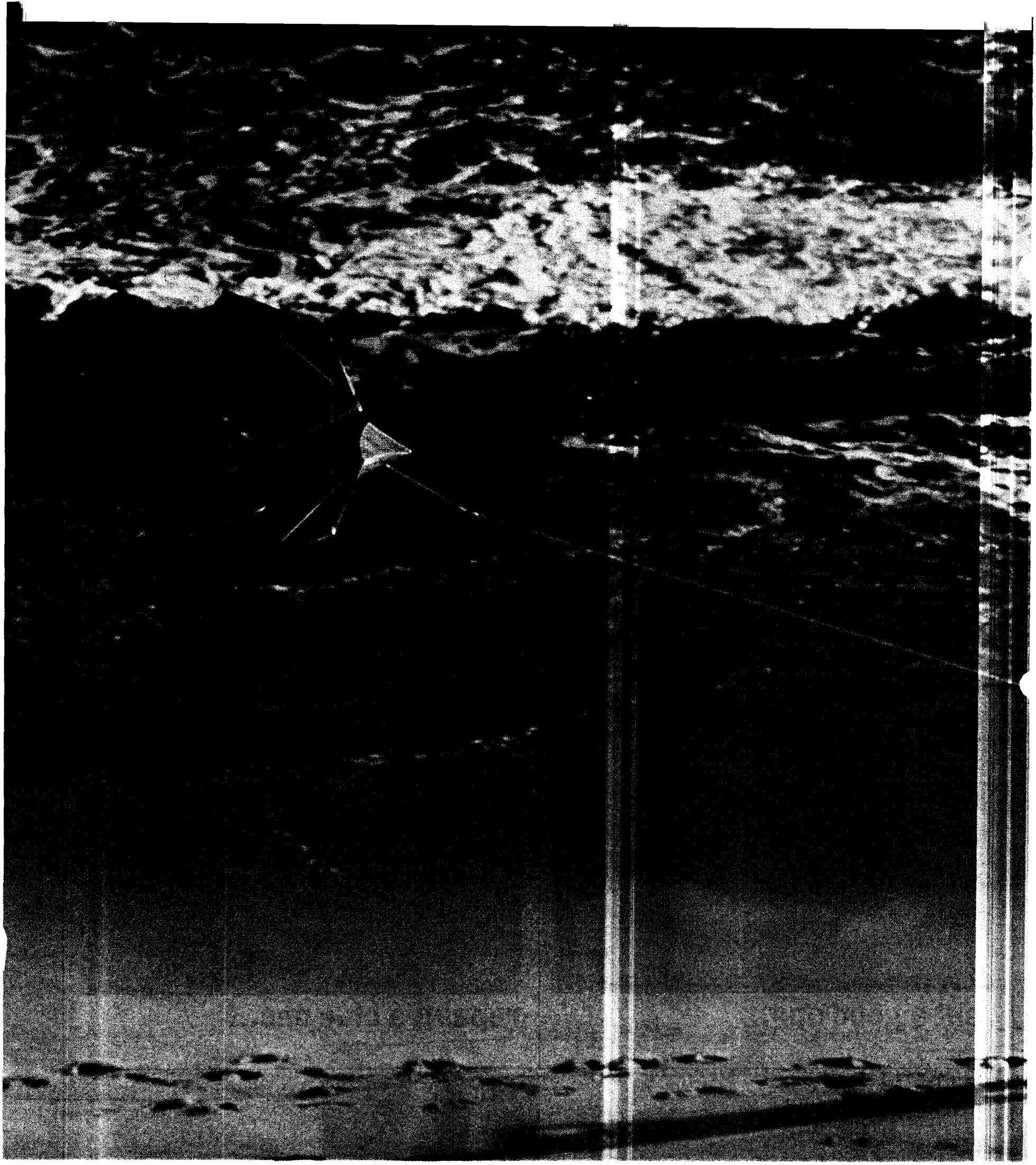

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It was class to be recognized as a client of West Indian Archie.

Malcolm X

One afternoon in early 1943, before the regular six-o'clock Small's hustling crowd had gathered, this real Georgia-looking black soldier sat drinking at one of my tables by himself. He looked dumb and pitiful, and it was because of that why I did one of the dumbest things I ever did in those years. The next drink that I served this soldier, I bent over close wiping the table, and asked him if he wanted a woman.

I *knew* better. It wasn't only Small's Paradise law, it was every tavern's law, at least if it wanted to stay in business, not to get involved with anything that could be interpreted as impairing the morals of servicemen, or any kind of hustling off them. Big trouble had been caused by this for dozens of places, some even well-known places had been put off limits by the military, and some even had lost their state or city licenses.

And I had suckered myself right into the hands of one of those military "spies." Why, this black tool of the white man said he sure would like a woman, so gratefully; he even had a dumb Georgia accent! And I gave him the phone number of one of my best friends among the prostitutes at the rooming house where I lived. I gave the fellow a half hour to have gotten there, and then I telephoned. I expected what the woman said to me, that no one like that had been there.

I didn't even go back out to the bar. I just went straight to Charlie Small's office. "I just did something, Charlie," I said, "I don't know why I did it ——" And I told him what I'd done.

Charlie looked at me. "I wish you hadn't done that, Red." We both knew what he meant.

When the West Indian plain-clothes detective, Charlie Barts, came in, I was waiting. When we got to the 135th Street precinct, it was busy with police in uniform. I reflected that two things were in my favor: I'd never given the police any trouble, and when that black spy soldier had tried to tip me, I had waved it away and told him I was just doing him a favor. I saw some other detectives side-mouthing with Charlie Barts, and I think that when these factors were discussed, they sort of agreed that Charlie Barts should just scare me.

Even more bitter to take than the just getting fired, they barred me out of Small's. I could understand. Even if I wasn't actually what was called "hot," I automatically was going to be under surveillance now; the brothers had to protect their business. I wasn't a qualified hustler as yet, but I surely had become schooled in their code. I was broke and on my own again, 18 years old.

Sammy, "Pretty Boy," one of the pimps, proved to be my friend in need. He put word on the "wire" for me to come over to his place. I went; I never had been there. His place seemed to me a small palace; his women really kept him in style. While we talked, about what kind of a hustle should I best get into, Sammy had the best marijuana I'd ever used. Peddling reefers, Sammy and I pretty soon agreed, was the best thing. Both Sammy and I knew some merchant seamen, and others, who could supply me with loose marijuana. And musicians, among whom I had so many good contacts, were the heaviest consistent category market for reefers—and then they also were for the heavier narcotics if I later wanted to graduate to peddling them. I had the advantage that I had been around long enough to either know, or spot on sight, most regular detectives and cops, though not the narcotics people. Sammy staked me, about $20.

I sold reefers like a wild man. Every day I *cleared* at least thirty or forty dollars. I felt, for the first time in my life, that great feeling of *free!* Suddenly, now, I was the peer of other smooth young hustlers around.

The narcotics-squad detectives didn't take long to pick up that I was selling, and different ones of them would tail me once in a while. One morning, though, I came in and found my room ransacked. It was then that I began carrying a little .25 automatic. I carried it stuck right down the center of my back, pressed under my belt. Someone had told me that the cops never hit there when they gave you any routine patting-down. I sold less than I had before because, mainly, being careful consumed so much time. It was on the wire, finally, that the narcotics squad of Harlem had me on its "special list." Now was when, every other day or so, and usually in some public place, some of them would come up, and flash the badge to search me. But I would tell them right off, loud enough for others to hear me, people standing about, that I didn't have anything on me, and I didn't want to get anything "planted" on me, and then they wouldn't, because Harlem already thought little enough of the law, and they did have to be careful that some crowd of Negroes, figuring they had witnessed a "frame," could set off even a race riot.

A Boston draft board, after I didn't respond at Ella's, had contacted her, and then had contacted their New York counterpart, and, in care of Sammy, I received Uncle Sam's "Greetings." I had about 10 days to go before I was to show up at the induction center. And I went right to work. I knew I wasn't even *about* to get hooked into any Army!

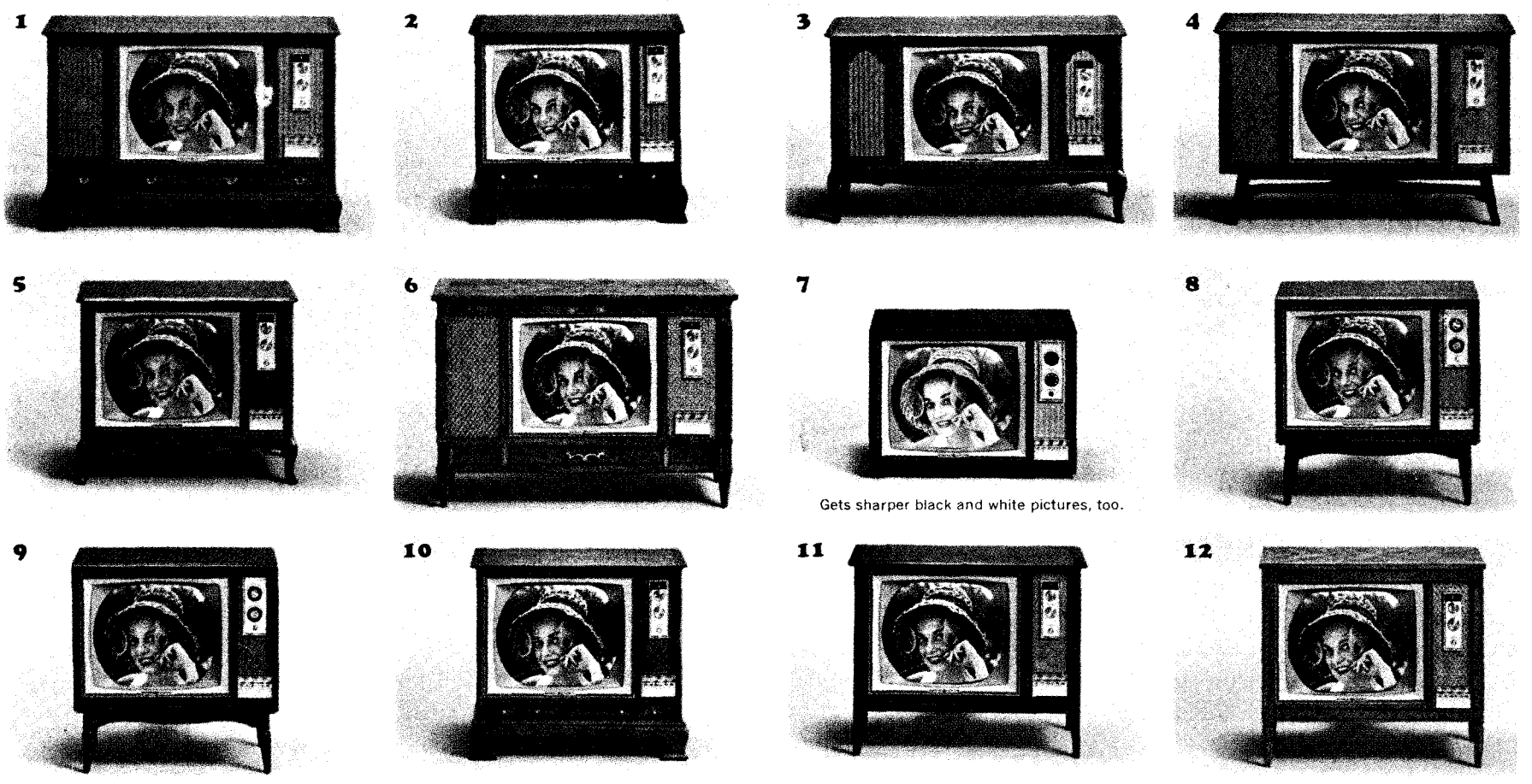
The Army "intelligence" soldiers, those black spies in civilian clothes that hung around in different places with their ears open for the white man downtown, oh, yes, I knew right where to start dropping the word! I started dropping it around that I was frantic to join—the Japanese Army. When I sensed, *knew*, that I had the direct ears of some of the "spies" I would talk, and act, high and crazy I'd snatch out, and read loudly, my Greetings—to make certain they got who I was, and when I'd report downtown.

And the day I went down there—well, I costumed like a model. With my wild zoot suit and the yellow knob-toe shoes, and I frizzled my hair up into a crazy reddish bush of conk.

Let me tell you—when I went in skipping and tipping, and thrust my tattered

Try out any General Electri

(If the first 14 reasons don't convince you t



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Greetings at the reception desk's white soldier—"Crazy-O, Daddy-O, get me moving, I can't wait to get in that brown"—why I will bet you that soldier hasn't recovered from me *yet*. They had their wire from uptown on me, all right—I could tell from his expression when his glance at my Greetings confirmed the name to him.

"Kill up crackers"

But they still put me in the line. And I had meanwhile sized up the situation. In that big starting room were maybe 40 or 50 other planned inductees. The room had fallen vacuum-quiet, with me running my mouth a mile a minute, talking nothing but slang. I was going to fight on *all* fronts; I was going to be a *general*, man, before I got done, and such talk as that.

Most of them in there were white, of course. The tender-looking ones appeared ready to run from me. Some others had on that vinegary "here's the worst kind of nigger" look. And a few were amused at the "Harlem jigaboo" archtype.

Also amused were some of the room's maybe 10 or 12 Negroes. But the stony-faced rest of them looked as though if they were about to sign up to go off killing somebody, they would have liked to start killing me right there.

You see, why I made these Negroes really *so* mad was they were these integration-type Negroes. And what I was doing was confirming white people's image of Negroes right there among some of the white people that they were so anxious to get integrated with. And they knew those crackers probably would go to their graves fighting integration, after the show I was putting on.

The line moved along. Pretty soon, stripped to my shorts, I was making my eager-to-join comments in the medical examination rooms—and everybody in the white coats that I saw had 4-F in his eyes. I went all the way, though, which was longer than I had expected, before they siphoned me off. One of the white coats accompanied me around a turning hallway; I knew we were on the way to a "headshrinker."

I must say this for that psychiatrist. He *tried* to be objective and professional in his manner. He sat there and doodled with his blue pencil on a tablet, listening to me spiel to him probably three or four minutes before he got a word in. His tack was quiet questions, to get at why was I so anxious. I kept jerking around, backward, as though somebody could be listening. I *knew* I was going to send him back to the books to figure what kind of a case I was.

Suddenly, I sprang up and peeped under both doors, the one I'd entered and another that probably was a closet. And then I bent and whispered fast in his ear. "Daddy-O, now you and me, we're from up north here, so don't you tell nobody . . . I want to get sent down South. Organize them nigger soldiers, you dig? Steal us some guns, and kill up crackers!"

A 4-F card came in the mail, and I never heard from the Army anymore.

Because of my reputation around it was easy for me to get into the numbers racket—about the only hustle left in Harlem that hadn't fallen off in business. My job now was to ride a bus across the George Washington Bridge, where a fellow who was always waiting would hand me a bag of numbers-betting slips. We didn't speak. I'd cross the street and catch the next bus back to Harlem. I never knew who that fellow was. I never knew who picked up the betting money for the slips that I picked up. In the rackets you don't ask questions. My boss, his wife and their daughter would be waiting in a room when I would arrive, just shortly before the day's first number was announced from downtown.

Our numbers-world ethics code was that I should play with a runner of my own outfit. That was how I began placing bets with "West Indian Archie." This was one of Harlem's really *bad* Negroes, one of those former Dutch Schultz strong-arm men who were around. It was status and class just to be known as a client of West Indian Archie.

One afternoon West Indian Archie paid me $300 out of his pocket for a 50-cent-combination bet. I was planning to go out on a date. Later, when I got to the apartment of my friend Sammy, he told me that West Indian Archie had been there, looking for me. I couldn't figure out why. Anyway, Sammy and I sniffed some cocaine to kill the time before I would go out and pick up my date. Then there was the knocking at the door. Sammy, lying on his bed in pajamas and a bathrobe, called "Who?"

When West Indian Archie answered, Sammy slid under the bed that round, two-sided shaving mirror with what little of the cocaine powder—or crystals, actually—was left, and I opened the door.

"Red—I want my money!"

"Man—what's the beef?"

West Indian Archie said he'd thought I was trying something when I'd told him I'd hit a 50-cent-combination number. But he'd gone on and paid me the $300 until he could double-check his actual written betting slips; now he thought I hadn't combinated the number I'd claimed, but another number.

"I'll give you until twelve o'clock tomorrow to get that money back." And that mad, mean West Indian put his hand behind him and pulled open the door. He backed out, and slammed it. It was a classic hustler-code impasse. The $300 wasn't the problem. I had maybe about $200 of it. But once the wire had it, any retreat by either of us was unthinkable. The wire would be awaiting the report of the big showdown. I could see people who knew me finding business elsewhere. I knew nobody wanted to be maybe caught in a crossfire.

I just stayed high for a few days, but I was scared.

Some raw kid hustler in a bar, I had to bust in his mouth. He came back, pulling a blade; I would have shot him, but somebody grabbed him. As I was known, and they feared me, they put him out, cursing that he was going to kill me.

Things were building up, closing in on me. I was trapped in cross turns. West Indian Archie gunning for me. The scared kid hustler I'd hit. The cops.

When I heard the car's horn, I was walking on St. Nicholas Avenue. But my ears were hearing a gun. I didn't dream the horn could possibly be for me.

"Homeboy!"

I jerked around; I came *that* close to shooting. . . .

Shorty—from Boston!

I'd scared him nearly to death.

"*Daddy-O!*"

I couldn't have been happier to see my mother! I knew Shorty had hit his number and that he was playing dates around Boston with his own band.

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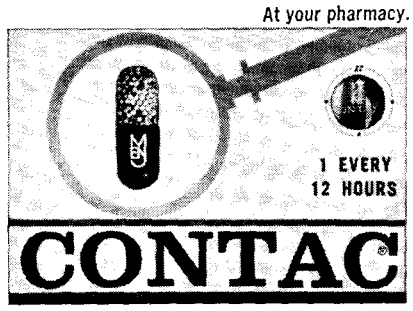

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A devil race arrives—a race of bleached-out white people.

Malcolm X

Inside the car he told me Sammy had telephoned how I was jammed up tight and he'd better come and get me. I didn't put up any objections to leaving town. I brought out and stuffed into the car's trunk what little stuff I cared to hang onto. Then we hit the highway and drove back to Boston. He afterward told me that through just about the whole ride back, I talked all out of my head.

My sister Ella couldn't believe how atheist, how uncouth I had become. Even Shorty, whose Boston apartment I now again shared, wasn't prepared for how I lived and thought like a predatory animal.

Sophia's being back around was one of Shorty's biggest kicks about my homecoming. It just happened that Shorty was "between" women when one night Sophia brought to the house and introduced her 17-year-old sister. I never saw anything like the way that she and Shorty nearly jumped for each other. For him, she wasn't only a white girl, but a *young* white girl. For her, he wasn't only a Negro, but a Negro *musician.*

Now I knew that I'd have to have a hustle. Just satisfying my cocaine habit alone cost me about $20 a day. I guess another $5 a day could have been added for reefers and just plain tobacco.

When I opened the subject of house burglary with Shorty, he really shocked me by how quickly he agreed. Shorty wanted to bring in with us this friend of his, whom I had met, and liked, called "Sonny." He worked regularly for an employment agency that sent him to wait on tables at exclusive parties at exclusive people's homes. I felt that Shorty was absolutely right in wanting Sonny to join us in burglarizing homes. A good burglary team included a "finder"—one who locates lucrative places to rob. Then another principal need is someone able to "case" these places' physical layouts—to determine means of entry, the best getaway routes, and so forth. Sonny qualified as a two-in-one find. By being *sent* to work in the finest homes, he wouldn't be suspected when he sized up their loot and cased the joint, just running around looking busy with a white coat on.

Our "fence" didn't work with us directly. He had a representative, an ex-con, who dealt with me and no one else in my gang. You would be surprised how efficient we became. In no time we'd be running with the stolen loot to the parked car that took off for the "drop" previously arranged between me and the representative for the fence. We were going along fine. We'd make a good pile and then lie low a while, living it up. We'd time the burglaries so that Shorty still played with his band, Sonny never missed table-waiting at his exclusive parties.

But it's a law of nature that every criminal expects to get caught. I had put a stolen watch into a jewelry shop for its broken crystal to be replaced. It was about two days later, when I went to pick up the watch, that things fell apart. I had on my gun in the shoulder holster, under my coat. The loser of the watch, the person from whom it had been stolen, had described the repair that it needed. It was a very expensive watch, that's why I had kept it for myself. And all of the jewelers in Boston had been alerted. That's how I was arrested.

The judge gave Shorty eight to 10 years. I got 10 years. They took Shorty and me, handcuffed together, to the state prison in Charlestown. This was in February, 1946. I wasn't quite to the formal manhood age of 21.

In that Charlestown jail I found out fast you could buy drugs. But I made so much trouble and spent so much time in solitary that I sweated out all my habits "cold turkey." Many times I thought I was going to die—but even this was only part of the total transformation that was to come over me.

My brothers and sisters began sending me letters about a new, natural religion for the black man. One day Reginald wrote, "Don't eat any more pork." I tried it and did it, and for the first time in a long while I began to get a little feeling of self-respect, though I hardly knew even how to identify the feeling. Reginald wrote more, about the worship of Allah and the American teacher of Islam, the Honorable Mr. Elijah Muhammad. I learned that when Mr. Muhammad went to Detroit he actually stayed at my brother Wilfred's place. It was my sister Hilda who told me that Mr. Muhammad himself had been in prison, for draft dodging, and she suggested that I write to him. And on one visit she explained to me the key lesson of Elijah Muhammad's teachings, which I later learned was the "demonology" that every religion has. Called "Yacub's History," once it is accepted by any black man, he will never again see the white man with the same eyes.

First, the moon separated from the earth. Then, the first humans, Original Man, were a black people. They founded the Holy City Mecca.

Among this black race were 24 wise scientists. One of the scientists, at odds with the rest, created the especially strong black tribe of Shabazz, from which America's Negroes, so-called, descend.

About 6,800 years ago, when 70 percent of the people were satisfied, and 30 percent were dissatisfied, was born a "Mr. Yacub." He was born to create trouble, to break the peace, and to kill. His head was unusually large. When he was four years old, he began school, on the way to becoming highly educated.

At the age of 18, Yacub had finished all of his nation's colleges and universities. He was known as "the big-head scientist." Among many other things he had learned how to scientifically breed races.

This big-head scientist, Mr. Yacub, began preaching in the streets of Mecca, making such hosts of converts that the authorities, increasingly concerned, finally exiled him with his 59,999 followers to the island of Patmos—described in the Bible as the island where John supposedly received the message contained in Revelations in the New Testament.

Though he was a black man, Mr. Yacub, embittered toward Allah now, decided, as revenge, to create upon the earth a "devil" race—a bleached-out, *white* race of people!

He knew that it would take him several total color-change stages to get from black to white. Mr. Yacub began his work by setting up a birth-control law there on the island of Patmos.

There, among Mr. Yacub's 59,999 followers, every third or so child that was born would show some trace of brown. As these became adult, only brown and brown, or black and brown, were permitted to marry. As their children were born, Mr. Yacub's law dictated that, if a black child, the attending nurse or midwife should stick a needle into its brain and give the body to cremators. The mothers were told it had been an "angel baby," which had gone to heaven, to prepare a place for her.

But a brown child's mother was told to take very good care of it.

Others, assistants, were trained by Mr. Yacub to continue his objective. Mr. Yacub, when he died on the island at the age of 152, had left laws and rules for them to go by. Mr. Yacub, except in his mind, never saw the "bleached-out devil race" that his procedures created.

A 200-year span was needed to eliminate on the island of Patmos all of the black people—until only brown people remained.

The next 200 years were needed to create from the brown race the red race—with no more browns left on the island.

In another 200 years from the red race was created the yellow race.

Two hundred years later—about 6,000 years ago—at last, the white race had been created.

On the island of Patmos was nothing but these blond, pale-skinned, cold-blue-eyed devils—savages, nude and shameless; hairy, like animals, they walked on all fours and they lived in trees.

Six hundred more years passed before this race of people returned to the mainland among the natural black people.

Within six months of time through telling lies that set the black men to fighting among each other, this devil race had turned what had been a peaceful Heaven on earth into a hell torn by quarreling and fighting. Then the whites ruled.

It was written that after Yacub's bleached-white race had ruled the world for 6,000 years—down to our time—then the black original race would give birth to one whose wisdom, knowledge and power would be infinite. It was written that some of the original black people should be brought as slaves to North America—to learn to better understand, firsthand, the white devils' true nature, in modern times.

The greatest and mightiest God who appeared on the earth was Master W. D. Fard. He came from the East to the West, appearing in North America at a time when the history and the prophecy was coming to realization, as the nonwhite people all over the world began to rise.

Master W. D. Fard, in 1931, posing as a seller of silks, met, in Detroit, Mich., the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. He gave Allah's message to Elijah and Allah's divine guidance, to save "the Lost-Found Nation of Islam," the so-called Negroes, here in "this wilderness of America."

When my sister, Hilda, had finished telling me this "Yacub's History," she left. I don't know if I was able, even, to open my mouth and tell her "good-bye."

I did write to The Honorable Elijah Muhammad. He sent me a typed reply. It had an all but electrical effect on me to actually see the signature of the Messenger of Allah. He told me to have courage. He even enclosed some money for me, a five-dollar bill. Mr. Muhammad to this day sends money all over the country to prison inmates who write to him.

I began pretty soon to write to people in the hustling world that I had known, such as my close friend Sammy, the pimp,

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Going crazy, or trying some "hype" to shake up the warden.

Malcom X

or the different dope peddlers. I told them all about Allah and Islam and Mr. Elijah Muhammad. What surely went on the Harlem and Roxbury wires was that "Detroit Red," in "stir," either was going crazy, or he was trying some "hype" to shake up the warden's office, through writing what the prison censors obviously would report.

I got frustrated at how I couldn't express what I wanted to convey in letters. When I started trying to figure what to do about that, I saw that the best thing I could get hold of was a dictionary to study, to learn some words. Probably I spent two days just uncertainly riffling through the pages of that dictionary. I never had realized there *were* so many words. I didn't know *which* words for a better vocabulary! Anyway, finally, the only way I saw to just start *some* kind of action, I began copying—In a couple of weeks, without having had any original intention in the world of even thinking of doing such a thing, the A section of the dictionary had filled a whole tablet. and I just naturally went on into the B's. That was the way I started copying, eventually, the entire dictionary. It went a lot faster after, through the practice. I had picked up handwriting speed.

It was inevitable, I suppose, that as my word base broadened, for the first time, I could pick up a book and actually understand what the book was saying.

I had meanwhile been transferred to Norfolk Prison Colony, a rehabilitation center for model prisoners. This was because my disposition had improved and because Ella was working for me with the authorities outside. Let me tell you something! From then until I left that prison, within its routine, in all of the free time I had, I was in the library picking up some more books.

Two other areas of experience which have been extremely formative in my life were first tasted there in prison. For one thing I had my first experiences in communicating Mr. Muhammad's teachings to some of the black prisoners. And, the other thing, when I had read enough to know something to talk *with*, I began to get into the weekly debating program—my baptism into public speaking.

I'd "knock out" my brother Reginald when he visited me in prison, telling him things I'd found that documented the Muslim teachings.

But Reginald, I learned later, had actually been *suspended* from the Nation of Islam by The Messenger Elijah Muhammad, charged with immorality. After he had learned the truth, and had accepted the truth and the laws of the Muslim, he still was reportedly carrying on improper relations with some woman of his who lived in New York. Some other Muslims who learned of it had made charges against Reginald to Mr. Muhammad in Chicago, and Mr. Muhammad had suspended Reginald.

I was in a torment. Finally, I wrote to Mr. Muhammad, trying to defend my brother, appealing for him. I told him what Reginald was to me, what my brother meant to me. I put the letter into the box for the prison censor. Then, all of the rest of that night, I prayed to Allah. I don't think that anyone ever prayed more sincerely to Allah. I prayed for some kind of relief from my terrible confusion.

It was that night, or, rather, it was the next night, I lay on my bed. And I suddenly, with a start, became aware of a man sitting beside me in my chair. He had on a dark suit, I remember. I could see him as plainly as I see anyone I look at. He wasn't black, and he wasn't white. He was light-brownskinned, an Asiatic complexion, and had oily black hair.

He just sat there. Then, as suddenly as he had come, he was gone. Later, of course, I learned that my prevision was of Master W.D. Fard, the Messiah, who had appointed Mr. Elijah Muhammad as His Last Messenger to the black people of North America.

Greater than Allah

Gradually I saw the chastisement of Allah—what Christians would call "the curse" come upon Reginald. He had begun to lose his mind—as we know it. In prison, since I had become a Muslim, I had grown a beard. He visited me, he moved nervously about in his chair; he told me that each hair of my beard was a snake. He saw snakes everywhere.

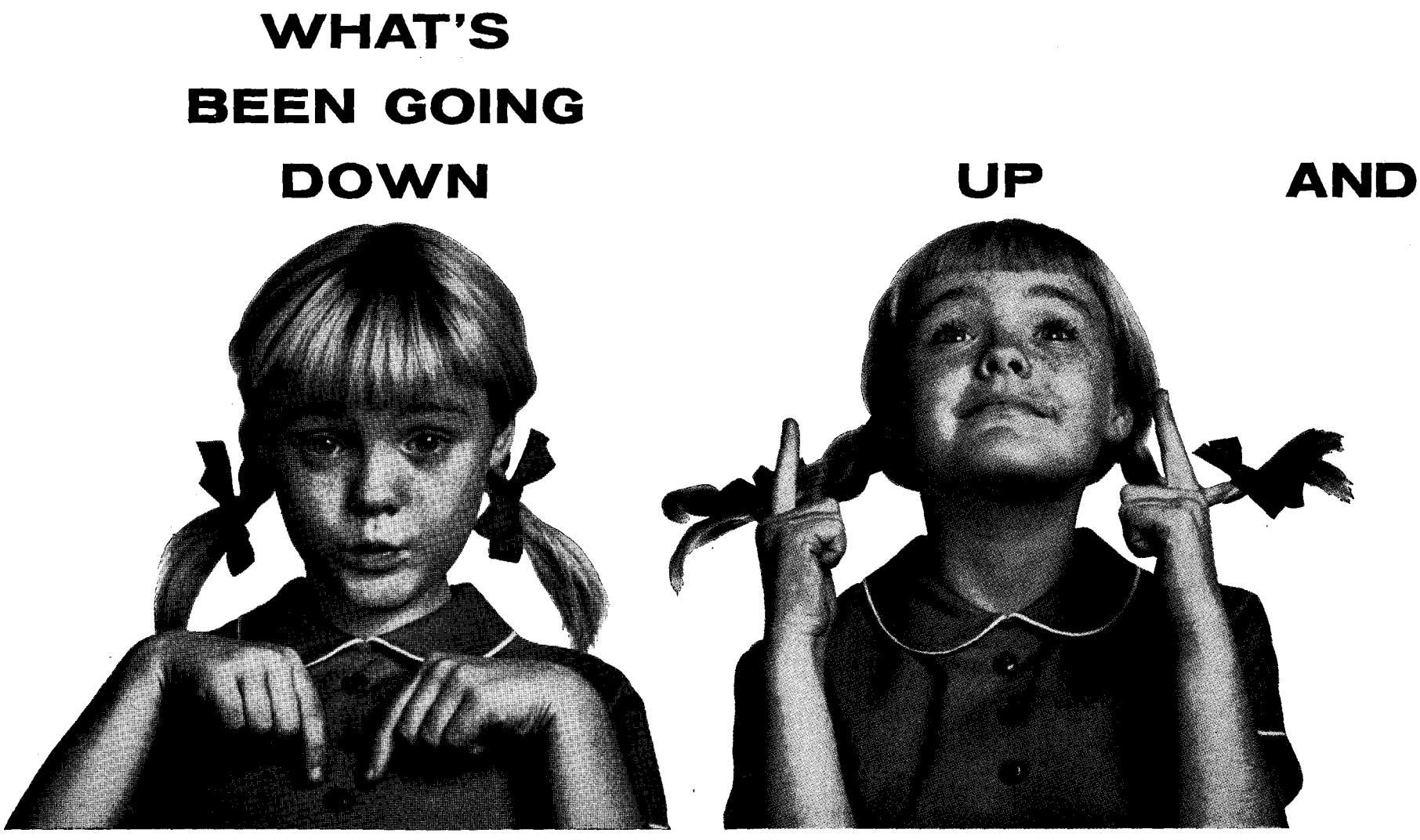
He next began to believe that he was the Messenger of Allah. He went around in the streets of Roxbury, Ella relayed to me, telling people that he had some divine power. He graduated from that to saying that he was *Allah*.

And, finally, he began saying that he was *greater* than Allah.

Authorities picked up Reginald, and he was put into an asylum, and stayed.

It was spring, 1952, when I joyously wrote to Mr. Elijah Muhammad and to my family that the Massachusetts state parole board had voted that I should be released. My record was good, and it may have helped that they knew I was a Muslim. Maybe they wanted me removed from spreading Mr. Muhammad's teachings among other Negro convicts. I was paroled into the custody of my oldest brother, Wilfred, in Detroit, who now managed a furniture store. Wilfred got the man who owned the store to sign that upon release I would immediately be given employment. Wilfred invited me to share his home and I gratefully accepted.

The furniture store that my brother Wilfred managed was right in the black ghetto of Detroit. NOTHING DOWN advertisements drew poor Negroes into that store like flypaper! It was a shame, the way they paid probably three and four times what the furniture had cost, because they could get credit. It was the same kind of cheap, gaudy-looking junk that you can see in any of the black ghetto furniture stores today. Fabrics were *stapled* on the sofas. Imitation "leopard skin" bedspreads, "tiger skin" rugs, such stuff as that. I would see clumsy, calloused hands scratching the signatures on the contract, agreeing to highway-robbery interest rates in the fine print that never was read.



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Mosque No. 1 in Detroit was the first mosque to be formed, back in 1931, by Master W. D. Fard and the Messenger Elijah Muhammad. I had never seen any Christian-believing Negroes conduct themselves like the Muslims who came, the individuals and the families alike. The men were quietly, tastefully dressed. The women wore ankle-length gowns, no makeup, and scarves covered their heads. The children were mannerly and neat.

On the Sunday before Labor Day in 1952 Detroit Mosque No. 1 Muslims went in a motor caravan, about 10 automobiles of us, to visit the Chicago Mosque No. 2, to hear, in person, The Messenger Elijah Muhammad.

I was unprepared, totally, for the Messenger Elijah Muhammad's physical impact upon my emotions. From the rear of Mosque No. 2 he came toward the platform. The small, brown face, the sensitive, gentle face that I had studied on photographs until I had seen it in dreams, was fixed straight ahead as the Messenger strode, encircled by the marching, strapping "Fruit of Islam" guards. The Messenger, compared to them, seemed fragile, almost tiny. He and the Fruit of Islam were dressed in dark suits, white shirts and bow ties. The Messenger wore a gold-embroidered fez. Hearing his voice, I sat leaning forward, riveted upon his words. That Sunday after the meeting Mr. Muhammad, who had been Wilfred's houseguest, invited our entire family group and minister Lemuel Hassan to be his guests for dinner at his new home.

I talked with my brother Wilfred back in Detroit. I offered my services to our mosque's minister, Lemuel Hassan. He shared my determination that we should apply the Messenger's methods in a recruitment drive. Beginning that day, every evening, straight from work at the furniture store, I went doing what we Muslims later came to call "fishing." I knew the streets' language, and its thinking. "My man, let me pull your coat to something——"

My application had, of course, been made, and I received from Chicago my "X" during this time. The X for the Muslim was a symbol for the true African family name that he never could know; it would replace the white-slavemaster name which had been imposed upon my paternal forebears by some blue-eyed devil. It meant, the receipt of my X, that in the Nation of Islam thereafter I would be known as Malcolm X.

Within a few months of our plugging away, our storefront Mosque No. 1 about tripled its membership. And we had so deeply pleased Mr. Muhammad that he paid us the honor of a personal visit. He gave me warm praise when minister Lemuel Hassan expressed how hard I had labored in the cause of Islam.

And soon after that minister Lemuel Hassan urged me to make an extemporaneous lecture to the brothers and sisters. I was hesitant—but at least I had debated in prison. I tried my best.

In the summer of 1953—all praise is due to Allah—I was named Detroit Mosque No. 1's assistant minister. Every time I could get off, I would go to Chicago and see Mr. Elijah Muhammad. He encouraged me to come when I could. I felt like, and I was treated like, another son, or another brother, by Mr. Muhammad and his dark, good wife Sister Clara Muhammad, and their children, and his dear mother, Mother Marie.

I would sit, galvanized, hearing from Mr. Muhammad's own mouth the true history of our religion, the true religion for the black man. Mr. Muhammad told me that he one evening had a revelation that Master W. D. Fard represented the fulfillment of the prophecy, that on the Last Day the Messiah would come as lighting from the East and appear in the West to resurrect the Lost Sheep and restore them forever to their own people.

In 1934, ready to leave, Master W. D. Fard called together all of his ministers. He instructed them that Mr. Elijah Muhammad was to be the *Messenger* to the Lost-Found Nation of Islam—who was the black man—in the wilderness of North America.

Then Master W. D. Fard disappeared without a trace.

Mr. Muhammad invited me to live at his home in Chicago while he trained me for months. Then in March, 1954, the Messenger moved me on to Philadelphia. The City of Brother Love black people reacted fast. And Philadelphia's Mosque No. 12 was established by the end of May. It had taken a little under three months.

The next month, because of that Philadelphia success, Mr. Muhammad appointed me to be the minister of Mosque No. 7—in vital New York City! It was nine years since West Indian Archie and I had been stalking the streets, momentarily expecting to try and shoot each other down like dogs.

When I got back to Harlem I quickly found out from the wire that West Indian Archie was just another penniless old man. I went to see him and he told me, "Red! I am so glad to see you!" I pressed some money on him and told him a little about the Nation of Islam. I also found out that Shorty was out of jail and had another small band. Sammy, the pimp, they told me had married a young girl, and then been found dead across his bed one morning—they said with $25,000 in his pockets.

I keep having to remind myself that then Mosque No. 7 in New York City was a little storefront. We discovered the best fishing audience of all, by far the best *conditioned* audience for Mr. Muhammad's teachings: the Christian churches. We went fishing fast and furiously when those little evangelical storefront churches let out their 30 to 50 people on the sidewalk. "Come to hear us, brother, sister—" These congregations were usually Southern-migrant people, usually older people, who would go anywhere to hear what they called "good preaching." These were the church congregations who were always putting out little signs announcing that inside they were selling fried-chicken-and-chitterlings dinners to raise some money. And three or four nights a week they were in their storefront rehearsing for the next Sunday, I guess, shaking and rattling and rolling the Gospels with their guitars and tambourines. I knew the mosque that I could build if I could really get to those Christians.

But I knew also that our strict moral code of disciplines was what repelled them most. I fired at this point, at the reason for our code: "The white man *wants* black men to stay immoral, unclean and ignorant."

The code, of course, had to be explained to any who were tentatively interested in becoming Muslims. Any fornication was absolutely forbidden in the Nation of Islam. Any eating of the filthy pork, or other injurious or unhealthy foods; any use of tobacco, alcohol or

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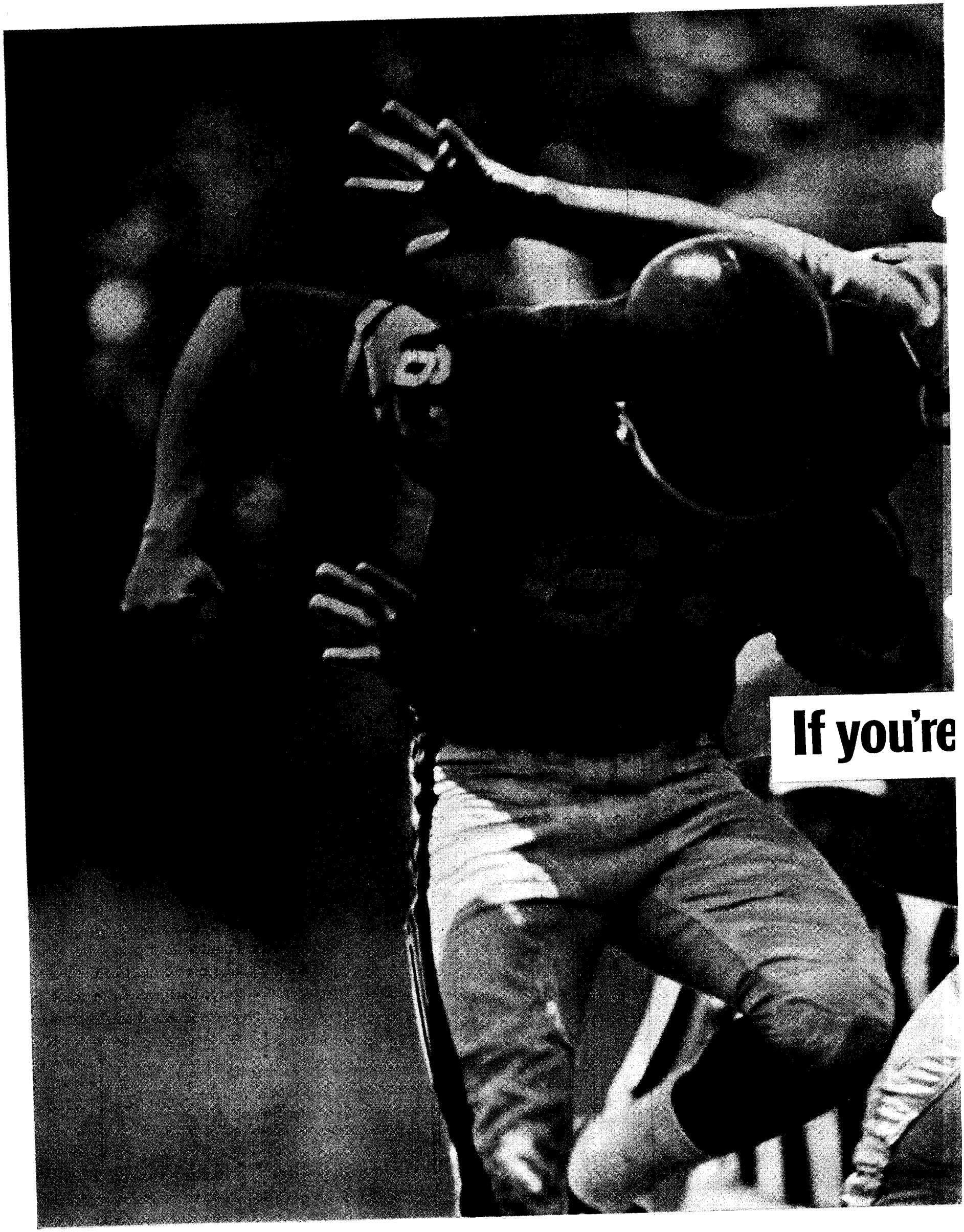

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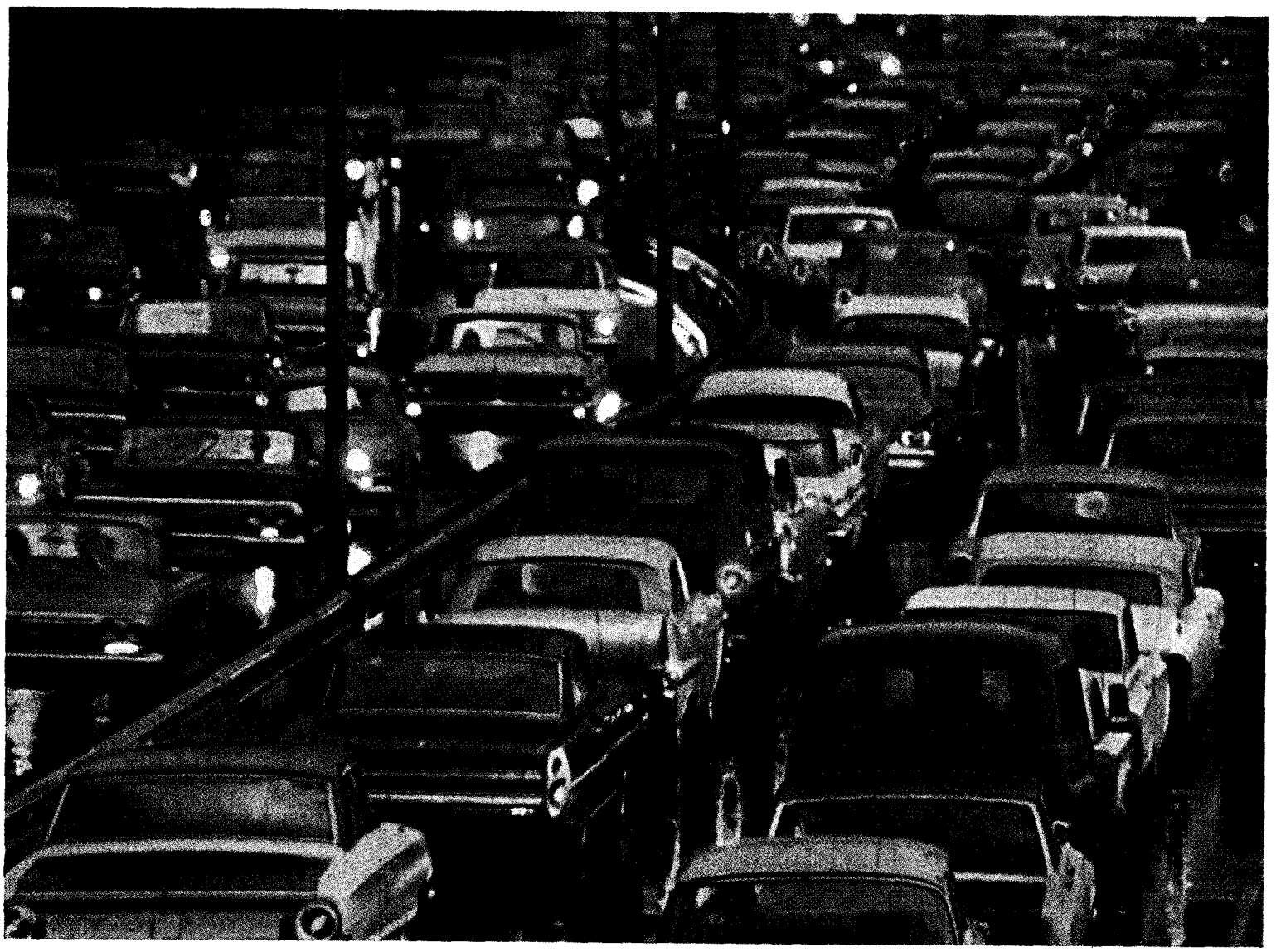

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Despite these Muslim pickets, Malcolm prefers white racists, not "foxy" liberals.

A sister who would make a good Muslim wife.

Malcolm X

narcotics. No Muslim could dance, gamble, date, attend movies, or sports, or take long vacations from work. Muslims slept no more than health required. Any domestic quarreling, any discourtesy, especially to women, was disallowed. No lying, or stealing was permitted, or no insubordination to civil authority, except on the grounds of religious obligation.

Our moral laws were policed by our Fruit of Islam—able and dedicated and trained Muslim men. Infractions resulted in suspension by Mr. Muhammad, or isolation for various periods, or even expulsion for the worst offenses, "from the only group that cares about you."

We had grown, by 1956—well, sizable. Every mosque had fished with enough success that there were far more Muslims especially in the major cities of Detroit, Chicago and New York than anyone ever would have guessed from the outside. In fact, as you know, in the really big cities you can have a very big organization that, if it makes no public show, or noise, no one will be aware that it is around.

I haven't made any mention of it before now, but I had always been so very careful to stay completely clear of any personal closeness with any of the Muslim sisters. My total commitment to Islam demanded having no other interests, especially, I felt, no women. But I hadn't been involved with many mosques where at least one single sister hadn't let out some broad hint that she thought I needed a wife.

Then this particular sister—well, in 1956, she joined Mosque No. 7. I just noticed her, not with the slightest interest, you understand. For about the next year I just noticed her. You know. It was Sister Betty X. She was tall. Brown-skinned—darker than I was. And she had brown eyes. But I didn't pay too much attention.

I knew she was a native of Detroit, and that at Tuskegee Institute down there in Alabama, she had been a student—an education major. She was in New York attending one of the big hospitals' School of Nursing. She lectured to the Muslim girls' and women's classes on hygiene and medical facts.

One day I thought it would help the women's classes if I took her—just because she happened to be an instructor—to the Museum of Natural History. I wanted to show her some museum displays having to do with the family tree of evolution that would help her in her lectures. I could show her actual proofs of Mr. Muhammad's teachings of such things as that the filthy pig is only a large rodent. The pig is a graft between a rat, cat and dog, Mr. Muhammad taught.

Then, right after that, one of the older sisters confided to me a personal problem that Sister Betty X was having. When Sister Betty X had told her foster parents, who were financing her education, that she was a Muslim, they had given her a choice: leave the Muslims, or they'd cut off her nursing-school financing.

I got to turning it over in my mind. What would happen if I just *should* happen, sometime, to maybe think about maybe getting married to somebody? I was so shocked, at myself, when I realized *what* I was thinking, I quit going anywhere around Sister Betty X, or anywhere I knew she would be. Because she sure wasn't going to have any chance to embarrass me. I had heard too many women bragging, like, "I told that chump 'Get lost!'" I'd had too much of all kinds of experience to make a man very cautious.

But I told The Honorable Elijah Muhammad, when I visited him in Chicago that month, that I was thinking about a very serious step. He smiled when he heard what it was. Mr. Muhammad said that he'd like to meet this sister.

The Nation by this time was financially able enough that the expenses could be borne for different instructor sisters, from different mosques, to be sent on a trip to Chicago to attend the Headquarters Mosque No. 2 women's classes, and, while there, to meet The Honorable Elijah Muhammad in person. Sister Betty X, of course, knew all about this, so there was nothing for her to think when it was arranged for her to go to Chicago. And like all visiting instructor sisters she was the houseguest of The Messenger and Sister Clara Muhammad.

The Honorable Elijah Muhammad told me that he thought that Sister Betty X was a fine sister, who would make a good Muslim wife. I proposed to her direct, "Look, do you want to get married?" She acted all surprised and shocked. The more I have thought about it, to this day I believe she was putting on an act. Because women know.

On the fourteenth of January, 1958, a Tuesday, we had driven out to Lansing, Mich., where my brother Philbert lived. We got the necessary blood tests, then the license. Then we went to the justice of the peace

An old hunchbacked white devil performed the wedding. And all of the witnesses were devils. Where you are supposed to say all those "I do's," we did. They were all standing there, smiling and watching every move. The old devil said, "I pronounce you man and wife," and then, "kiss your bride."

I got her out of there. All of that Hollywood stuff! Like these women wanting men to pick them up and carry them across thresholds, and some of them weigh more than you do. I don't know how many marriage breakups aren't caused by these movie- and television-addict women expecting some bouquets and kissing and hugging and being swept out like Cinderella for dinner and dancing—then getting mad when a poor, scraggledy husband comes in tired and sweaty from working like a dog all day, looking for some food.

We lived for the next two-and-a-half years in Queens, New York, sharing a house of two small apartments with Brother John Ali and his wife. He's the national secretary in Chicago.

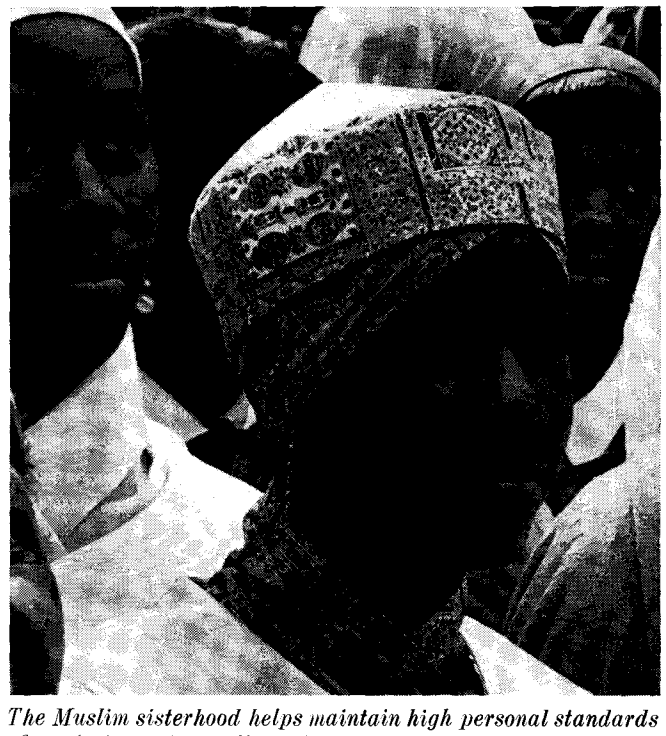
Attilah, our oldest daughter, was born in November, 1958. She's named for Attilah the Hun. (He sacked Rome.) Shortly after Attilah came, we moved to our present seven-room home in an all-black section of Queens.

Another girl, Quiblah (named after Emperor Kubla Khan), was born on Christmas Day of 1960. Then, Ilyasah ("Ilyas" is Arabic for Elijah) was born in July, 1962. We have just had a fourth child, who was going to be named "Lamumba," but it turned out to be another girl. And she has the feminine form, "Lamumbah," with an "*h*."

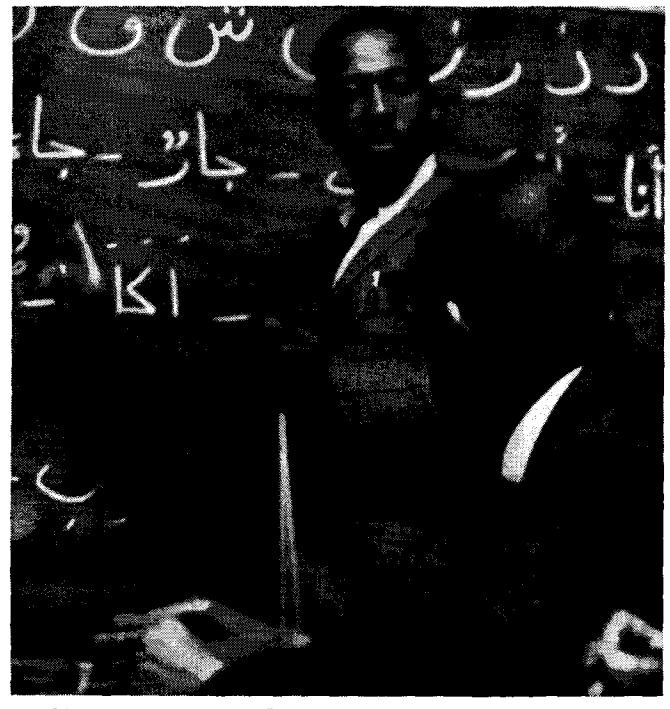
You know—any husband observes his wife, just like the other way around, the wife observes the husband. I guess by now I will say I love Betty. She's the only woman I ever even thought about loving. And she's one of the very few—four women—whom I have ever trusted. The thing is, Betty's a good Muslim woman and wife. You see, Islam is the only religion that gives both husband and wife a true understanding of what love is. The Western "love" concept, you take apart, it really is lust. But Islam teaches us to look into the woman, and teaches her to look into us.

During the next years, radio and television people began asking me to defend our Nation of Islam's program in "panel discussions" and "debates" against handpicked "scholars," both whites and some of those Ph.D. "house" and "yard" Negroes who had been attacking us.

Dr. C. Eric Lincoln's book about us was published amid widening controversy about us Muslims, just about the time that we were starting to put on our first big mass rallies. Now this book's title was *Black Muslims in America*. And we never could get that "Black Muslim" name dislodged. Later Mr. Muhammad directed that we would admit the white press. Fruit of Islam men thoroughly searched them, as everyone else was searched—their notebooks, their cameras, camera cases, and whatever else they carried. We were watched. Our telephones were tapped. If I said on my home telephone right today, "I'm going to bomb the Empire State Building," I guarantee you that in



The Muslim sisterhood helps maintain high personal standards of modesty and simplicity in well-regulated family routine.



Arabic plays a part in Muslim ritual, and members are encouraged to learn as much as possible; Malcolm still studies it.

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Now with Nationwide's "Adjustable Life Plan," you can insure your wife and child without buying a brand-new policy and without buying more insurance on yourself.

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Add or subtract 9 "Benefits"

You can do the same thing with four different "Benefits" that used to require buying separate policies. Besides that, you can add five additional "Benefits."

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If you now own a basic Nationwide policy and bought it since 1948, he'll show you how you can revise it with these "Benefits."

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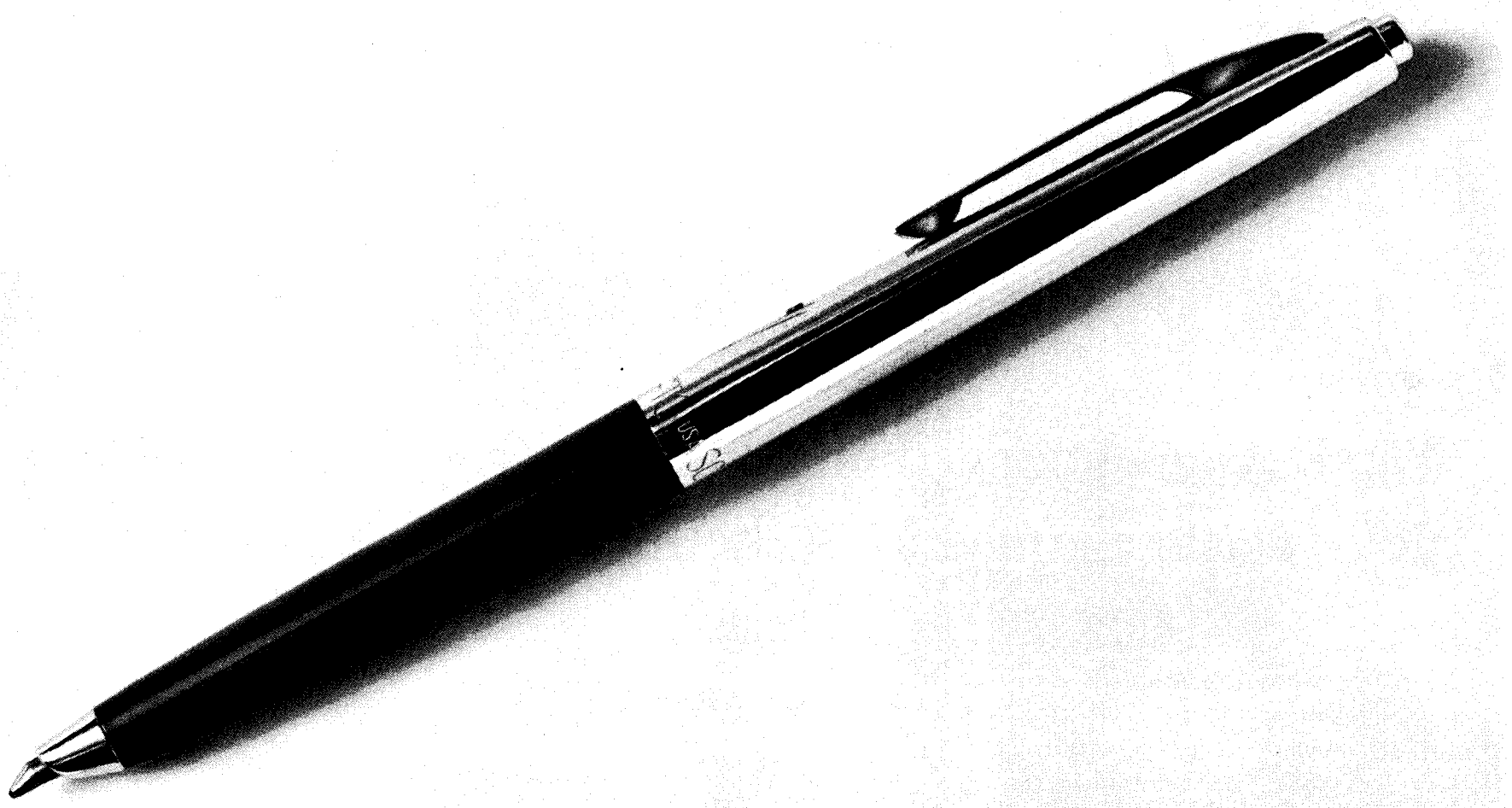

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Sure does, son. *And LP-gas does all kinds of other things, too.*

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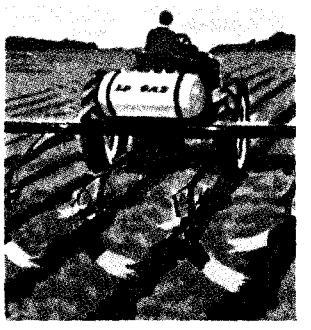

LP-GAS FOR FLAME WEEDING

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Mrs. Malcolm X (Betty Shabazz) with son Ilyasah (right), daughters Quiblah (left), Lamumbah and Attilah, named for the celebrated "Scourge of God."

"Most-sought-after," after Barry.

Malcolm X

five minutes it would be surrounded. Speaking publicly, sometimes I'd guess which faces in the audience were FBI or other types of agents. Both the police and the FBI intently and persistently visited and questioned us. Mr. Muhammad said, "I do not fear them, I have all that I need, the truth."

And so, by 1961, our Nation of Islam flourished. Mr. Muhammad evidenced the depth of his trust in me. In certain areas he told me to make decisions myself. "Brother Malcolm, I want you to become well known," Mr. Muhammad said to me. "But, Brother Malcolm, there is something that you need to know. You will grow to be hated when you become well known. Because usually people will get jealous of public figures." Nearly every day some attack on "the Black Muslims" appeared in newspapers. Increasingly, a focal target was something I had said, or "Malcolm X" as an individual "demagogue."

Because as the Nation of Islam's minister in New York City in 1963, I was trying to cope with the newspaper and television reporters determined to defeat Mr. Muhammad's teachings.

The New York Times reported me to be, according to a poll which the *Times* had made on college and university campuses, "the-second-most-sought-after" speaker at colleges and universities. The speaker ahead of me, "*most*-sought-after," was Sen. Barry Goldwater.

The Honorable Elijah Muhammad, each time I would go to see him in Chicago, or Phoenix, would *warm* me with his expressions of his approval and confidence in me. He left me in charge of the Nation of Islam's affairs when he made a pilgrimage to the Holy City, Mecca. I would have hurled myself between Mr. Muhammad and an assassin.

Now as far back as 1961, I had heard chance negative remarks concerning me, or veiled negative implications, or I noticed other early evidences of the envy and jealousy which Mr. Muhammad had prophesied. I was trying to "take over" the Muslims. I was "taking credit for Mr. Muhammad's teaching." I was "trying to build an empire" for myself. I loved playing coast-to-coast "Mr. Big Shot." But I don't believe that any man in the Nation of Islam could have gained the international prominence that Mr. Muhammad's wings had let me gain—plus the freedom that he had granted me to take liberties and do things on my own—and still have remained as faithful and as selfless a servant as I was. Yet I was very hypersensitive to internal critics.

Also, I could not help but hear some of the hints and rumors and vicious gossip that was going around, about the moral behavior of our leader. Just to hear these stories, why, it made me *spooky* with fear! But the stories got worse and even people *outside* the Nation began to hear them. I will only note, to be as brief as possible on this and to indicate my own reactions, that Mr. Muhammad is the defendant in two paternity suits in Los Angeles. I don't know how those suits, from two girls who once were his secretaries, are going to come out, but I do know that at the time I first heard those wicked speculations about his moral life, I could not ignore them.

By late 1962, a number of Muslims were leaving Mosque No. 2 in Chicago. I learned that reliably—and the ugly rumor was spreading swiftly there among non-Muslims, as well. So some months later I sat down and I wrote to Mr. Muhammad what poison was being spread about him. He had me to fly to his new home in Phoenix to see him in April, 1963.

We embraced, as always; and almost immediately he took me outside, where we began to walk by his swimming pool. "Well, son," he said, "what is on your mind?" Plainly, frankly, pulling no punches, I told Mr. Muhammad what was being said. And without waiting for any response from him, mentioned Bible passages about the sins of David, Moses, and Noah and discussed with him about how good deeds outweighed bad, and about the fulfillment of prophecy.

"Son, I'm not surprised," Elijah Muhammad said. "You always have had such a good understanding of prophecy, and of spiritual things. You recognize that's what all of this is—prophecy. You have the kind of understanding that only an old man has.

Submission

"I'm David," he said. "When you read about how David took another man's wife, I'm that David. You read about Noah, who got drunk, that's me. You read about Lot, who went and laid up with his own daughters. I have to fulfill all of those things."

I thought that when an epidemic is about to hit somewhere, you inoculate that community's people against exposure, so that they are prepared to resist the virus. I decided to tell six other selected East Coast Muslim officials. I never dreamed that the Chicago Muslim officials were going to make it appear that I was throwing gasoline on the fire instead of water.

I expected headlines momentarily. But I didn't expect the kind which came.

No one needs to be reminded that on November 22, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Tex. Within hours after the assassination every Muslim minister received a directive from Mr. Muhammad—to make no remarks at all concerning the assassination. I had a previously scheduled speaking engagement in New York at the Manhattan Center. It wasn't canceled, and the question-and-answer period, someone asked me right off the bat, "What do you think about President Kennedy's assassination?"

And I said without a second thought what I honestly felt—that, as I saw it, it was a case of "the chickens coming home to roost." I said that the hate in white men had not stopped with the killing of defenseless black people, but that, allowed to spread unchecked, it had struck this country's Chief of State. BLACK MUSLIMS, MALCOLM X! CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST. That was promptly in headlines and on news broadcasts. The next day, I went to Chicago, on my monthly visit to Mr. Muhammad. "That was a very bad statement," he said. "The country loved this man. The whole country is in mourning. That was very ill-timed. A statement like that can make it hard on Muslims in general. I'll have to silence you for the next ninety days—so that the Muslims everywhere can be disassociated from the blunder."

I was numb. But I told Mr. Muhammad, "Sir, I agree with you, and I submit, one-hundred-percent."

When I got back to New York, prepared to tell my Mosque No. 7 assistants that I had been suspended, or, in my case, "silenced," I learned that already they had been informed. Next, an announcement was made that I would be reinstated within 90 days, "if he submits."

This made me suspicious for the first time. I had completely submitted. But Muslims were deliberately being given the implication that I had rebelled. Three days later the first word came to me that members of Mosque No. 7 were being told, "If you knew what the Minister did, you'd go out and kill him yourself." As a one-time hustler, I sensed that once again I had to leave town fast.

I remembered Cassius Clay. We met first in 1962 at a Detroit rally for Elijah Muhammad. Today he does not share my feelings about Mr. Muhammad. But I must always be grateful to him that just at this time, when he was training in Miami to fight Sonny Liston, he invited me, Betty and the children to come there, as his guests, as a sixth-wedding anniversary present to Betty and me. Miami was Betty's first vacation since we had married. And our girls loved the heavyweight contender who romped and played with them. I was in a state of emotional shock. I made an error, I know now, in not speaking out the full truth when I was first "suspended."

What was I going to do? After the fight I returned to New York City, where I had a large, direct personal following. Each day, more of the militant, "action" brothers who had been with me in Mosque No. 7 announced their automatically irrevocable break from the Nation of Islam to come with me.

The Hotel Theresa is at the corner of 125th Street and 7th Avenue, which might be called one of the fuse boxes of Harlem. I called a press conference and made the announcement: "I am going to organize and lead a new mosque in New York City known as the Muslim Mosque, Incorporated, with temporary headquarters in the Hotel Theresa. It will be the working base for an action program designed to eliminate the political oppression, the economic exploitation, and the social degradation suffered daily by twenty-two million Afro-Americans."

There was one major thing more that I needed to do. I took a plane, to my sister Ella, in Boston. "Ella," I said, "I want to make the pilgrimage to Mecca." Ella said, "How much do you need?"

I couldn't get over what she did then. I obtained a visa to the Holy City and I left New York quietly.

As a Muslim from America, I was the center of attention in Mecca. They asked me what about the Hajj had impressed me the most. I said, "The *brotherhood:* The people of *all* races, colors, from all over the world coming together as *one!* It has proved to me the power of the One God."

I never would have believed possible—it shocked me when I considered it—the impact of the Muslim World's influence on my previous thinking. Many blacks would cynically accuse me of "selling out" the fight, to become an "integrationist." Nearly all whites would scoff and jeer. But I knew that there were a few who would understand, who would accept, that in the land of Muhammad and Abraham, I had been blessed with a new insight into the religion of Islam.

Before I left the Holy City I had an audience with Prince Faisal, who encouraged me to bring the truth of Islam to American Negroes. I visited Nigeria and Ghana, where I talked with cabinet officers, intellectuals, ambassadors from the rest of Africa, and many others. Everywhere the reception for the militant American Muslim Negro was tremendous. In Dakar the Senegalese at the airport stood in line to shake my hand and ask for autographs.

From Dakar, I flew to Algiers. It was Tuesday, May 19, 1964—my birthday. It was 39 years since the scene of this book's beginning, with my mother pregnant with me standing on the porch in Nebraska, as the Ku Klux Klan threatened her.

My next plane, a Pan American jet—it was Flight 115—landed in New York on May 21 at 4:25 in the afternoon. As we left the plane and filed toward Customs, I saw the crowd—probably 50 or 60 reporters and photographers. Before any press queries could be made, I told of the alteration of my attitudes about white men who practiced *true* brotherhood, such as I had seen during my recent pilgrimage experience among Muslims in the Holy Land.

Over a hundred speaking invitations were waiting for me, either at home, or at the Muslim Mosque, Inc. In my busy weeks abroad I had had some chance to think about the basic types of white man in America, and how they affected Negro issues, and especially politics in this election year. I had thought out what I was going to say when I began appearing at some of these speaking engagements.

They call me sometimes "the angriest Negro in America." Well, the Bible says

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there is a *time* for anger. I feel that if Negroes attack white people, then those white people should defend themselves, with arms, if necessary, if the forces of law are inadequate. And I feel that Negroes, if white people attack them, should do exactly the same thing.

Johnson and Goldwater I feel that as far as the American black man is concerned, are both just about the same. It's just a question of Johnson, the fox, or Goldwater, the wolf. "Conservatism" is only meaning "Let's keep the niggers in their place," and "Liberalism" is meaning "Let's keep the *knee*-grows in their place, but tell them we'll treat them a little better. Let's fool them more, with more promises." Since these are the choices, the black man in America, I think, only needs to pick which one he chooses to be eaten by, because they both will eat him.

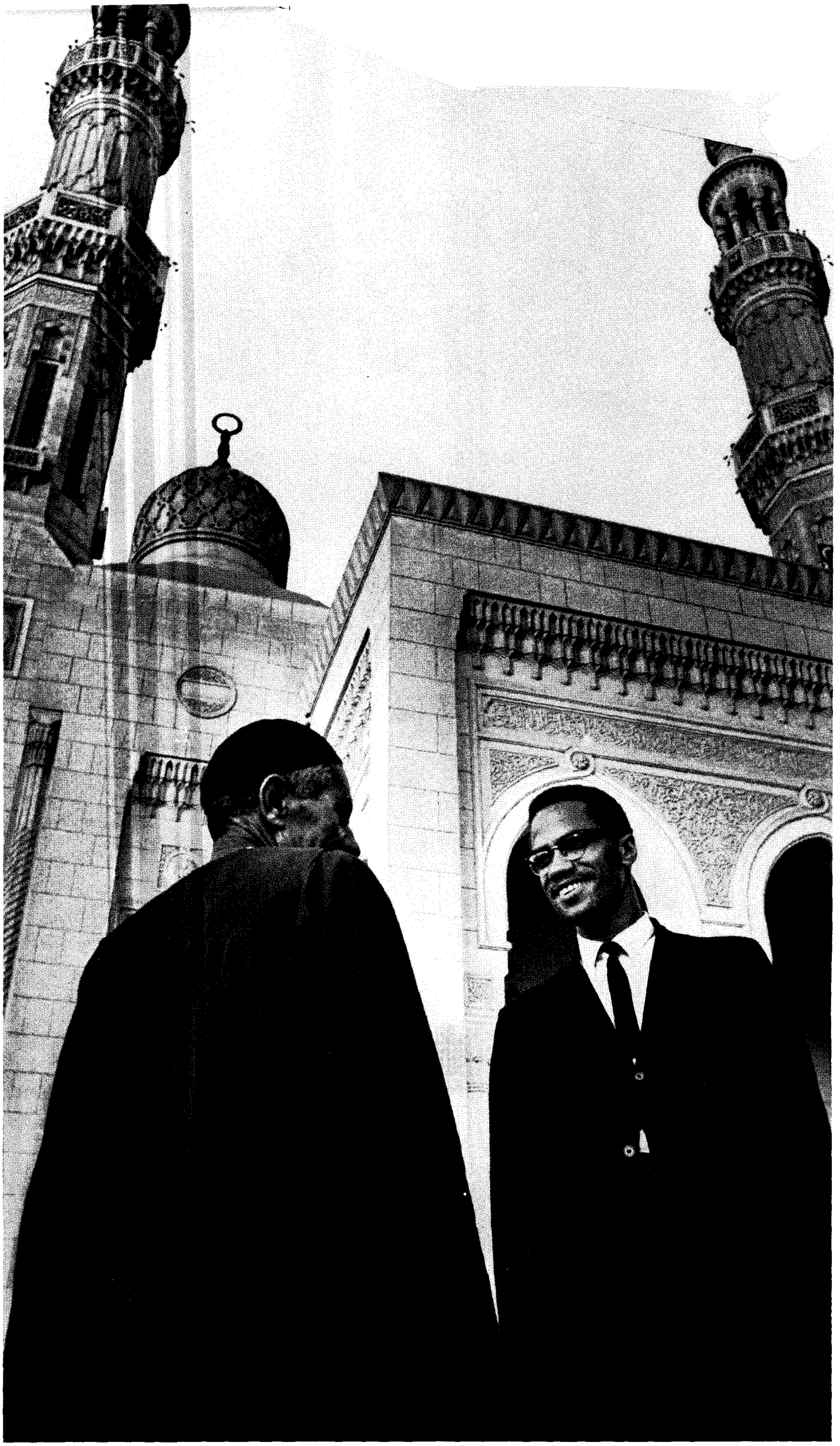
Goldwater, I respect, as a man, because he speaks out his *convictions*. True convictions spoken out are rarely heard today in high-level politics. I think he's too intelligent to have risked his unpopular stand without conviction. He isn't another liberal just trying to please both racists and integrationists, smiling at one, and whispering to the other. Goldwater flatly tells the black man he's not for the black man. His policies make the black-white issue more clear-cut for the black man. So he makes the black man recognize what *he* has to do. The black man, if Goldwater would win, would realize that he had to fight harder; the black man would be more positive in his demands, more aggressive in his protests. The issue would be more quickly enjoined. While the black man under the liberal "fox" could keep on sitting around, begging and passive-resisting for another 100 years, waiting for "time" and for "good-will" to solve his problem.

The black man in America, when he awakens, when he becomes intellectually mature, when he becomes able to *think* for himself, then he will be able to make more independent choices.

I wouldn't put myself in the position of voting for either one, or of recommending to any black man to do so. I'm just talking about if America's white voters *do* install Goldwater, the black people will at least know what they are dealing with. They would at least know they were fighting an honestly growling wolf, rather than a fox who could have them in his stomach and half-digested before they even know what is happening.

They have called Goldwater a racist and me a racist. Once I was a racist—yes. But now I have turned my direction away from anything that's racist. So, some of the followers of Elijah Muhammad would still consider it a first-rank honor to kill me. Also I know that any day, any night, I could die at the hands of some white devil racists. At the same time, however, I can't think of any subject involving human beings today that you can divorce from the race issue. I will even go so far as to say that I dream that one day history will look upon me as having been one of the voices that perhaps helped to save America from a grave, even possibly fatal catastrophe. If the reader can understand me, if then he can multiply me by the tens of thousands, he will put down this life story with at least a better picture than he had of America's black ghettoes.

More and worse riots will erupt. The black man has seen the white man's underbelly of guilty fear. But, if through telling this story of my life, I have brought any light, if I have spread any truth then all of the credit is due to Allah. Only the mistakes have been mine. THE END



Today Malcolm leans to the Orient: "Chinese will be the future leading political tongue of the world, and Arabic the spiritual."

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Coming Back

Even lonelier than leaving home is returning there as a different person.

By VERA RANDAL *Illustration by Des Asmussen*

"Coming Back" is the self-contained last chapter of The Inner Room, *a novel about five young women in a mental hospital. The first chapter, which described the nervous collapse that led one of them to the hospital, appeared in the* Post *last week under the title "Going Away."*

There were just the three of us in Hall One's recreation room—Kate in the corner armchair with her face stuck in a collection of the short works of Tolstoy, and Alice Blaine and I at the pool table. "Six in the side pocket," I said.

"Ha." Alice slouched back against the wall. "You'll never do it, Jan."

"Won't I?" I chalked my cue bright blue and squinted along the length of it. I missed by maybe half an inch. "Michael Brian Donald Haggerty could have sunk that left-handed," I said.

"But Janet Haggerty missed by a mile. A true and veritable mile." Alice grinned her bright, white grin. "You degenerate by the second, lamb."

There was a pounding of footsteps down the hall, and Miss Hotchkiss stood framed in the massive archway of the recreation room, a rounded two hundred pounds, cheeks crimson, bosom swelling magnificently under the white of her uniform. "O.T., ladies," Miss Hotchkiss said.

"O.T., ladies," Alice repeated, parrotlike. She dropped her cue on the green felt of the pool table and ran her fingers through wild black curls. "The ladies," she said primly, forming her lips into a tight little *O*, "who are well enough to be on Hall One, are well enough to get themselves to the occupational-therapy building on time." She paused, frowning, then smiled thinly. "Otherwise, obviously, the ladies are not well enough to be on Hall One."

I placed my cue next to Alice's and walked over to the window. I could smell the spring today, and the forsythia bushes were starting to flower, yellow-gold against the red brick of the hospital buildings. Even here the spring came.

Miss Hotchkiss was giggling. "You sure do have Doctor Martin down pat, Mrs. Blaine. Brother, if she could only hear you."

"Brother, indeed. Back I'd go, back to the dungeons, back to the lower depths." Alice bent to pick up her cigarettes from the scarred coffee table, and stuffed them into her shirt pocket. "And this being a consummation devoutly to be avoided ——" Her eyes opened wide, staring, and her lower lip trembled. "You won't tell her, Hotchkiss. Promise me you won't tell her."

"You're a card, Mrs. Blaine," Miss Hotchkiss said. "You sure are a card, isn't she, Mrs. Haggerty?"

"That's what she is, all right," I said. "Alice, you're a card."

"Ought to be on the stage," Miss Hotchkiss said.

"Great Joe, holy Joe,"

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Alice said. "I spend a year of my life, a good solid year, mark you, banging out copper ashtrays at occupational therapy, getting waterlogged at hydrotherapy, getting muscles at physical therapy, and my brains blasted out at electric-shock therapy. Why, Hotchkiss, love, lamb? Why?"

"'Cause you had a nervous breakdown, that's why," Miss Hotchkiss said. "And I'm going to have one if you don't scat out of here. All the other ladies left ten minutes ago. Why can't you be like the other ladies?"

"'Cause I'll never be on the stage, that's why," Alice said. "'Cause, 'cause, 'cause." She shoved one hand into the sleeve of a dirty white cardigan. "I'm going now, Hotchkiss, my heart. Coming, Jan?"

"I'm waiting for Doctor Engel," I said.

"Oh, so you are. Well, you lost again, and that means you owe me $235,633. And twenty two cents. That's in round numbers of course. You think you'll be leaving, Jan?"

"I don't know," I said. "I think yes, maybe."

"I think yes," Alice said. "I'll miss you, Jan. The old hatch won't be the same without you."

"We'll have lunch together this summer. Somewhere spiff like the Plaza, with shrimp salad and champagne and all good things." I reached out to touch Alice's sweater. "That wants washing."

"Yes, yes, yes, Mother, yes. It does indeed."

I thought about my tiny daughter then, when Alice said that. "I'm not much of a mother, Alice."

"Haven't had a chance yet, pet. You'll be the greatest," Alice said. "You won't just romp off without kissing me goodbye?"

"I expect there will be tangled skeins of red tape to cope with. If I'm going, that is."

"You mean they won't let you romp, not even now, not even today?" Alice frowned blackly. "Won't you let her romp, Hotchkiss?"

"Honestly, Mrs. Blaine," Miss Hotchkiss giggled. "You're a card, you are."

"Right, Hotchkiss," Alice said. "How glowingly, fatly right you are. Come on, Kate. We'll sew a fine seam, you and I. We'll mold us a mug on the potter's wheel, and carve a silver elephant, all bright and shining."

Kate raised her head from her book. "Is it time to go somewhere?"

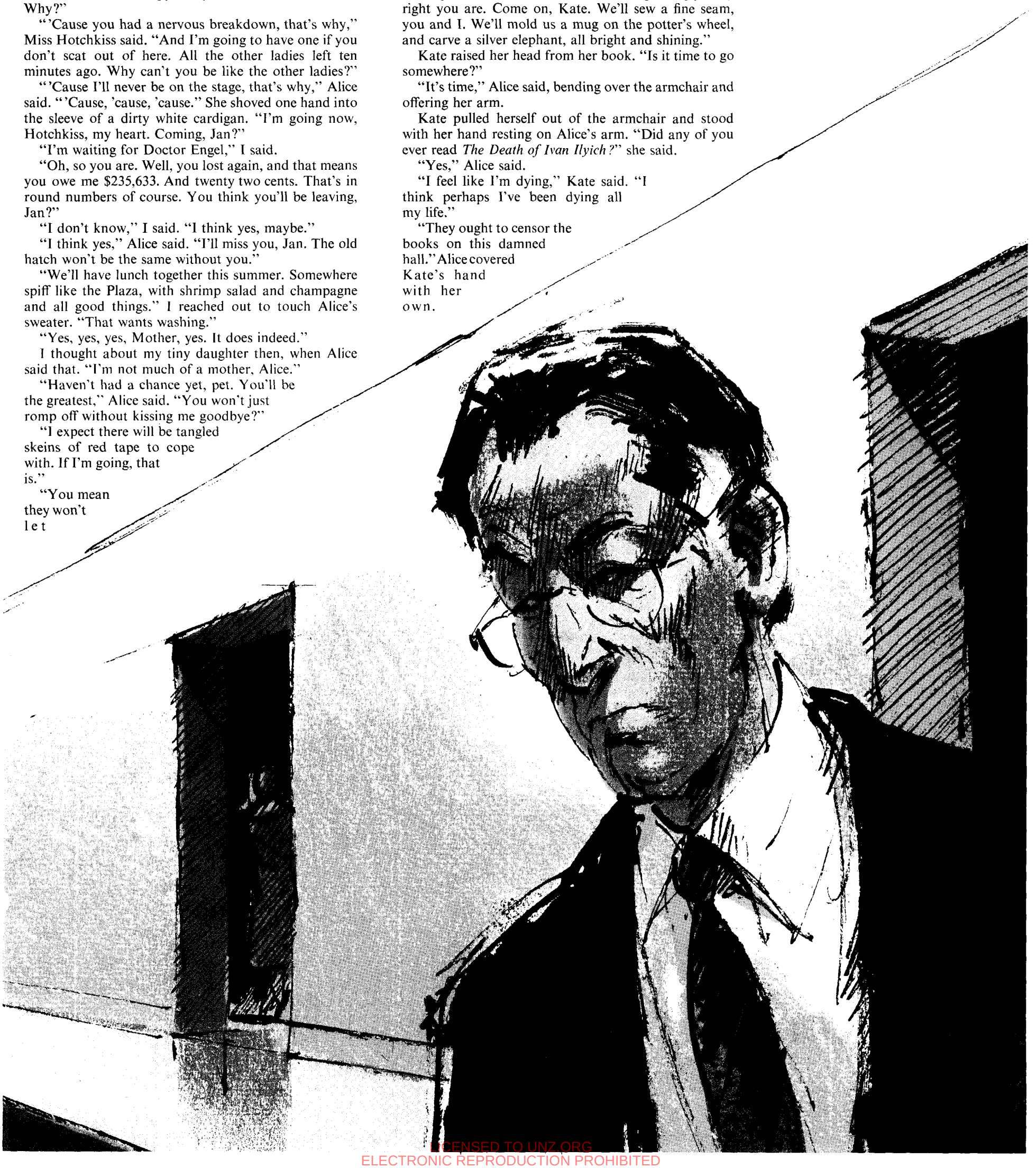
"It's time," Alice said, bending over the armchair and offering her arm.

Kate pulled herself out of the armchair and stood with her hand resting on Alice's arm. "Did any of you ever read *The Death of Ivan Ilyich?*" she said.

"Yes," Alice said.

"I feel like I'm dying," Kate said. "I think perhaps I've been dying all my life."

"They ought to censor the books on this damned hall." Alice covered Kate's hand with her own.



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I'm striking out for myself

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My only regret is that I didn't start using Tampax long ago.

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Tampax Incorporated,
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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Coming Back

"You're not dying," she said roughly, "so just shut up. Tell her to shut up, Jan."

"You're all right, Kate," I said. "It's just that kind of story. I've read it too."

I stood beside Miss Hotchkiss and watched them walking down the long, dark-walled corridor toward the far patch of light. And I thought about Alice's dead husband, and Kate's panic that she might not get her children when she left the hospital. "Why do you stay here, Hotchkiss?" I said. "I mean, how can you stand it, watching it?"

Miss Hotchkiss picked up a wastepaper basket from beside the sofa, and moved about the room, emptying ashtrays, plumping cushions. "It's a job," she said.

"It's a rotten, poor-paying job, isn't it?"

"It doesn't pay so good."

"Some of them like it. Miss Bailey, on Hall Four, and lots of them on Hall Three. I think they enjoy it. But you're not like that, Hotchkiss."

"I worked on the back halls for a couple of weeks when I first came. Told them I'd leave, so they moved me up to Hall One. Been here ever since."

"But why do you stay at all?"

"I don't know." She emptied a final ashtray, and shrugged her huge, meaty shoulder. "It's a job, I guess."

"I guess."

"It's going to be empty around here till they move some new people up. Mrs. Blaine is going home for ten days, and Mrs. Barr is going with her. Mrs. Blaine's father is a lawyer. I expect he'll be Mrs. Barr's."

"But that's great," I said. "Do they know?"

"They know. I told them when the list came up."

"They didn't tell me."

"I guess they think it's your day, kiddo," Miss Hotchkiss said.

"Is it, Hotchkiss? Is it written down, black and white?"

"No. I suppose Doctor Engel wants to tell you himself. But your bags are in your room. On your bed."

"Hotchkiss, what? What did you say?"

"In your room, I said. On your bed."

Miss Hotchkiss was a giantess, a mighty one, balancing a wastepaper basket like a teacup on her enormous palm. Miss Hotchkiss was grinning, and her teeth were elephant tusks, bigger than big. I lowered my head and dug my fists into my eyes. When I looked up Miss Hotchkiss was beaming. "Hotchkiss," I said.

"It's a job," Miss Hotchkiss said. "Go start packing, why don't you?"

"Hotchkiss."

"Scat," Miss Hotchkiss said.

The narrow strip of carpet that ran the length of the corridor was worn, the light brown of the pattern, dirtied by many feet, blurring into darker brown. The rooms were doorless, white-walled, and impersonal, a bed, a chest of drawers, a wardrobe, a chair, or, in the double rooms, two beds, two chests. Only by a photograph, a book, a letter left lying on some surface or other, could one tell that they were inhabited. Halfway down the corridor, on the right, was Miss Hotchkiss's glass-enclosed cubicle, phone on desk, charts and records neatly stacked, door locked. And across the hall, near the end, near the music room, was the big room with four beds—called the dorm. My room. Our room.

I stood at the threshold. Through the barred window, the iron twisted into leaves and flowers in a feeble effort at disguise, the spring was coming, all warm and green with smells, and the sun patterned the floor with jagged shapes of gold. The first bed was Alice's, tossed together, the pillow lumpy, the white seersucker spread askew. And beyond it, nearer the window, was Kate's bed, the spread drawn taut, hanging evenly to the floor. Suddenly my hands were sweating and I rubbed the palms against the roughness of my skirt.

Across from Kate's bed, pillow facing pillow, was mine. And my bags were on it. Not just the little overnight one, or the larger one that held enough for ten days, but all three of them this time, pyramided one on the other, pigskin, initialed, though I couldn't see the initials from where I stood. J.R.H. Janet Reynolds Haggerty, ex-madwoman, quite sane now, or so they said, and going home.

The fourth bed was Binnie's, next to mine, close enough so that sometimes in the night when neither of us could sleep, sometimes between the flash of light and flash of light, in the twenty-minute intervals between the night-aide's checks, we could stretch out our arms and our fingers would touch in the darkness. It made the darkness and the aloneness somehow less dark and less alone, having Binnie's hand there. Now I was going, and it was Binnie who would be alone. Binnie's bed—and Binnie was on it, lying face down with her beautiful fair hair glowing against the white of the pillow.

Binnie was there. "Binnie," I said. Asleep? Sick? But she couldn't be asleep, and she couldn't be sick. Dimly, as I crossed the room, I could hear Alice's voice, Alice imitating Doctor Martin. "The ladies who are well enough to be on Hall One are well enough to get themselves to the occupational-therapy building on time. Otherwise ——" Otherwise. "Binnie." I placed my hand on Binnie's shoulder and felt, reassuringly, warmth through the silver-gray broadcloth. "What in God's name are you doing here?"

Binnie rolled over and sat up, cross-legged, palms pressed against the spread, arms stiff, fingers stiff, her white face emerging like a fading flower from the pushed-back cascade of hair. "I was waiting for you. To talk to you."

"Waiting for me? You're late. You're meant to be at O.T., Binnie."

"It doesn't matter."

"What doesn't matter? They'll send you back if you don't get places on time."

"It doesn't matter," Binnie said. "They'll send me back anyhow."

"No. Look, Binnie, go along now. You're not awfully late. I'll catch up with you at the O.T. building or at the gym. As soon as I'm finished with Doctor Engel. Binnie, please. Go on now."

"I can't."

"What do you mean, you can't?"

"You know what I mean, Janet."

I knew what she meant. "Oh, Binnie." I bit down hard on my lower lip, remembering it. Remembering the days and weeks when I couldn't, couldn't walk or talk or eat or read. Remembering the walking, the talking, the eating, and even reading, all this in a vacuum with walls and floors and ceiling of panic. And the knowledge that I couldn't go on with it. I couldn't, not if they sent me back to the pink-walled cell with its cot legs cemented into the floor, and its soundproof ceiling with the little tan dotted squares to count and count. And the baths with canvas covers, and heads sticking out of the holes in the covers, and the steady flowing sound of water. And little Diana Rogers in the tub across from mine, lying as if dead in a catatonic stupor while screams and songs and gutter language swirled round her head, round all our heads. I couldn't go on with it, and yet I had gone on with it, putting one foot in front of the other, saying one word after the other, chewing one mouthful after the other, through days without end that gave way to nights without end. And then it had ended, as Doctor Engel had told me it would, and there were my bags, and I could see the initials plainly, gold on pigskin. J.R.H. Janet Reynolds Haggerty, ex-madwoman. Going home. "Binnie," I said. "Darling Binnie." And Binnie's eyes were staring at me, cold marble in her fading-flower face.

"You remember what we agreed," Binnie said. "Long ago. If one of us ever got out. You remember, Janet."

"No. No, no, no." I wouldn't remember. I wouldn't. "Miss Parrington is not your child," Doctor Engel had told me so many times. And I tried to hold on to that now. Binnie was not my child. My child, my baby daughter, was home. And I was going home. And Binnie's eyes were staring at me, cool gray, fixed in the surrounding blue-white. "No, Binnie," I said.

"There are things you can buy in the drugstore. Rat poison, maybe. I think that has arsenic in it. You promised. We both promised."

"I was sick," I said. I licked my lips and tasted blood.

"You promised. We were both sick. We both promised. I won't get sent back. I'll stay here, somehow. To watch the mail. You can find something that will fit in an envelope. You promised, Janet."

"How's the packing going?" Miss Hotchkiss's voice bounded down the hall, a cheerful puppy, far ahead of her heavy footsteps.

"Get up now, Binnie," I said. "I'll meet you at the O.T. building. If I don't get there I'll see you at the gym." I pulled open Binnie's middle drawer, looking for a sweater.

"I don't need that, Janet. I won't feel cold. I won't feel anything."

I turned from the drawer. Binnie was standing near the bed, her head lowered so that her chin touched her chest, her silver-gray skirt falling in full folds to the knees, and her legs bare and golden and as beautiful as a child's. "Not your child," Doctor Engel had said to me. "She's not your child."

"How's the ——" Miss Hotchkiss, standing in the doorless doorway, broke off short. "What are you doing here, Miss Parrington?" She looked for a long moment at her watch, frowning, her sparse reddish brows pulled together, her vast pink forehead puckered. "O.T. started fifteen minutes ago. More than fifteen minutes ago."

"She fell asleep after lunch," I said. "I came in and found her sleeping. Didn't I, Binnie? Binnie, didn't I?"

Binnie raised her head in short, spaced jerks, like a marionette on a string. "Yes."

"Well, you'd better trot yourself over to the O.T. building and explain it to Miss Fraser," Miss Hotchkiss said. "There'll be blood when Doctor Martin hears about this. My blood." She shook her mammoth head. "Well, there's no help for it now."

Binnie's face was white and vacant. "Yes."

"Are you all right, Miss Parrington?" Miss Hotchkiss said.

"She's all right," I said. "She's just a bit sleepy. I woke her."

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"She can answer for herself, Mrs. Haggerty," Miss Hotchkiss said. "Are you all right, Miss Parrington?"

"Yes," Binnie said, and then suddenly, incongruously, she giggled.

I walked over to Binnie and pushed her a little, toward the doorway. "Go on now," I said. "I'll catch up with you in a bit." Binnie was walking stiffly, with her arms against her sides, like a wound-up child's toy. Who would wind it when I was gone? Who?

Miss Hotchkiss was watching her as she started down the corridor. "She's sick," Miss Hotchkiss said.

"She's not sick." My voice sounded loud, and behind it I could hear echoes, Alice mimicking Doctor Martin or perhaps Doctor Martin herself. "The ladies who are well enough to be on Hall One are well enough to talk quietly and reasonably. Otherwise the ladies ——" But I didn't care. I didn't give a damn, really, not if Binnie was sick.

"She's sick, and I'm going to look-see if she's headed for the O.T. building, and you better trot down to the music room. Doctor Engel is waiting for you."

Rage rose in me, steaming hot, seething, and with it the image of a smaller self, lying on the floor, kicking and tearing with tiny hands at my own face. I couldn't remember the cause, but only my fury, and Mother standing over me, with her very reasonable face, saying, "Now dear," very quietly, very reasonably. "She's not sick, Hotchkiss," I said, softly this time.

Miss Hotchkiss walked away from me, her rear very wide and very white. She stopped walking and turned. "Look, Mrs. Haggerty," she said. "I'm just a dumb aide. Not even a nurse. I don't wear a cap because I haven't got a cap, and I guess I wear white instead of blue because I've been around awhile and I get along with you ladies. Which is sometimes not easy. But this I do know. It's got nothing to do with you. You didn't make Miss Parrington sick."

"She's not sick."

"All right." Miss Hotchkiss sighed, and her vast bosom moved up, and up, and then down again. "But remember, you've got a husband and a kid, and you're going home. And Doctor Engel is waiting to tell you so."

Miss Hotchkiss was gone, and there was only me, me and the beds, Alice's, Kate's, mine with its pyramid of suitcases, and Binnie's. Binnie's bed was rumpled, and there was a hollow in the pillow where her face had been. I touched the hollow with the tips of my fingers. "Michael Brian Donald Haggerty," I said, but Michael was very far away, much farther away than the hollow where Binnie's face had been.

I looked at myself in the mirror over Binnie's chest of drawers. I saw my stupid, vague, indecisive face, vague brown hair, vague brown eyes, vague blurry features. Janet is sweet, they'd always said. Such a sweet face. Never pretty, certainly not beautiful or handsome, and far from strong. A sweet-looking child, a sweet-looking girl, a sweet-looking young woman. I grinned at the vague blurry face in the mirror, and it grinned back at me. I scowled, and it scowled. And if I cried, it would cry. I didn't cry, though. I pulled open Binnie's top drawer, and I looked at her handkerchiefs, and her socks and stockings, and I thought I might cry, but I didn't. I picked up her big tortoiseshell comb. I ran it through my vague wispy hair, and I put it back and closed the drawer.

The double glass doors of the music room were open. We called it the music room because of the big piano in one corner and the phonograph in the other, but it was just a living room with a sofa, and chairs and little tables and lots of lamps. Or it was almost just a living room, the way an orphan child is almost just another child. It belonged to all of us and none of us, this room.

Doctor Engel was standing in front of the window, his back turned to me, his legs slightly apart, and his hands plunged deep in his trouser pockets. He was wearing the same suit he always wore, dark gray, almost black, a trifle worn at the elbow. His hair was very heavy and black, but with some gray in it, and even standing that way, without moving, he looked loosely-strung-together like a great rag doll. The window was open, and a voice was coming in through it from the hall for disturbed old women, Hall 6, directly opposite. "My name is Mary. What time is it? My name is Mary. What time is it? My name is Mary." The voice droned evenly, then rose to a piercing, tormented shriek. "What time is it? What time is it?" The voice fell and continued evenly, "My name is Mary. What time is it?"

"Why don't they ever tell her what time it is?" I said.

Doctor Engel turned and came toward me, very tall and moving sloppily, with his hand outstretched. His nose was large in his thin face, and his mouth was small and pale and kind, and his eyes were blue and moist-looking behind his thick glasses. I held out my hand and he took it in his. Always I expected his hand to be cold and wet, but it wasn't. It was very warm and dry. "You're leaving," he said. "I'm very happy."

"Why don't they tell her what time it is?"

"It wouldn't do any good. She wouldn't remember. She doesn't even know what she's saying."

"Are you sure she doesn't?"

"I'm sure," he said. "Let's sit down, shall we?"

We sat, I in one corner of the overstuffed sofa, he in the other. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes and offered them to me. "We're not allowed to smoke in here," I said. "We'd better go down to the rec room if you want to smoke."

"Oh," he said. "That's right." And then he grinned his occasional, boyish grin. "I think we'll break a rule today. I'll find an ashtray."

I got up and went to the window. "My name is Mary. What time is it?" the voice said. I looked at my watch. "It's five of two," I shouted. A little student nurse in blue and white stripes and a stiff white apron was walking between the buildings. She looked up at me. I slammed the window shut.

Doctor Engel was back with an ashtray. He lit my cigarette and his, and leaned back, crossing his long legs. "Officially," he said, "you have a six weeks' pass. That's pretty much of a formality, as you know. You'll check back here with me at the end of six weeks, or see Doctor Martin in New York if you'd rather. She's there once a week."

"I'd rather see you."

He took a deep drag, the end of his cigarette glowing red. Then he tilted his head back and blew a stream of smoke toward the ceiling. "It's been a long haul."

"Thirteen months."

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"Thirteen months. A long time."

"It is," I said. "And thanks for sticking with me. I wasn't sure I'd make it."

"Oh, you were always going to make it," he said. "There was never any question about that."

And Binnie? I wanted to ask about Binnie, but I didn't. I was afraid of what he would say. "I hate this place," I said. "It's been hell, mostly. I think the hell that's supposed to be pitchforks and blazing fires is probably exactly like Woodlands."

"Has it been that bad?"

"M'm'm. But it's funny. There are some people here I'll miss. Alice and Kate. Carol, too."

"They're on their way out in the next few months."

I could hear footsteps pounding up the stairs, pounding down the hall—Miss Hotchkiss, come back. And Binnie? "I'm glad," I said. "I'm awfully fond of Alice and Kate and Carol." And Binnie? But I couldn't ask.

Doctor Engel stared at the ceiling, then down at the faraway tips of his shoes. "And Miss Parrington. You've skipped her." He looked at me. "It's my impression that you're fond of her, too. In fact that you're fondest of her."

"I am." I hesitated a moment. "I'm more than fond of her."

"And you're worried about her. Is that it?"

"Yes, I'm worried about her."

"You have your own child to worry about," Doctor Engel said. "She's not your child."

"I don't know why you keep saying that." Irritation crusted my voice. "I'm only three years older than she is. How could she possibly be my child? She couldn't, could she?"

"No, she couldn't be. But there is sometimes considerable divergence between the world of feeling and the world of reality. That's why I keep saying it. She's not your child."

"I know that," I said. "But am I meant to worry only about my child? She's fine. She's a fine, fat, pink, giggling creature. She doesn't need me, really, not like Binnie does."

"She needs you. She needs you very much, and so does your husband."

"Michael?" I shook my head. "Michael is very strong. Michael doesn't need anyone."

"Nobody is that strong," Doctor Engel said. "Not even Michael."

"I—I need to be needed. I guess that sounds funny, maybe, but I do."

"It doesn't sound funny."

"Nobody has ever needed me before, not like Binnie does. It's made me feel like a person, like a real grown-up person. It's made me feel ——"

"Important?" Doctor Engel said.

"Yes. Important. I've never felt that way before."

"Your little girl will make you feel that way."

"Will she?" I said doubtfully. "I don't know. I don't even like her especially. That's sort of an awful thing to say, but I don't."

"It's not an awful thing to say. You still blame her for your illness. And then you really haven't had much opportunity to like her, have you? I predict that by the time you've changed a couple of dozen diapers you'll be quite wild about her."

"Maybe." I tried to see my fat blob of a daughter but other images appeared, Binnie lying face down on the bed with her hair fanning out, golden against the white of the pillow. Binnie sitting cross-legged with her eyes cold and distant in her stiff, beautiful face. "And Binnie?"

"And Binnie?" Doctor Engel said.

I swallowed hard. "What will happen to her?"

"We don't know. We honestly don't know. You seem to think that because you and she have had similar symptoms, or what appeared to you to be similar symptoms, you've had the same illness. You haven't. There are overlaps, of course. But you're far more different than alike. And if I tack long names onto all this it only means that I, we, don't know enough yet. More than we used to, but not enough. Miss Parrington is very sick. We hope, however . . ." His voice trailed off, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"What do you think?" I said.

"I?"

"Yes. When you use the 'we' you're stating the opinion of the staff, sort of a collective opinion, aren't you?"

"It's a solid enough opinion, and I share it." He smiled at me. "I'm not God to stand apart and above, you know."

"I know."

"Do you know we don't keep anyone at Woodlands we don't think we can help? And in a limited amount of time. A year. Eighteen months. Sometimes a bit longer. Otherwise they are sent elsewhere, to small private hospitals, state hospitals—elsewhere."

"You keep them." I nodded toward the window, toward the hall for senile, psychotic old women.

"We keep them. They're the exception. Their families pay very handsomely. They help keep the place running."

"Oh," I said. And something that had been all hard and tight and knotted inside me went loose and easy. They didn't keep anyone they didn't think they could help. And they kept Binnie. And I was going home, and I was scared, but I was happy. "Is Michael coming? When is Michael coming?"

"Six. He gave me a message for you. I wrote it down." He fumbled in his jacket pockets and pulled out his cigarettes and matches, and a handkerchief, and the large ring of keys all the doctors carried. "I had it. I know I had it." He stuffed his possessions back in his pocket. "Anyway, part of it was that he was going to get a steak, I think he said, so don't eat anything."

"I won't," I said. "But that's what I mean about Michael. He doesn't need anyone. He can market and cook and clean up the dishes, too. He doesn't need me to do anything."

Doctor Engel laughed. "You are hard to please. Most women would be delighted if their husbands cooked dinner once in a while."

"I know. And I am. It's just ——"

"Just what?"

"Just Mother again, I guess. Poor Mother. She does keep cropping up. It's just she never let me do anything. Not anything. I didn't even know how to boil an egg till Michael showed me."

"Michael did show you, though."

"Yes," I said. "Yes, he did. Why do you suppose Mother never let me do anything?"

"Maybe because she could keep herself young by keeping you a little girl. Maybe because she wanted to spare you what she considered drudgery. Does it still matter why?"

"No," I said. "I guess it doesn't matter."

"OK, then. The nurse will be staying to take care of the baby, so you don't need to worry about that for the next couple of months. Except on her days off."

The baby. That was what I was scared of, or a lot of what I was scared of anyway. "Can we afford that?" I said.

"You are well, aren't you?"

"Am I?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact, you are. Of course you can't afford it. On an instructor's salary." I was looking at my hands, but I knew that he was watching me. "You couldn't afford this place either."

Of course we couldn't. We never could have managed any of this, and I hadn't even considered it, hadn't wanted to. It was all Mother. Mother had done it, was doing it. I sat tense, waiting for the resentment and the hatred to come. But it didn't. "That was nice of Mother," I said.

"Good," he said. "Good."

He was beaming at me, terribly pleased, and I thought maybe he was going to pat me on the head. And I thought how awfully much I liked him, and that if it weren't for Michael I might do or say something quite improper. Even though I'd read books that said people got all mixed up and felt queer things about their psychiatrists, like thinking they were in love with them. I wasn't mixed up, not now. I liked Doctor Engel awfully. "It's funny," I said. "You know all about me, and I know hardly anything about you."

"It wouldn't have helped you any."

I felt my cheeks getting hot and I knew that I was blushing. "Way back, when I found out you were married—you know, the way you find out things around here when you're pretty nuts. They just seem to seep in through your skin, somehow, and then you just know them. I hated your wife."

"You wouldn't hate her."

"And when I found out your first name was James, I wondered what she called you. Jim, or maybe Jimmy. And I wondered what you were like when you were little. It was hard to think of you being little. I wondered what your mother called you."

"I was little once. Still am in many ways, Mrs. Haggerty." Doctor Engel stood up abruptly. The interview was over. Again he held out his hand. Again I held out mine. "I'm going to be here," he said. "You can call me anytime. If I'm not available you can leave a message. And if you want to see me before the six weeks are up, you can."

"OK," I said.

"And after that, too. I'll be here for another few months. When I leave you'll know where to reach me if you need to." He was still holding my hand. Now he dropped it. "I wish you luck," he said, "and very much happiness."

"Thanks," I said. It was such a little, inadequate word. "Thank you."

I stayed a few minutes after Doctor Engel had gone. I sat at the piano picking out chords, very clumsily. And I remembered how sometimes, in the evenings, Binnie would play Beethoven sonatas, with her lovely face bent low over the keyboard, and her hands strong and sure. And always on the days when she hardly talked, or only in strange, almost incomprehensible images, she would play the longest. "I'm trying to find out what he heard, locked up in his world of silence," she told me once. And, once, that she too was locked in a world, a world that was silent and black, that had no taste, or smell, or texture. And all I could think was that that must surely be the world of the dead and the damned, but I didn't say it. I looked at her, and she was staring off, quiet and remote, and utterly alone.

I started down the hall and rapped at the door of Miss Hotchkiss's cubicle. She hefted her bulk from her chair and opened the door. "Where's Binnie?" I said.

"She's at the O.T. building."

"Is she all right?"

"No," Miss Hotchkiss said. "She's not all right. You know that as well as I do. She won't last the day."

"Hotchkiss," I said. "For Pete's sake."

"That's what I think. She won't. You think I'm saying that to make you feel rotten or something, Mrs. Haggerty?"

"No. No, I don't think that, Hotchkiss."

"OK, then, why don't you go pack?"

"I will in a bit," I said. "I'm going over to the O.T. building."

"You're off the activity lists. You don't have to go to O.T. or to gym. You just have to pack. Or read a book. Or go wash your hair, or something."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Alpert, you're a disgrace to the National Park Service!"

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"I'll be right back. I washed my hair last night, and it won't take me any time to pack."

"OK, Mrs. Haggerty." Miss Hotchkiss moved her great shoulders up and down in a slow, exaggerated shrug. "OK."

It was beautiful outside. The air was soft and warm like cotton batting, and the sky was clear blue except for some lamb's-wool clouds off to the left, over beyond the croquet course and the tennis courts. The rough red brick of the hospital buildings looked less harsh now that the grass was coming up.

O.T. was over. I thought I could make out Alice and Kate from where I stood, and old Mrs. Chaney, leaning on her cane as she walked, and Carol Porter, dashing on ahead like a long-caged creature let loose. Then there was a cluster of people on the single step of the O.T. building, Hall 2, bunched around a nurse or a student nurse, waiting to have their cigarettes lit.

I started along the narrow concrete path in front of Hall 1, and then stopped again, where the path met the wider concrete of the circle, the curving walk to the O.T. building, the tennis courts, and the gym. Hall 4 was coming past, heavily escorted by two nurses and half a dozen students. They moved in a straggling line of twos, now prodded a bit, now held back by the nurses, their heads lowered for the most part, eyes fixed on the ground. One of them turned her head and stared at me. She was young and white-faced. Her hair was shaggy like a chow dog and her mouth was smeared with bright orange lipstick. "Bitch," she said.

Was I like that once? Was I? Hall 4, with the faces at the shatterproof glass windows in the little cell doors, and the screams, and the wet sheets, and the eternal sound of running water. Hall 4, where one could never be alone, not even in the john because the johns had no doors. Where the ladies wore tennis shoes, lest they kick, and went beltless lest they attempt to strangle themselves or someone else. Where they owned nothing except their lipsticks and combs and brushes, these kept in tiny labeled cubicles set into a white-tiled wall. Where they put up their hair at night in wet toilet tissue. Where they—but it wasn't they—it was we. It was I. "I'm sorry," I said.

"Bitch."

A student nurse moved up beside her. "Come along now, Miss Hyde," she said. "We mustn't keep the other ladies waiting."

The line, the pathetic, head-lowering, lagging, ill-formed parody of a line, moved on in front of me, passed me, and I waited until the last of it had been shepherded into the O.T. building. Then I followed along the same path, alongside the huge oval of lawn, on past the O.T. building, on past the tennis courts. I turned right, past the uppermost tennis court, and walked along the little dirt path, under the line of trees. The elms, the walnut trees, the white-barked birches, and the beech, the weeping European beech tree with its branches dropping to the ground to form a circle like an ancestress in a hooped skirt. I pulled apart the branches, and ducked through, and stood close to the tree trunk. It was cooler here, and dim and shadowy. Here Michael had kissed me the first time we were allowed out together, not off the hospital grounds but just out to walk for an hour. I was worried someone might look in and see us, but he said he didn't care a bit. He said he didn't care if the whole world saw us. And here Binnie had told me about her locked-in world, her world that was black and silent, without taste or texture or smell. And here I had stood by myself sometimes and wondered what it all meant, wondered if it meant anything, wondered if there really was a God.

I left my weeping tree and headed back toward the gym, a high-ceilinged one-story building, red brick like the rest. I walked up the few steps, across the flagstone outer lobby with its vaulting of wooden beams, and turned the handle of the door. It was locked. But of course it was locked. Everything was locked except the entrance to Hall 1, and that too at eight every evening. I raised an iron knocker I had never noticed before, and let it fall against the dark heavy wood of the door. The sound echoed and reechoed through the lobby. Little Miss Smith pulled the door open. "We weren't expecting you today, Mrs. Haggerty," she said. "You're off the list."

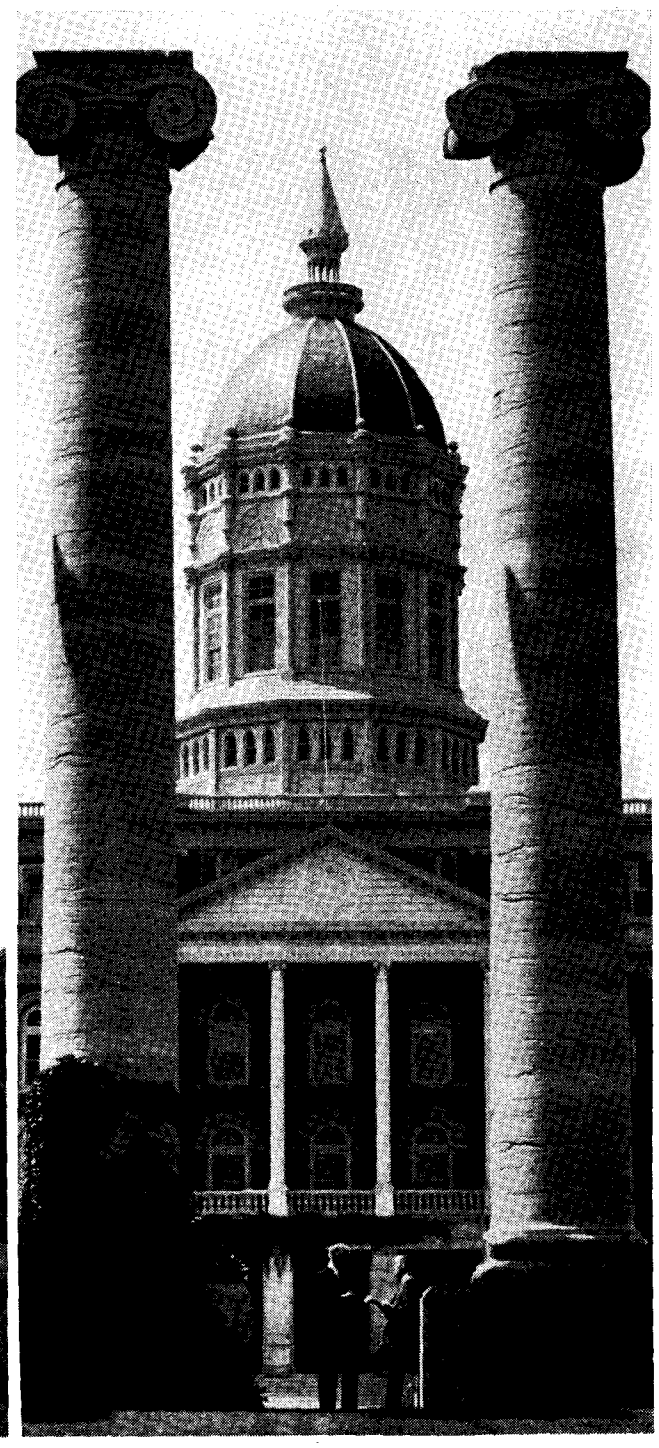
Miss Smith was wearing navy shorts and a boy's white shirt, open at the neck, and her bare arms and legs looked hard and muscular like a boy's. "Is it OK if I come in?" I said.

"Sure." She grinned at me, her nice wide, white, boy-girl grin, and her freckled nose wrinkled a bit. "We were awfully glad to hear the news, Mrs. Haggerty," she said.

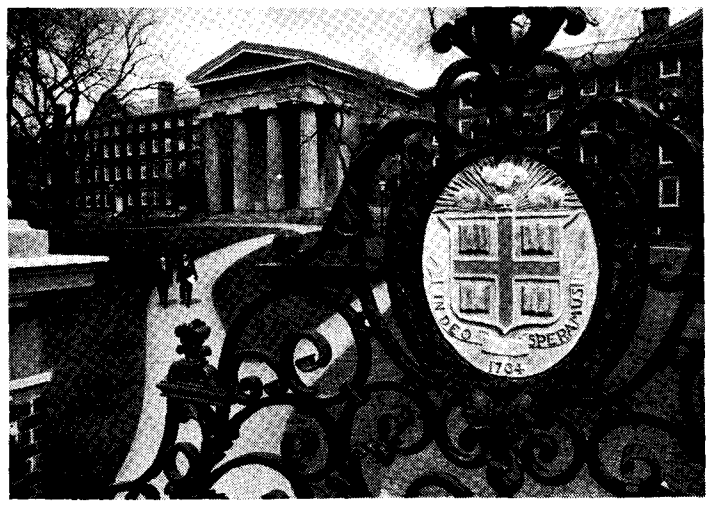
"Thanks," I said. "Thanks, Miss Smith." Miss Constantine was way down in the far right-hand corner of the gym, her heavy gray-sweatered body bent over the phonograph. "Is it marching today?"

TODAY'S UNIVERSITY TAKES A BUSINESSLIKE LOOK AT INSURANCE

Wausau Story



Columns, at right, are two of six that remain from the University of Missouri's first administration building, destroyed by fire in 1892. This year marks the University's 125th anniversary. Below is the crest atop the Van Wickle Gates of Brown University. Traditionally the gates are opened only in fall and spring for new students and departing graduates. Brown is celebrating its bicentennial.



New areas of research, broadened curricula and vastly increased numbers of students have prompted a fresh regard by educational institutions for their insurance needs.

A single university today may be engaged in a variety of activities comparable to a score of different industries. Housing, farms, laboratories, power plants, restaurants, bakeries, hospitals, publishing and printing, fleets of trucks and maintenance shops are now typical university operations which call for special insurance coverages and services.

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"Yeah," Miss Smith said. "Marching."

The patients from Halls 1 and 2 were standing around the gym in small groups or sitting, some of them, on the backless benches along the side walls. Mrs. Williamson, one of the day nurses from Hall 2, was there, sitting with a couple of the students. She stood up and grabbed my arm as I walked past her. "I just heard," she said. "I'm very glad for you."

I looked at the little gray-white spectacled face under its stiff peaked hat. She was glad, too. "Thanks," I said.

I saw Alice halfway across the gym, surrounded by a small and attentive group, gesticulating energetically, running her hands through her wild curls. I started toward her, across the polished wooden floor.

"'He took his vorpal sword in hand,'" Alice was saying. "'Long time the manxome foe he sought—So rested he by the something tree.'"

"Tumtum tree," Kate prompted.

"The tumtum tree, of course," Alice said. "'The tumtum tree, and stood awhile in thought.'"

"Where's Binnie?" I said.

"Hush, girl," Alice said. "I'm reciting immortal words from the immortal pen of an immortal poet. 'And as in uffish thought he stood, The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, came whiffling through the tulgey woods!'"

"Shut up, Alice," I said. "Is Binnie about?"

"Shut up, she says to me. Shut up."

Photo contributed by Daniel J. Ransohoff

This youngster represents the millions who receive help each year from the agencies and services of your United Campaign. He is a symbol of their hope, their need, their gratitude. And he serves to remind us of the work that is yet to be done in every community: of homeless children who crave love, of the elderly who seek dignity and fulfillment, of crippled and handicapped people who simply want a chance to help themselves, of families that need guidance, of the distressed who want friendship, of the thousands of sick who must be healed. When you think about it, the United Way poster boy is really our conscience. How can we deny him?

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Alice thrust out an arm and brought it back, clapping it against her chest. "Hi, Jan. What are you doing here? What did old Engel say?"

"He said I'm leaving. Have you seen Binnie?"

"Leaving? Gee, I'm glad for you, Jan. Glad, glad, glad." Alice yanked at a wisp of my hair. "Glad."

"And I," Kate said.

Carol smiled. "We all are."

"Yes," I said. "Yes, thanks." The inside of my head was starting to feel thick and blurry with tension. "Is Binnie here?"

"She's here somewhere," Kate said. "She walked over with us from O.T. At least I think she walked over with us from O.T."

"No." Alice peered about, over the surrounding heads. "She's over there," she said pointing toward the bench in the upper-left-hand corner of the gym. "There she is."

Binnie was sitting there, humped over, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, her head lowered. "Is there something wrong with her?" Kate said. "Isn't she feeling well?"

"She's OK," I said, and I started to turn away.

Alice pulled at my shirt sleeve. "Look, lamb," she said. "You don't want to——"

"She's OK, Alice," I said.

"I dearly love Binnie, as you damned well know. It's just today, when you're leaving, I think maybe ——" Alice frowned. "I mean if anything's the matter."

"Nothing's the matter, Alice," I said.

"OK, then." And Alice's voice followed me across the gym. "'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy!'"

I sat down on the bench next to Binnie. She didn't notice me. She just sat there, motionless, with her head bent and her hair a golden waterfall that hid her face. "Binnie," I said. "It's me. It's Janet."

She lifted her head then. "Janet," she said. "Yes. Janet." Her voice was a monotone, dead, and she didn't look at me. She stared straight ahead of her, and I could almost feel with my own flesh the rigidity of her body and the sightlessness of her eyes. "It's Janet," she said. "Janet." She wasn't talking to me. She wasn't saying anything.

"Binnie, it's marching," I said. "All we have to do is walk around the gym a couple of times. I'll be right next to you."

"Marching," she said. "It's marching."

I wanted to touch her, to shake her, but I was afraid. I was afraid she would feel as cold and dead as she looked. I could see Alice on the other side of the gym. She had drawn back from the surrounding group and was standing with one hand against the wall, talking to Kate. And then Mrs. Haines walked in front of them with her bright red tennis shoes that were so out of place on that timid, depressed little woman. I tried, just for a second, to distract myself by wondering why Mrs. Haines wore red tennis shoes when everyone else wore white. And all the time I could feel Binnie sitting there next to me, sitting there as if dead. My hands were leaden in my lap and I was leaden, and I thought, Christ, I'm going to be sick again. Christ, Christ, Christ. And right then Miss Constantine must have gotten her phonograph fixed, and Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever* blasted forth like a lunatic howling in the night.

Miss Constantine switched off the phonograph. She stood at the top of the gym, her hands clasped behind her back.

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"Ladies," she said, in her deep man's voice. I had not been aware of the buzz of voices, but I was aware of the silence. "Ladies, we'll line up now on the left side of the gym in twos, and please, ladies, let us try today to remember, all of us, to start out with the proper foot. All right now, ladies."

I stood up. I grabbed Binnie's hand and pulled her to her feet. "Listen, Binnie," I said, "we're just going to walk around the gym. That's all. There's nothing to it, and I'm right next to you." Binnie said nothing. She just stood there beside me, as if dead. The ladies moved up in pairs, ahead of us and behind us. Someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned my head and saw Alice standing right in back of me. Alice looked at me and nodded her head, but she didn't say anything. Miss Constantine started the record again, and the line started around the gym, moving in time to the four-four beat, left foot and right, left foot and right.

We were just rounding the corner of the gym. Binnie muttered something that I couldn't make out. As we turned the corner, with the *Stars and Stripes* pounding away, loud, and the ladies marching, and the front of the line just reaching the spot where Miss Constantine was standing, near the phonograph, Binnie dashed to the center of the gym, raising her hands over her head as she ran. Then she was standing in the center of the gym, on her hands instead of her feet, with her legs in the air, and her fair hair dripping to the floor, and her skirt over her face. And there were her white cotton underpants, very clean and very white, the underpants of a well-cared-for, scrubbed little girl.

Time and movement froze. The phonograph stopped. The marching line stopped. And I could hear Mother reading to me, from way back somewhere, how, when the princess pricked her finger, the whole court fell asleep. So, now, down the line ahead of me I could see Mrs. Haines's red tennis shoe poised several inches above the ground, motioness. A moment later Mrs. Williamson and the student nurses were surrounding Binnie, pulling her to her feet. I couldn't see her but I could hear her screaming, a thin, high scream, sustained on a single note.

Binnie was gone, pulled across the floor by two of the students, still screaming. Mrs. Williamson returned to her bench with the third student. "All right now, ladies. All right now," Miss Constantine shouted, and Alice moved forward to stand beside me, in the space where Binnie had been. Again the record started. Again we were circling the gym, and Miss Constantine was roaring, "To the left, march—to the right, march," and the ladies were marching in twos, in fours, and then in twos again. The ladies were formed into a giant X, stretched across the gym from corner to corner. "Splendid," Miss Constantine shouted. "Splendid, ladies."

It was over. We were outside, Alice, and Kate, and I. It was beautiful outside, still soft and warm and blue and green. It was a beautiful, lousy, lousy day. We were back on the path that led past the O.T. building and back to Hall 1. Alice strode along, puffing furiously at a cigarette, threw it away, and lit a fresh one. On the other side of me Kate walked, taking quick, nervous little steps. Alice said finally, "You don't want to feel like this is your fault. Dammit and dammit again, but it's not anyone's fault."

Kate touched my arm. "Have you packed yet?"

My throat was choked and thick. "No," I said through the thickness.

"Perhaps we should pack," Kate said.

I tried to feel grateful to her for that "we." I guess I did feel grateful really, but it was such a small minor feeling, almost lost under the blanket of Binnie's high, thin scream. I followed Kate up the stairs and into our room. Binnie was gone, gone in the swift, efficient fashion of all Woodlands going when the going was back. Her bed had been pulled apart and remade with a fresh white spread. The top of her chest of drawers was bare. There was no need to look in her closet. "She's gone," I said.

Kate was fussing with my suitcases. "We'll just open these and let them air out a bit."

Alice pulled her pillow from under her spread, propped it lengthwise, and half lay, half sat, with her head resting against it. "She'll be back."

"Will she?" I said. "Will she?" The little rooms on Hall 4 were very close to me, pale yellow, pale pink, pale blue. And I remembered my bewilderment, the bewilderment of Janet Haggerty, madwoman, when I was locked in the blue room, because blue was for boys, and surely I was not a boy. And yellow was for cowards. And pink was for Mother's darling girl. I had been in all of them, counted the squares in the ceilings, pressed my mad face against the little panes of shatter-proof glass in their doors. In which one was Binnie now? Or was she in one of the tubs with the water running and running, and her beautiful head coming through a hole in the canvas sheeting? Where was she?

"Do you mind if I open your drawers?" Kate said.

"No."

"She'll be back," Alice said.

There was a grinding in my head, and a gagging in my throat. I flung myself face downward on Binnie's bed, the bed that had been Binnie's and no longer was.

"What time is Michael coming?" Alice said.

"I don't know." I spoke into the muffling softness of the pillow. "I don't know. I don't care. Six."

"That's all that matters, Jan," Alice said. "Hang on to that."

But it wasn't all that mattered. God, I would have had to be such a liar to tell myself that it was all that mattered. "You don't believe that, Alice," I said into the pillow.

"Oh, but I do," Alice said. "That, kiddo, is exactly what I believe."

"I'm going to put your skirts and dresses in the big case, and your underthings in the middle one," Kate said. "We can save the small one for your comb and brush and such, and any odds and ends."

"It's what I believe," Alice said.

"Doctor Engel's here to see you, Mrs. Haggerty. He's in the music room."

I didn't lift my head. I knew it was Miss Hotchkiss. And I knew with a great certainty that I was going quite mad again, that the giant wheel of over-againness was starting to turn in my mad skull, for I had just seen Doctor Engel. I had seen him in the music room. Or had I? I lay there, without moving, with my face pressed into the pillow. And I was afraid of my madness, but I felt almost a kind of relief. I hadn't walked out on Binnie. I hadn't.

"Wake up, ducko," Alice said. "The doc's here to see you again."

"Though what the attraction can be I'm sure I don't know," Miss Hotchkiss said sourly. "Letting Mrs. Barr pack for you. Really, Mrs. Haggerty."

And I hadn't gone mad. Doctor Engel had come back again. Kate was packing. I rolled over on my back, and there was Alice, with her black curls against her pillow and her dirty shoes on her spread. I hadn't gone mad. Miss Hotchkiss was standing vast in the doorway.

"What are you going to change into?" Kate said. "I won't pack what you're going to wear."

"I don't care," I said. "It doesn't matter."

Alice moved the soles of her shoes up over the spread, making a long smudgy streak. "Leave that tight black thing out, the sexy one. Jan's going home."

But was I? I was not sure I was going. I was not sure I wanted to go. I sat on the edge of Binnie's bed, the bed that had been Binnie's. "Come on now, Mrs. Haggerty," Miss Hotchkiss said. "Doctor Engel is waiting."

"I don't want to see him," I said. "I saw him already."

"You're still with us, you know, Mrs. Haggerty," Miss Hotchkiss said roughly. "Till six o'clock tonight."

"Part of the mighty machine," Alice said. "A small cog, but still—you could throw the whole monster out of whack, and think of the noise and confusion." She grinned at me. "You'd better toddle on, pet."

"OK," I said. "In a minute."

"I'll just see that you get there." Miss Hotchkiss stood, huge, and moon-faced, and a little grim, waiting.

"OK," I said.

"I'll leave your black dress out," Kate called after me as I followed Miss Hotchkiss to the music room.

Doctor Engel wasn't looking out of the window this time. He was standing at the door. "I came as soon as I heard about Miss Parrington," he said.

"Where is she?"

"Back."

"On Four?"

"On Four."

"In one of those little cells?"

"I suppose so," Doctor Engel said. "Let's sit down a minute, shall we?"

"All right."

He was sprawled again in one corner of the sofa, and I sat stiffly in the other. "I've come to tell you you're leaving at six," he said.

"You told me."

"I'm telling you again."

"And Binnie? What about Binnie?"

"She's sick. She's our responsibility not yours. This has nothing to do with you at all."

The window was still closed, as I had left it. Now the voice began again, trickling through the cracks, barely audible. "What time is it? What time is it?"

"But it does," I said. "Surely you must see that it does. I can't just walk out like this."

"You can. And you will." Doctor Engel shifted in his corner. "What alternative do you have?"

"Alternative?" I looked at him, bewildered.

"This is a hospital," he said. "It's for sick people, and you aren't sick anymore."

As I sat there looking at his thin, pale, ugly face, my bewilderment faded. It was all so clear. I wasn't sick anymore. I belonged outside. I wanted to be outside.

"Miss Parrington is sick," Doctor Engel said. "She's sick and she's beautiful. You mustn't think therefore that sickness is beautiful."

"I don't think that. God knows I don't. But ——" Grief twisted inside me like a live thing. "It wasn't just that she needed me. It was never just that."

"I know," Doctor Engel said.

"What time is it? What time is it?" the voice called, thin and sad and distant. "What time is it?"

"It was so much more than that."

"I know." His eyes looked more moist than usual behind the thick lenses.

"What time is it?" the voice insisted.

And suddenly it was Binnie's voice. It was Binnie calling to me. I waited for Doctor Engel to help me as he had so often, but he remained silent. He must have known that nothing he could say would help me now.

"It's time, Binnie," I whispered through the tears that clogged my throat. "It's time for me to go home." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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It's great to have something put aside to fall back on,

Case money—

By Don Carpenter

Things were going well at the bowling alley. Billy's shoeshine stand was right next to the check-out counter and only a few feet from both the all-night lunch counter and the pool tables; he had a team of four boys who did the actual shining of shoes (although Billy would take over for big spenders, top bowlers, etc.) and there didn't seem to be anyone in Seattle who could beat him at his own game.

Billy was a one-pocket specialist. One-pocket is the chess of pocket billiards: Each player has one of the two far corner pockets for his own, and to win the game a player merely needs eight balls to fall into his pocket. Ninety percent of the game is jockeying for position and keeping the opponent from having a clear shot. It is a mean game, requiring steady nerves, precise ability and no ethics.

Billy's status at the bowling alley was high, especially from midnight to dawn, when the best players from all over Seattle would congregate at the bowling alley, sitting in the double row of theater seats overlooking the pool section, watching the action, making small side bets, checking out tomorrow's horses. These men, regardless of age or color or status, respected Billy, but not nearly so much as the white kids who were getting their first taste of night life hanging around the bowling alley and learning the dirty game from Billy and the other sharks. Often it pleased their sense of daring to mingle with a Negro, buy him cups of coffee and listen to his advice on how to hold a cue, how to stroke the ball, make a good game, assess a mark. And these kids came in handy for Billy, too. He was in charge of the alley's maintenance, which went on all the time because the place never closed, and when one or another of the kids would show up broke, Billy could hire him to sweep down vacant lanes, go around emptying out the sand ashtrays, sort pins or even sweep under the pool tables.

But the big draw to Billy was his roll. Billy was one of the few, one of the very few, pool experts who weren't broke half the time. Another was old Larkin, a short gray man who wore dark-blue suits and wine-colored shirts and was a snooker player; but Larkin only carried three or four hundred dollars on him; he was retired from the Postal Service and getting pretty old. Billy always had at least a thousand dollars buttoned up in his left shirt pocket. Just knowing it was there gave a special magic to Billy. He did not often flash the roll. He did not have to.

It was his case roll, and he had had it so long now, since those young wild days on the road, that he sometimes dreamed about losing it and would wake up chilled with the remembrance of those empty days and nights on the bum. Sometimes it got awful, and, cursing himself, he would have to get out of bed and go to the chair, feel in his pocket for the thickness of the roll, and then even take his shirt out into the kitchen and turn on the light and, still cursing, count the money. Then he would go back to bed and his wife might stir, and ask him sleepily, "Where have you been?"

"Checkin' the kids," he might say. Often he would do just that, awake now, go quietly into their room and tuck them in, feeling that incredible tenderness allotted only to parents, and then return sleeplessly to his bed and his bad thoughts. But most of the time he was not at home nights, slept days, and the children were merely some loud noises in the rest of the house. But they—his son and daughter—had much to do with his increasing worry over his case roll; for so long now the roll had been his edge, his margin, the means of his escape at any time from whatever world he inhabited; and lately it had become more than this and less, as he thought about his children and what they were, and who they were. Years ago, when he had first burst free of the housing-project ghetto by the skill of his right arm, he had said and meant, "The hell with the niggers"—he had seen too many of his friends swallowed up in bitterness and petty crime and jail and death; and he wanted to escape, not drown. But now he was in the awful position of seeing his children grow toward that moment when they would know, would be shown, told, that they were not humans but niggers.

This thing haunted him sometimes. But other times he would remember, or try to remember, his own reaction. It was a hurt, yes, but children get over hurts. It was not as if they were alone with it. There were other colored kids to share the discovery with and turn it into contempt as they grew old enough to feel or need contempt. He remembered the surge of pleasure he got from hating white people when he had been a kid. So maybe he wasn't really worried about his own children after all, maybe he was just afraid of losing his money.

Because the roll was the secret—with it he could cushion his children's pain. Not prevent it; that was impossible, but take some of the hardest edges away. Money could make the difference; he had always believed it. There would be good skirts for the girl, sweaters, expensive sweaters, and a fine mitt, good shoes for the boy. College, even with what Billy suspected of college; and jobs where one dressed nicely and met nice people who would have one over for cocktails before dinner on the patio—what difference did it make if all one's friends were colored, as long as they could remove that hard black edge of pain, soothe it away with Martinis and quiet automobiles and the cultured accents of college graduates? The roll could do that. It was not his to play with. It belonged in the bank. He had won it hard, the hardest way there is, by putting all his nerve and courage and skill out on the line for it in the dismal crossroads towns of the West where his color laid him open to hostility, hatred, and always the chance that his winnings would be taken from him afterward in some dark alley—crossroads ethics seeing nothing wrong with beating some uppity nigger out of his money by force if no other way was available. He had won it hard—a scar, a bruise, a wrench at his soul, for every dollar won. Yet, it was only a thousand dollars. It was pitiful. It was nothing. Frantically, Billy sometimes felt the need for hundreds of thousands of dollars; he felt trapped and cornered without thick wads of bills to save him, save his children. *Yes, his children!*

And again, he would think about leaving them. Perhaps that was the best way, after all. Teach them the first hard lesson himself—"You can't trust nobody, black or white"—and flee from all that burden of existence, his children already tempered to injustice because they loved him and he betrayed them. He often thought of leaving his wife. He loved her, yes, but that was not enough. They were constantly picking at each other. She knew, and of course he knew, that he did not have to spend all those hours at the bowling alley. He was a man of some importance (amusing to the former crossroader and hustler) and he had assistants who could run things. She wanted some family life, some evenings out among friends, but Billy did not have a single real friend in the community. His wife had to make do with the neighbors, and they were a poor lot. None but she had been to college, and all they ever found to talk about were children, clothes, food, prices and status. When she was not busy with the children she was horribly bored, and she would not watch television. The neighbors thought she was too sensitive about television, but to her it was just the white man's world shoved rudely into her living room, and she wouldn't have it. She let Billy know many times how dull things were.

DON CARPENTER, who at age 33 divides his time between teaching and writing, says in reference to this story, "I began hanging around pool halls in 1948, and still do, to some degree." Also about 1948 he entered college, but his education was interrupted by service in the Air Force, marriage and a job editing a trade journal. In 1959, four schools later, he was graduated from Portland State College and went on to earn a master's degree from San Francisco State College. He has published several short stories and has just completed a novel, from which this story is taken.

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but after a while there's no point to having it unless you actually plan to fall back.

Illustration by Robert J. Lee

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Case Money

That was a woman's place, he would think angrily, to stay home and keep house and mind the children. If that *bored* her, tough. Nobody said life had to be one thrill after another. But inside himself he knew he was lying; he knew he stayed away from home because he could not stand the boredom. Secretly he sympathized with his wife, yet he could never bring himself to admit it to her. It was a bind. He often dreamed of running away, going back on the road.

Instead, he got himself a girl friend.

She worked at the counter at the bowling alley for about three hours one night, and then was fired for being drunk. Her name was Rima and she was short, tiny-waisted, busty, hippy, and had thick lavender-tinted lips, wild eyes and a gravelly voice that reminded Billy of Bessie Smith at her guttiest. When Rima was told to leave (she had spilled coffee in a man's lap and then laughed at him) she put up a fight, and Billy had to help eject her from the place. Two others had her by the arms and pulled, and Billy got behind and shoved, while the bowling-alley hangers-on crowded around and cheered for her. Close up to her like that, Billy got almost dizzy with sudden passion, smelling the cheap perfume she must have bathed in.

The image of her, the remnant of the scent, stayed with him for days, and finally he sneaked her employment card out of the office and copied down her telephone number. It was another week before he called. She vaguely remembered him. He boasted his way into a date with her, and without a trace of guilt (that all came later) went to her apartment with a bottle of whiskey, hoping against hope that after a few drinks she would not want to go out after all. But then, Rima had no intention of going out.

He didn't, couldn't love her. There was no question of that. He loved his wife. But neither could he stop going over to see her, especially since he had trouble getting her alone. A girl like that was popular, and Billy had to content himself with being squeezed in between the other bigger, blacker, tougher men in her life.

One night Rima was looking for some cigarettes and found the ten one-hundred dollar bills in Billy's shirt pocket. She took the roll and hid it under a cushion of the couch. Billy searched, cursing, for ten or fifteen minutes, while Rima protested angrily that she had not taken the money. Then he found it and she laughed at the look on his face. After that she kept hounding him to buy her things, and he thought about stopping the affair. But he could never quite bring himself to do it. He would catch himself thinking about her, and feel his insides go weak and watery. In the back of his mind he knew that he had failed Rima, as he had failed his wife, by not going all-out and letting her have the money. What difference would it make, he thought in moments of self-anger, it's only a lousy thousand dollars.

So he had this—the girl and his increasing guilt and self-contempt—on his mind, wondering how things were going to turn out, getting greedier and more panicky all the time, when the high-roller hotshot from Phoenix hit Seattle and started wiping everybody out.

Billy heard about him long before he saw him; how he had come into the 211 Club downtown one afternoon, this short, stubby Arizona guy, and had bulled and bragged around about what a great eight-ball player he was, and then had finally been challenged by one of the housemen to a game of straight pool and had lost twelve dollars and had run to the rack, claiming he had to "get out to the horses"; had come back the next day and gotten into a snooker game with old Larkin (after insulting Larkin by calling him an old fool), playing on one of the big English tables, betting two dollars a game, and had driven Larkin to the rack. Nobody in Seattle could beat Larkin in snooker. Then Billy heard how the little man from Arizona had said that snooker was a cheap game, full of luck, and anybody could win at it. He, the Arizona guy, preferred a skill game like eight ball. Naturally, Billy and all the other first-rate pool shooters were fascinated. Eight ball is a game for children. Then, before the Arizona guy ever showed up at the bowling alley, somebody started the rumor that he had been on television in Chicago, *demonstrating* snooker, and that he had beaten Willie Mosconi at straight pool. Nobody knew what to think.

Billy was behind the check-out counter tipping cues late one night when there was a stir of conversation over at the theater seats by the pool section. He looked up and saw Larkin, his face twisted in old man's sour distaste, pointing toward the entrance. Billy turned and saw a very short, plumpish man in a blue short-sleeved shirt and white slacks striding in, followed by two large mean-looking L.A.-type hoods in white Windbreakers. Billy went back to his work, but kept his ears open. After a bit, this is what he heard, in a deep basso voice, almost a bellow:

"Is *this* the famous all-night bowling alley? I don't see any shooters, 'cept an old man half dead anyway. I said I'd play eight ball all night for any price and they told me to come here. And all you boys do is sit there lookin' like there won't be no Christmas this year. What is this? I heard Seattle was a money town, but I guess it's just another *dollar* town. Who wants to play a thousand points of billiards for ten cents and the time? That's the game for this town: billiards. Pussyfootin' around squeezin' off sho' on a table ain't even got pockets in it. Damn! Who wants to bet on two whales fightin' a sardine? I'll take either side of the bet. I'm a bettin' man. Where's all the quick money? Where's all the sports? I'm a sport. Or is all that downtown talk about money in this-here bowling palace just a lot of dollar-town crapola? Eight ball? I'll play anybody!"

Billy knew this long windy speech had been directed at him, although he had not looked up once, and he knew the little man was not looking at him, either. He came out from behind the counter in a lazy Stepin Fetchit shuffle, and made his voice high and niggery. "*Eight* ball? Wa fo youall want to play that lil ol' kid-game? I'll risk my ol' neck on one-pocket, maan!"—hoping the little man hated Negroes and Billy could cop an emotional advantage.

"I didn't come all the way to Seattle to play the shoeshine boy," the little man declared. So the Uncle Tom bit wouldn't work. Billy said, "Well, then, I guess you came all the long way to Seattle just to *talk*. All talked out at home, hey?" Billy grinned at one of the L.A. hoods, and the hood grinned and winked.

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"Money talks," said the plump little man. "I reckon I'd play eight ball with the king of Sweden if the price was right."

"Eight ball?" Billy jeered. The crowd was enjoying this. Nobody was playing pool; everyone was gathered around listening, grinning slyly at each other.

"You don't want to play," the plump little man dismissed Billy. To the crowd he said, "He don't want to play." He looked strangely baffled. "I guess I'll have me a sangwich."

"You do look a little undernourished," Billy said.

"Oh, get your stick," the man said. He headed for the wall racks where the house cues were kept. Billy shrugged and went back of the counter for his Willie Hoppe Special, returning to the No. 1 table, screwing the shaft of the cue onto the butt, running his hand over the high gloss of the wood, chalking up, while the fat man rummaged over the cues, testing, weighing, sighting, and finally returned with a 22-ounce club with a fat tip. "This'll do," he declared. "Warped as a bulldog's front leg."

Billy happened to look over in old Larkin's direction, and for the first time that night began to have an intimation of what could happen to him; Larkin's face was screwed up in an insufferable smirk, and Billy suddenly realized that Larkin probably did not like him and hoped to see him beaten. Billy felt a twinge of doubt, and he had to keep his fingers from reaching up and touching his case roll. He grinned tightly at the plump little man from Arizona and said, "How much we goin' to play for, chubby?"

"A friendly game, that's all I ever play," he said. "I'll play for anything, but how about two dollars a game? Sound like a friendly game to you?"

"So *this* is the big time," Billy said with quiet irony. The Arizona guy didn't say anything. Billy racked the balls for eight ball, flipped, lost the toss and backed away from the table to watch the Arizona guy shoot.

There was no money in pool; Billy knew that now, had really known it for years. Yet it was harder, took more talent, to be first-rate at pool than at poker or baseball or a hundred other things that were surrounded by big money. There was the satisfaction of being first-rate, but there was no money in it, and the whole pool underworld of Seattle was here gathered to watch a game of two-dollar eight ball as proof of it. Billy wanted to laugh, bitterly, even though he knew these first two-dollar games were only for feeling out, and that the money would improve.

Everyone was dead quiet; the only sounds came from two hard-core bowlers on the other side, and the faint, insipid music from the speaker system. The place was air-conditioned and had a deathly chill to its atmosphere; the lighting was fluorescent and seemed to come from nowhere, casting no shadows and making all faces paler and all lips purplish.

Plump fingers, plump arms, on a man so short and tubby that he almost resembled a fat child bending seriously over the table. He broke the balls with a *thwack*, drawing the cue ball back toward the end rail, and sank the twelve ball on the break. Then he made all the rest of the striped balls and followed the fifteen past the side pocket for perfect position on the eight, called it in the corner and sank it. His lips, which had been pursed in concentration, loosened, and he straightened up and grunted. "Huh. Lucky. That'll be two dollars. *Rack!*"

Billy dropped two folded singles into the corner pocket after fishing out the balls and said quietly, "We rack our own balls here."

"Some joint," the plump man said reflectively. He chalked up and waited for Billy to finish racking. Then he broke and ran out again. He won six straight games, and Billy did not shoot once.

"That's all," Billy said. He unscrewed his stick, as if he had been driven to the rack.

"You're right," said the plump man. "Two dollars a game. What's the matter with us? Let's play for money."

"No more eight ball."

The plump man looked surprised. "Name your game," he said.

"One-pocket," Billy said. "For any amount you choose." He glanced at the watching crowd and thought, You're all just waiting to see me die, you ofay finks.

"*One*-pocket?" The plump man was hurt. "*One*-pocket?"

"For twenty a game," said Billy. Somebody tittered nervously.

The plump man looked wrathful. "What the hell is this?" he bellowed. "I come in here to play a sociable game of eight ball, and here's this man talkin' one-pocket! And for twenty dollars! I feel like I'm being nibbled to death by a duck! Twenty dollars! You want to gamble, do you? Don't want to play for fun! Want to take all my money, do you? *I'm* ready to gamble if that's what you want, but *twenty?* Where's all the big

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gamblers?" He looked around furiously.

"Well, then, how about fifty a game?" Billy said quietly.

The plump man rolled his eyes. "Fifty? How long has it been since you saw fifty dollars all in one heap? I hear you talk but I don't see your money. Have you got fifty dollars and fifty cents all mixed up in your head?"

"How about a hundred?" Billy said even more quietly. He did not reach for his pocket yet; just stood there, his fingertips on the green.

"We talkin' mouth bets, I raise it to a million," said the plump man. "Hell, two million. I ain't proud. Hell, if you had a hundred dollars you'd be home eatin' fried chicken and watermelon right now, not shinin' shoes for a living."

His eyes narrowed as Billy removed from his shirt pocket the folded sheaf of hundred-dollar bills. Billy unfolded and fanned the thousand dollars out on the table. He smiled wolfishly. "You're gonna look awful stupid, fatty, if you can't cover this."

The plump man stared at the thousand dollars.

"Match it," Billy said, "or go back to where they play for pennies."

After a reflective pause, the Arizona guy drew his two friends aside and they talked quietly, getting their rolls out and putting them together. The Arizona guy came back to Billy and laid a gigantic heap of bills on the table. "There's $420 here," he said. He looked sheepish. "That's all we got on us tonight. The damn horses, you know."

Old Larkin got up and came over to them. He did not look at Billy. "I'll back you for two hundred," he told the fat man. He got out his case roll and peeled off ten twenties, leaving the roll only three or four bills thick. Billy did not mind this at all; he grinned at the crowd and said, "I love a *patriot*, don't you?"

"Six-twenny then," the plump man said. It was actually a question. Billy could refuse with honor to risk his thousand against $620.

"OK, I'm bighearted," Billy said.

"Then it's settled," the plump man said. "Twenty a game?"

"Hell," Billy said. "Let's just play one game of one-pocket for $620." He got a twenty-dollar bill from his regular roll, added it to six hundreds, and folded the other hundreds back into his pocket.

"You want to play for all of it?"

"Sure," Billy grinned. "Why the hell not? Lag for break or flip?" Old Larkin's face had gone gray. Billy winked at him slyly. "It's only money, old man."

The Arizona guy was trapped. He had to play. He won the toss and broke safe, as one always does in one-pocket, and then Billy sized up the lay of the balls very carefully, feeling as good as he had ever felt in his life, and shot what would have been a safety even if he had missed, a two-rail bank that dropped into his pocket without even touching the side rails. Then he made two more balls and left the cue ball almost frozen to the far rail. The plump man shot safe, and Billy made another bank, this time three rails and the cueball safe anyway, made the shot, and ran out. The game was over. Billy took all the money, counted it, put his $600 in his left shirt pocket and the rest in his right shirt pocket. Then he went back to the counter and began tipping cues again. He did not even see the fat man and his friends leave.

But it was not over yet, and Billy knew it. If the man came up with some money, then Billy was honor bound to play him; yet what he wanted most of all was to take the money and put it in the bank, all of it, because it was too much and it was not enough, and he was getting frightened now; it had all been too quick and too easy, and scared money loses. He went home at four in the morning and lay in his bed unable to sleep until well after dawn. His wife knew something was the matter and did not bother him with questions. After she fed the children she took them over to the park and left Billy alone in the house. Then he slept, but even his sleep was disturbed by visions of pool balls, clicking, moving, echoing. When he awakened in the late afternoon none of the tension was gone. He ate and went back to the bowling alley and tried to make himself busy, but it didn't work, and so he went to see Rima.

For once she was home alone, but in a sullen mood, and for an hour she and Billy sipped quietly at the whiskey he had brought. He wanted to tell her how frightened he was, but she would not have understood. He realized now that he had no business there, and was trying to find a way to say good-bye when another man showed up. A big man, Billy knew him, named Uncle Vance, with blue-black skin and only three teeth, widely separated, two in his lower jaw and one in his upper. The teeth looked like fangs. Uncle Vance ran a small trucking company, which is to say, he and the finance company owned a truck and his son did the driving for him. Billy did not think to be afraid of Uncle Vance—of all Rima's casual visitors, he was the least frightening. He was not a man to settle things with a razor. He accepted a cheese glass of Billy's whiskey and the three of them sat listening to the radio. It was dark out, overcast, and through the open window Billy could smell the impending rain. It rained a lot in Seattle, winter and summer. It was one of the things people in Seattle talked about. That and Boeing. And how green everything is. Of course, you pay for the green with the rain. But they didn't talk about this. They listened to the radio and waited for the rain to start.

Finally, Uncle Vance broke the ice. "I hear you win $600 last night off some fat fay," he said. The girl looked at Billy.

"That's a fact," Billy said. "I did just that."

"That's nice money," the girl said. "We runnin' out of whiskey."

Uncle Vance said, "I got some grass. Would you like to share a joint?"

He pulled a rubber-band-wrapped bundle of marijuana cigarettes out of his coat pocket, drew one out, licked it down and lit it, passing it to the girl when his lungs were full. She passed it to Billy and he drew deeply, hoping it was good grass and he would feel it hit him right away. They passed the joint around several times before Billy knew it was not going to be good, that it was probably locally grown and weak. He felt a little high, but the whiskey obscured it, and none of the tension seemed to have gone away. Abruptly, he stood up. "I got to go to work," he said. He wanted to tell Rima he would not be back. But he could not. Not with Uncle Vance sitting there.

Vance walked down the hallway with him. "Maybe sometime we could talk a little business," he said to Billy.

"Maybe," Billy said. He looked at the other man. A respectable man, a member of the middle class in good standing. He and Billy could meet here, in a place like this, and they would share whiskey and marijuana, and they could even talk business. It seemed stupid.

"You ought to invest some of that money," Uncle Vance said. "While you still got it."

Later on, at the bowling alley, Billy had to laugh. He knew what Uncle Vance was thinking about. Little Billy had lots of money, he'd be just the fellow to expand a trucking company with. He thought about the long lonely nights on the road and yearned hungrily for them. Life seemed to be a figure eight.

The Arizona guy burst into the bowling alley a little after midnight, his two friends in tow. He walked right up to Billy, who was seated in the customer's chair of his shoeshine stand, watching a game of nine ball.

"Come on down out of there, my friend," the Arizona guy said. "We got to talk."

Billy grinned down at him. "I'se comfy," he said.

"What would you like to play tonight?"

"You rob a gas station or something? Steal some chickens and sell 'em?"

"I got money. What do you want to play?"

"One-pocket."

"Never. You're the best one-pocket player in the world. I'll play you some eight ball."

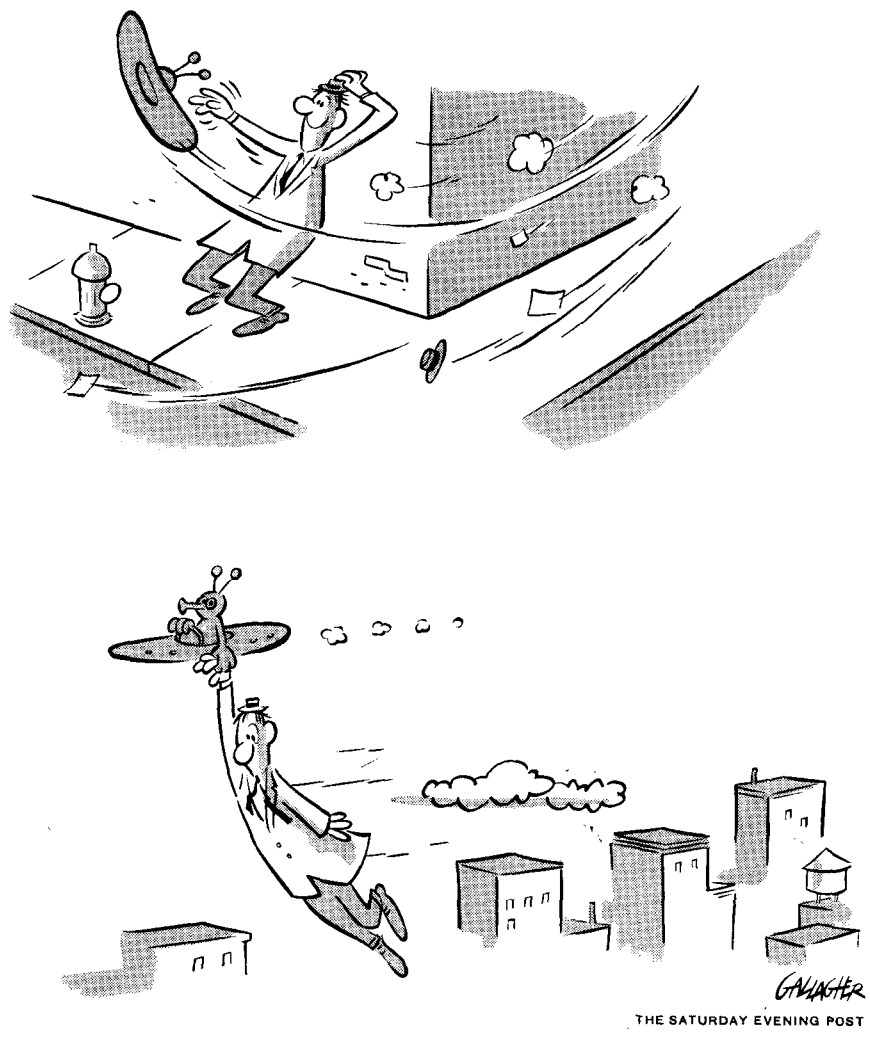
"Not in this life."

"Well, I got money. I want to play pool."

The crowd was beginning to gather again. It was going to be just like last night, except for one thing. Billy's heart wasn't in it. Somehow, he had seen through something, and all the drive had gone out of him. He and the Arizona guy argued, showed off for the crowd, made jokes, and Billy made him show him some money, and they ended up at the far end of the pool section, playing snooker. Billy lost the first three games and $150 and then quit; and then they came back to the No. 1 pool table and settled down to playing nine ball, ten dollars on the nine. They played for fifteen hours, until four o'clock the next afternoon, and most of the crowd had gone home, gone to bed, gotten up and come back again.

Billy felt detached throughout the contest. He knew exactly what he was doing, and he knew he was playing the best pool he had ever played in his life. But it was not good enough. He lacked that little extra edge of larceny, the deep, hating thrust of greed that could have made him beat the guy from Arizona. He did not have that anymore, and the Arizona guy did, going beyond himself, shooting over his head, out of his absolute need to win. He and Billy played about even, but over the hours Billy lost $1,900, which is to say, every cent he had, winnings, case money, salary, all.

When it was all over Billy signed at the desk for his share of the time and then went into the manager's office and got an advance on his wages. Then he came out, still carrying his cue. The Arizona guy and his friends were at the lunch counter eating cheeseburgers. Billy unscrewed his stick and instead of putting it into its slot, got out his dusty leather carrying case and put the cue into it. One of the white kids wanted to talk to him, but Billy brushed him off, and left the place. Outside it was raining hard. He took a cab to the bus depot. THE END



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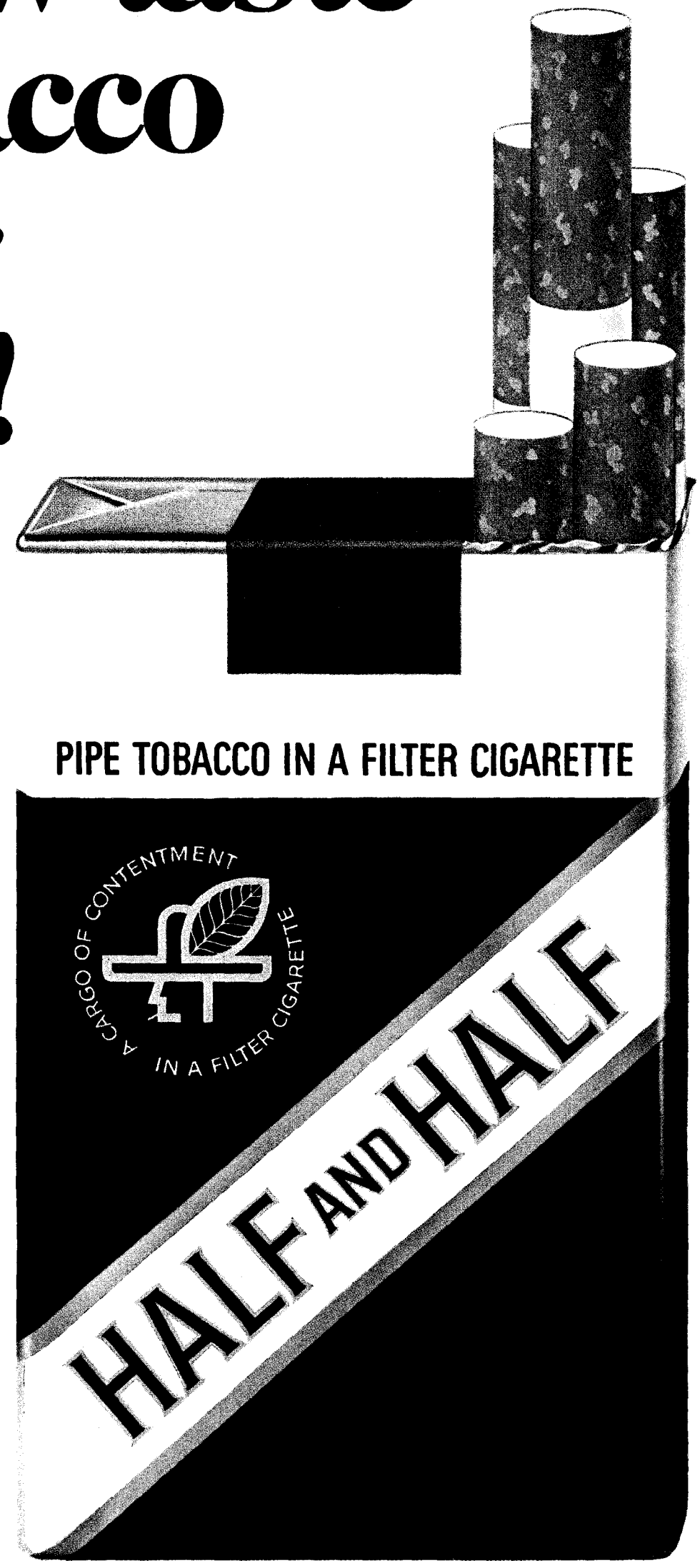

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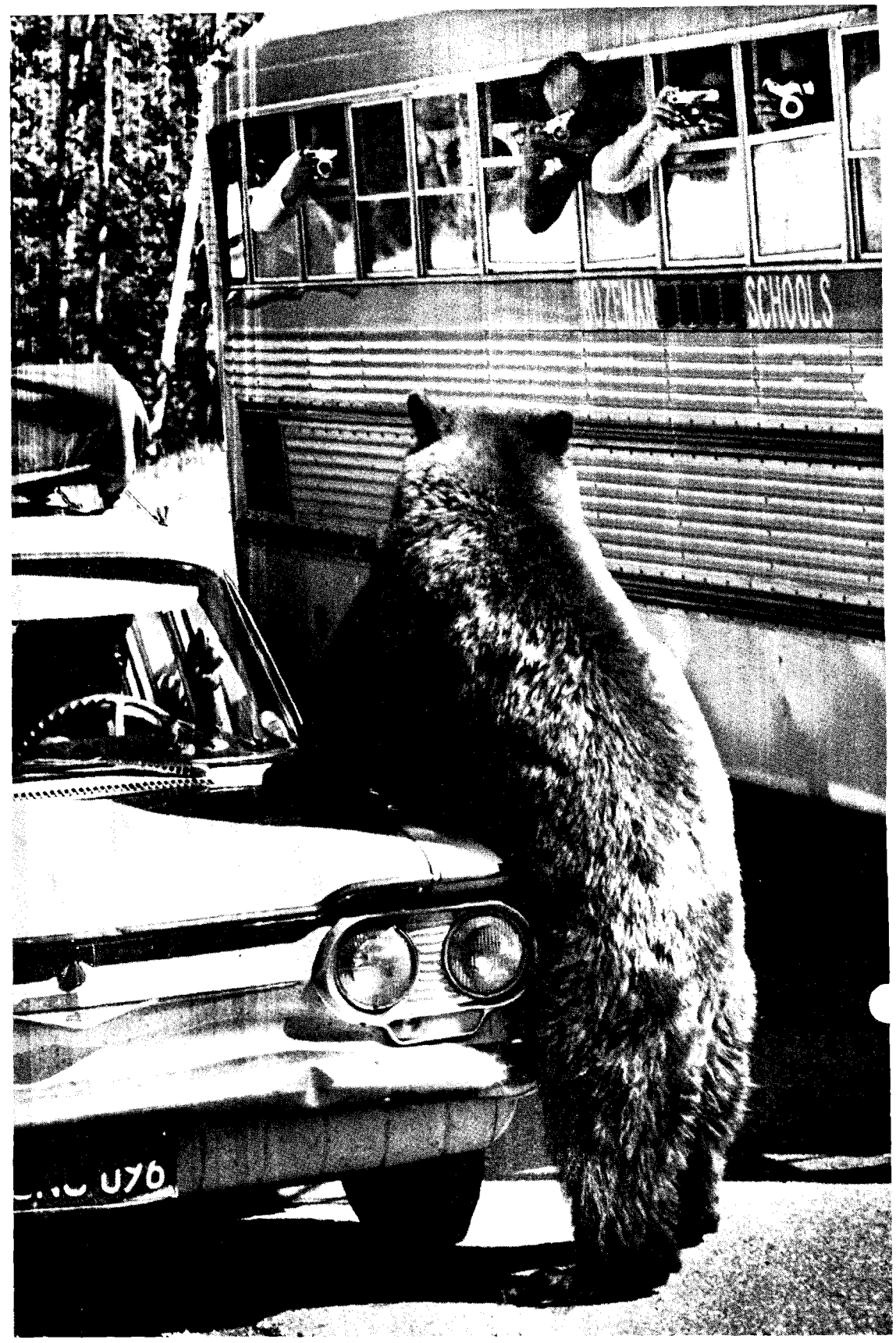
BEWARE OF SMOKEY THE BEAR

Using knockout drugs and police dossiers, Yellowstone rangers are battling those fun-loving bears who literally leave hundreds of tourists in stitches.

BY HOWARD BLOOMFIELD
Photographs by Bill Bridges



A busload of tourists photograph a woman about to risk a $500 fine for feeding a cuddly Yellowstone bear.

It was eight o'clock of a cool June evening when Joe Williams sat down to rest along a public trail on Mt. Altyn in Montana's Glacier National Park. Williams, a 20-year-old college student, and a companion, Bob Winter, had been climbing for nearly an hour and a half, and now with two thirds of the trail completed, Joe Williams felt the sweat on his neck and the ache in his legs. As he gazed out over the snow-peaked mountains and down the trail below, Joe suddenly froze. A 250-pound female grizzly was slowly lumbering toward him.

The youth sat motionless, hoping that if he showed no fear the bear would go her own way. But the animal ambled behind him and began licking the sweat and salt on the back of his neck. As Joe twisted away, the bear lifted her huge paw and struck him in the back, slashing his jacket. Joe jumped away and started to run down the trail.

The bear bounded downhill after him. Bob Winter, who had climbed 300 yards farther up the trail, sped after them. As fast as Joe Williams ran, the grizzly ran faster. She soon overtook him, smashing Joe to the ground with her paw. She was on top of the youth when Bob Winter caught up. Winter flung a rock at the animal's neck, and the startled bear allowed Williams to break free. The animal disdainfully peered at Winter, and then, with a singleness of mind, ran after Joe.

The grizzly once more caught him. Once more Winter hurled a rock that disturbed the bear and enabled Williams to escape. Again the bear resumed her pursuit of the fleeing youth. Then, just ahead of the charging animal, Joe stumbled. The grizzly straddled him and this time the bear paid no attention to the hail of stones from Bob Winter, who eventually ran for help.

Forty-five minutes passed before two park rangers arrived with a Springfield rifle and four bullets. The bear dourly looked at the men and dropped her head to Williams. Supervisory Park Ranger Donald Dayton picked a spot 50 yards from the bear and fired. The first two bullets missed the bear, who simply lifted her head and stared. Dayton, who had to shoot just over Williams's head, sucked in his breath and aimed again. With the next shot, the big grizzly reared, tottered and then started to roll down the steep slope. As the bear thrashed down the mountain, Dayton fired his last shot, killing it.

When the rangers reached Williams, they found the youth's head and body hideously mangled. He was rushed to a hospital 75 miles away, and it took four doctors working continuously for eight hours to save his life. He was to go through 14 more operations so that his nerves and muscles could be restored. On October 6, 1961, two and a half years after the tragic attack, a federal court awarded Joe Williams $125,000 in damages and his father $8,000 for medical expenses. The case became a landmark. For it was the first major claim brought against the National Park Service under the Federal Tort Claims Act of 1946, which allows individuals to sue the Government for damages.

The court judgment also posed a seemingly insoluble problem for officials at Glacier, Yellowstone, and 28 other national parks where bears freely roam. After studying the Williams suit, park officials realized that if the hundreds of people who had been injured by bears were to collect damages, the frugally administered national parks would be forced to close their gates. At the same time the obvious solution of killing all the bears had to be turned down because the antic behavior of the bears is one of the biggest attractions at the parks.

One of the chief problems about bears, in fact, is the ordinary tourist's belief that these large gamboling animals are

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harmless, friendly clowns. They are friendly, but they are also dangerous. "Like all animals in our national parks," says George E. Mernin, chief of the Division of Visitor Protection, "bears are wild animals. Because they are protected—no hunters are allowed in the parks—they have lost their fear of man. This may make them appear tame. Actually, they are even more dangerous than bears in the hunted regions, who know that a man can mean a bullet."

Oddly, it is not the dangerous grizzlies but the gregarious black bears that give the most trouble to park officials. There are now about 500 black bears at Yellowstone, which, along with Sequoia-Kings Canyon and Great Smoky, reports the most bear troubles. The cleverest troublemakers are the roadside bears who select choice spots along the highways and then wait for the friendly handout from passing drivers. The bears arrive at eight A.M. and quit at five as if they were under a union contract. Not only have these bears learned to avoid the man who wears a ranger's uniform, but they can even recognize the white-on-black park service license plates which carry the letter I for Department of the Interior. Robert Henry Bendt, chief of the Branch of Wildlife Management, insists, "We'll see a bear panhandling cars with all kinds of licenses—California, Ohio, New York—but it scoots into the woods when we come along. I'm not joking—it reads the I on our plates."

Ironically, some of the visitors' innocence can be laid to the fire-prevention campaign of Smokey Bear in his jaunty ranger's hat. When people see the roadside bears, it seems as if Smokey and his family have come alive. And the bears, beggars that they are, respond. They know how to look woebegone, shaggy and pitiful. They will sit up like overgrown big-bellied dogs, begging for your hand. Sometimes that's just what they get. A tourist often thinks of taking a funny picture of a bear wearing a hat. In one case, such a snapshot cost 20 stitches. Perhaps the funniest photo of all was ruined by an unsympathetic ranger at Great Smoky Mountains National Park, who came upon a man attempting to push a bear into the front seat of his car, next to his somewhat nervous wife. "I want to get a picture of him behind the wheel," the man explained. "Like he's driving my wife around."

In contrast to the roadside bears who work the day shift, the black campground bears do most of their prowling at night. They seek out the pitched tent, the parked car, garbage cans and iceboxes. They have sniffed out food in locked steel boxes and then banged them against trees and rocks to open them. Bears have sneaked into car trunks by ripping through the upholstery in the back seat, and they have gone through convertible tops as though they were paper bags. One bear smelling a loaf of homemade sorghum bread on the front seat of a locked car bent and tore off the door.

Until three years ago rangers simply shot dangerous campground or roadside bears. This solution created a rather unfortunate impression. Children would run screaming to their parents about the bad man who killed the nice bear, and agitated crowds would gather around the carcass. While rangers still shoot dangerous bears—53 were killed in Yellowstone last season—Park Service officials have instituted a more humane save-the-bear-and-people campaign.

To keep tabs on the marauding campground bears, park rangers now make up their own bear dossiers, which they carry with them in black notebooks. The rangers are able to identify each animal because black bears actually come in many colors, from dark brown to russet and honey blond.

For the nocturnal campground raider, the rangers set a trap consisting of a 48-inch-high iron cage mounted on wheels. Meat bait is placed inside, and the bear clambers in without hesitation the first time. Then the trap is hauled 30 or 40 miles into the wilderness where visitors never wander. Evicted, the animal watches the trap roll away and turns to face the life that nature intended for a bear, foraging for berries, grass roots and ants. But too many bears have fond memories of candy, steaks and cantaloupe rinds. So, after taking their bearings, they wander back to the old campsite, arriving a night or two later. Rangers have found that a bear may be enticed into a trap a second or even a third time, but such an animal belongs at the foot of his class. Most bears quickly become trap-shy.

The most ingenious method of handling a trap-shy bear consists of jabbing the animal with a three-foot-long hypodermic containing Sucostrin, a curare-type drug that causes a temporary paralysis. The needle is only a pinprick to the bear, but the injection knocks it unconscious for half an hour, when it wakes up as active as ever. By this time the bear has been given a daub of red or white paint for identification and transported to a Siberian wilderness. The bear that wears two stripes and returns to its favorite campsite is considered a two-time loser and is quietly done away with.

Once two Yellowstone Rangers enticed a bear with a little bag of apple peelings, then injected the animal with the knockout drug, which takes a minute to act. As they turned their car around, they noticed a visitor drive up, get out with his camera and aim at the animal. Just as the shutter clicked, the animal keeled over as if dead. At the sight of the approaching rangers, the man, apparently mortified by the thought that he had actually killed a bear with a camera, jumped into his car and drove away.

Too much familiarity

To keep bears and people at more than jaws' length, the Park Service has issued additional printed and spoken warnings, instituted more prosecutions for feeding, added patrols to keep people in their cars, and increased garbage collections. Because much of the bear menace would end if the animals never became accustomed to human cuisine, the Park Service sees hope in a new kind of garbage can whose steel top is held in place by a pin. So far no bear has learned how to loosen the pin, although all the cans in Glacier and Yellowstone have been heavily used by the campground bears as punching bags.

Despite the Park Service's protection campaign, the bears still have a disconcerting way of mistaking an arm for a steak. Mindful of Joe Williams's tragic experience and the lawsuit that followed, park officials remain wary. However, their fears of financial ruin have abated. Ironically, it was a black bear that helped set the new judicial precedent.

Harry Ashley, a Nebraska rancher, had fallen asleep with his arm resting on the car's window ledge when his wife stopped to look at some cavorting bears in Yellowstone. Suddenly he cried out that he had been bitten by a bear.

Later Ashley received 75 stitches and sued Yellowstone Park for $55,000. The Park Service followed the trial with trepidation. But on March 6, 1963, a federal court ruled that the Government had done everything it could to warn the victim. (A park employee had failed to do this in the Williams case.) The court then rejected Ashley's damage suit.

Rangers would still prefer the public to see the bears in their natural habitat. Says Robert Bendt, "We could put in special bear-observation roads like those in the Nairobi Game Refuge where people drive through to observe the lions."

In the meantime, stay in your car with the windows closed. A photo of you and that big Teddy bear could be your last unforgettable moment. THE END

Despite the posted warnings, a visitor stops to play with a hungry park bear.

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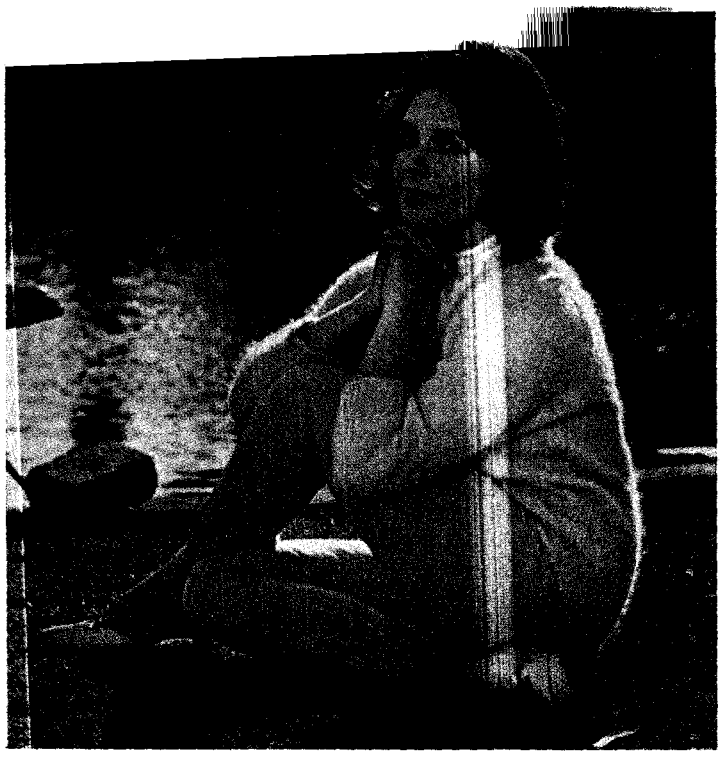
BLOOM IN LOVE



Claire at home in California, where she once vowed never to live.

Once the perfect Old Vic Juliet, Claire Bloom has turned into the perfect match for the movie tough guy to whom she is married.

BY C. ROBERT JENNINGS

When England's Claire Bloom first went to Hollywood in 1950, to costar in Charlie Chaplin's *Limelight*, she was asked if she planned to stay. She virtually hissed her reply: "Nothing on earth could make me. I'm a stage actress. Besides, this isn't my country."

Today Claire Bloom makes her home in the Hollywood Hills, has another home in Malibu and a new pink one in Brooklyn. She is married to a Hollywood actor, tough-guy Rod Steiger, by whom she has a daughter Anna; and she has been much too busy making movies to appear on many stages.

A decade ago, intensely shy, she refused to perch for photographers on the rail of the ship bringing her to America. At the studios she refused to do cheesecake. "I'm not supposed to be Betty Grable," she snapped. Now the jawbone-high necklines, the boyish jerkins, sweet Juliet caps and ballerina bodices have given way to Bardot bath towels, diaphanous negligees, blouses slashed to the navel. In M-G-M's upcoming film, *The Outrage*, a new version in cowpoke costume of the classic Japanese movie, *Rashomon*, she gets raped several times. In short, today's Claire, as *Outrage* costar Paul Newman puts it, "is a real swinger."

Peter Glenville, who directed her in *Rashomon* on Broadway, says of her, "She's not at all this little cabbage rose she seems. She is a most definite, tough, knowledgeable, strong-minded girl." Glenville says he was "never more surprised" than the day in 1959 when Claire first met Steiger, who was to costar with her in *Rashomon*. The scene was a mid-Manhattan studio, where Antony Armstrong-Jones, a photographer, was on hand for some advance-publicity stills. "Rod was looking very tough," says Glenville, "wearing a sweat shirt into which he was sweating, and Claire came in looking very delicate, weeping willowy and uptowny. He stuck out his big hairy paw and immediately she liked him." Today Rod is known to Claire as "my monster."

Over teacup gossip with a friend, Claire used to play a game of metaphors in which Sir John Gielgud became "grouse, out of season, in aspic." Olivier was "beefsteak tartare." And Claire saw herself as "a soft-boiled egg, peeled."

"Now," she says with a warm laugh, "I should think I'm getting to be rather a hard-boiled egg. I was never very good socially; in fact, it was an agony every time I met new people. But marriage has changed that. Actors mature later than other people. Being just an actress is the nearest thing to being in a convent, and from ages seventeen to twenty-three I went from job to job without a pause. I was fiercely ambitious, and nothing could have stopped me. I used to fall apart at criticism of any kind. Now I can be absolutely destroyed, and in the next hour snap back and forget the whole thing."

Born in 1931 in London, Claire was raised like a hothouse plant, although there were frequent uprootings. She remembers her father Edward, who divorced her mother three years before he died in 1953, as "a wild, very charming, very romantic, very idealistic man, always off on things that never came true." Wherever his various ambiguous businesses took him, Claire and her mother tagged disconsolately along. She would have little to do with either dolls or other children. When she was four, her mother read Shakespeare to her—everything from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to *Hamlet*. "I was petrified of the ghost," Claire remembers. And at five she saw Norma Shearer do *Juliet* on film and went home to learn the part. "By the time I was eight," she recalls, "my favorite bedtime story was *Julius Caesar*—it was all that violence, I guess."

When the war came, Elizabeth Bloom took Claire and her younger brother John, "whose great talent," says Claire, "was to imitate Sir Ralph Richardson's Falstaff at age nine," off to Florida, where they lived an "uncomfortable" year with an uncle. Then they packed off to Forest Hills, N.Y., where they rented a single room, and a miserable Claire attended P.S. 3 and 101 in Queens. They lived on charity—the embargo on the British pound prevented Edward Bloom from sending money. Even then, a friend remembers, "Claire wanted everything to be beautiful. She was the fairy princess, with a look of perpetual wonderment, and couldn't stand things dirty or noisy, vulgar or worldly."

In a touching attempt to escape her hand-to-mouth existence in America, and the anti-Semitism she was feeling "for the first time," Claire set out to do "what minorities generally do—prove themselves." A WOR radio program promised an audition to any child who requested it. Claire was accepted and played, at the age of 10, one radio performance of Nevil Shute's *The Pied Piper*.

Back to the blitz

After 15 months in the U.S., Claire's mother became ill, and because they "rather regretted the whole adventure," says Claire, they returned to England. "We preferred the blitz." Back home Claire attended more makeshift schools—one of them run by Bertrand Russell's sister Dora.

In 1943 Claire won a scholarship to the Guildhall School of Drama, auditioning with Shaw's *St. Joan*. She was 12. She sought extra instruction from Dame Sybil Thorndike's sister Eileen, who said of her, "It is very rarely that you see a born actress, but I think here was a born actress." A colleague is less kind: "She was almost nauseously devoted to her calling."

Claire was not popular—with her untouchable looks and uncrushable air, and her mother, perpetually hovering about, a would-be actress determined that her daughter "would not be second-rate."

"I thought I was sophisticated," says Claire, "but I was really just priggish, though in a way I was old for my age." She was old enough, at any rate, to make her paid, professional debut on her 15th birthday in a BBC dramatization of Thomas De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*. She played Ann of Oxford Street, a 16-year-old tart, and was promptly dismissed from her dismayed drama school.

When Peter Brook, the director, announced that he was looking for a youngish girl experienced enough to play Juliet, Claire volunteered. She was 15. She lied, upon being auditioned in London, that she was 17. She failed to land the part. Later Brook said, "Little did I realize I was talking to exactly the girl I wanted, but just a few years too early."

After a brief, unhappy interlude with J. Arthur Rank, "who made the most terrible films with terrible young ladies with long hair, dancing at the Savoy," Claire was fledged at Stratford-on-Avon. There she played Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*, Blanch in *King John*, Ophelia in Michael Benthall's brilliant *Hamlet*, in which Robert Helpmann and Paul Scofield alternated leads. Much to her embarrassment, Claire was still so young she had to have the blue ration card issued to children.

In 1949 Claire landed the part of Alizon Eliot in Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning* in which, she says, she had "a lovely little love scene" with Richard Burton. A close friend remembers only that Burton was "unique among her leading men in that he failed to capture her heart." He adds, "No one could ever figure Claire out. Every time she appeared in a play, all the women mothered her, and all the leading men tried to make her."

Later on, playwright Arthur Laurents saw her in Anouilh's *Ring Around the Moon* and recommended her to Charlie Chaplin, who was looking for a girl to play the ballerina role in *Limelight*. "I tested hundreds of girls," said Chaplin. "They were all very pretty, very candy box, very deadpan, but not what I needed."

In April, 1950, Claire went to New York for "a nerve-racking period" of talk

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and tests with the master. They rehearsed in his Sherry Netherlands suite, then when he felt she was ready, Chaplin screen-tested Claire in a rented studio. He was disappointed. ("She seems weak. Maybe not.") Claire wept all the way to the airport. Four months later Chaplin phoned her at a London theater, telling her to be in Hollywood in two weeks.

Limelight turned out pallid and preachy. But, as critic Kenneth Tynan wrote, Claire "squeezed a gift of tears out of a film which was otherwise not even a rying shame." She was a 24-carat Movie Star, pursued by Louella Parsons and dated (at lunch) by Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia. Yet she seldom strayed away from her cat, her books and her mother.

After *Limelight*, Claire rejected two long-term movie contracts, and in 1952 she scored her biggest stage success to date. Her Juliet with the Old Vic, or Old Vicarage as the actors knew it, had blood, heat and poetry. Almost singlehandedly, Claire put the mendicant Old Vic back on its financial feet.

She stayed on to play Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice*, then *Twelfth Night*, *Coriolanus*, *All's Well That Ends Well* and *The Tempest*. Not all her reviews were good. The year was 1954, Claire was 23 and had practically exhausted all the solid young roles in the whole body of English dramatic literature.

She went into a deep funk. "I nearly went *mad*," she says. "I wanted to give up the stage. I was expected to produce masterpieces every day, and was made to feel it was against the law if I didn't. I foolishly turned down the stage role of Anne Frank and Marcelline in *The Immoralist*. You see, I had had my real adolescence in public very early, and my emotional adolescence was just kind of delayed."

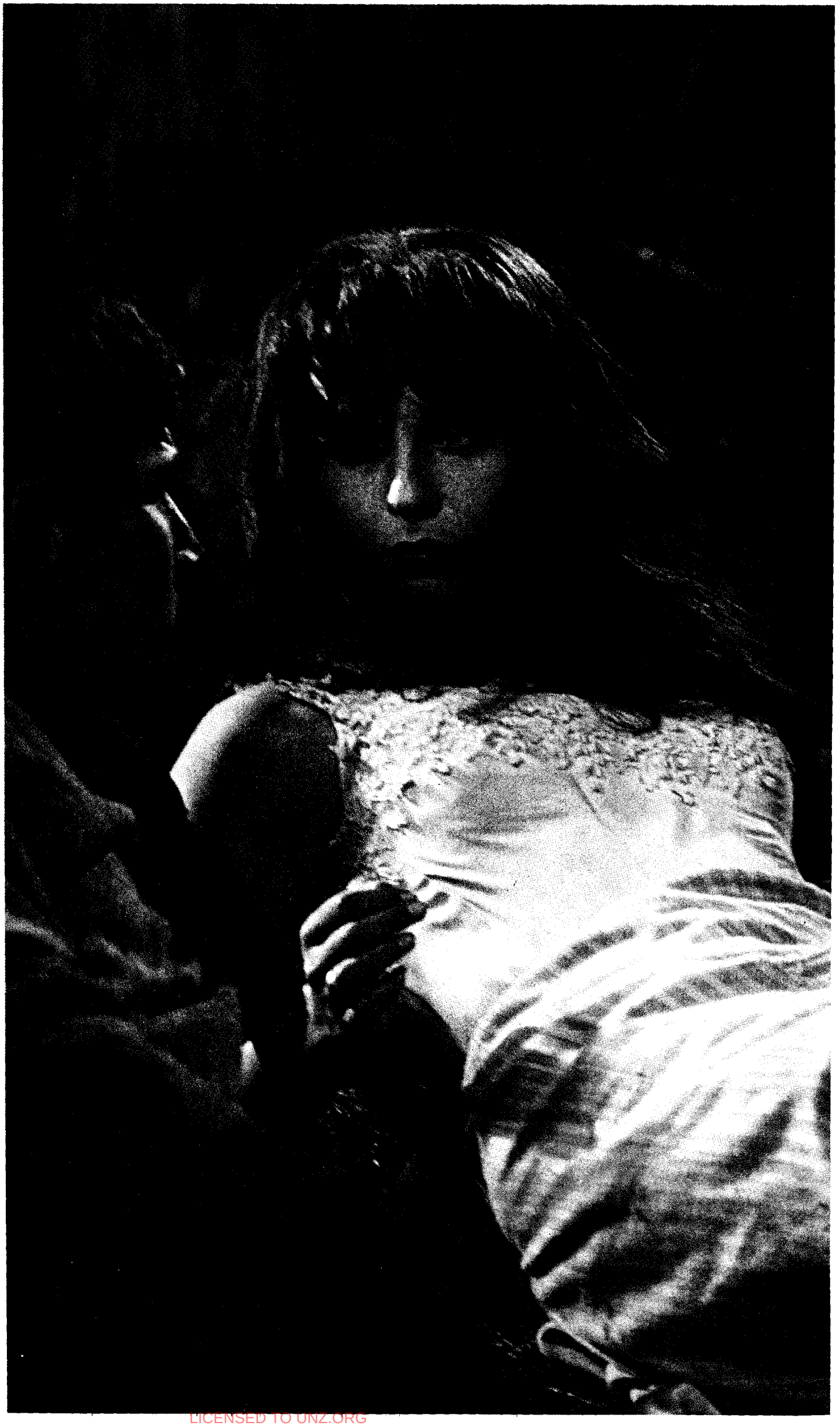
Claire went to Spain to make *Alexander the Great* for Robert Rossen, and the gossipists clucked that the romantic will of costar Richard Burton prevailed at last. The subject today is understandably taboo, and the slightest mention of it puts Claire's guard up.

Back in Hollywood, she got bogged down with *The Brothers Karamazov* and *The Buccaneer*. Says *Karamazov* director Richard Brooks, "Because she speaks English as it was meant to be spoken, she did not immediately become the star she deserved to become. Producers were afraid to use her." But Brooks found her an inventive film actress.

Today *Outrage* director Martin Ritt finds her a tough one. Ritt says he "ran her right into the ground. She took a lot of punishment without a whimper, which I guess is very British—you know, the-Empire-trembling-about-you sort of thing. She is a very strange girl—quite smart, contemplative and lovely, yet sometimes she's just this funny little dumpy Jewish girl. She will never be a great broad, like Pat Neal."

But Claire refuses to analyze herself. "If Rod and I have any quarrels, it's just because I don't like to talk about anything personal at all," she explains. "Rod would like to help me, but I don't let people help me easily. Rod is the most understanding of men, much gentler than anyone could guess. *I'm* the moody one. And just because I'm not a screaming extrovert doesn't mean I'm fit only to play nuns, fairy princesses and Wren officers. I'd love to get back to sort of grown-up Shakespeare parts—Portia, Isabella, Viola, Desdemona. I'm very ambitious to play any of those sisters in Chekhov." She pauses coolly. "Maybe I'll become an Earth Mother." THE END

Paul Newman, shown with Claire in Outrage*—movie in which she is several times raped—approvingly calls her "a real swinger."*



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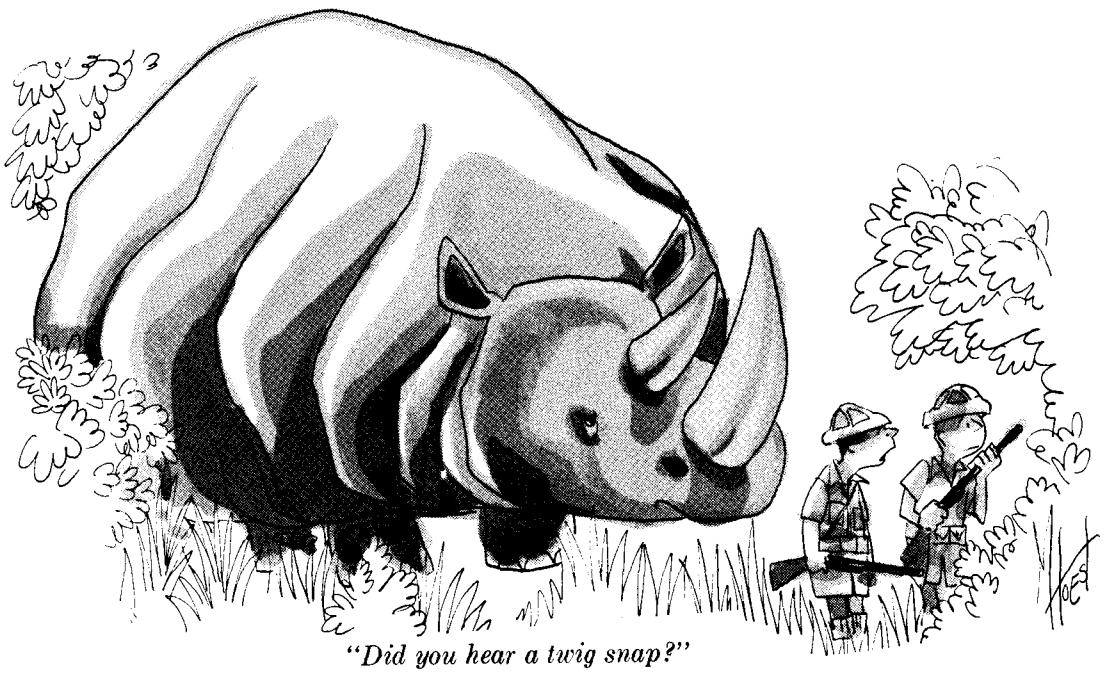
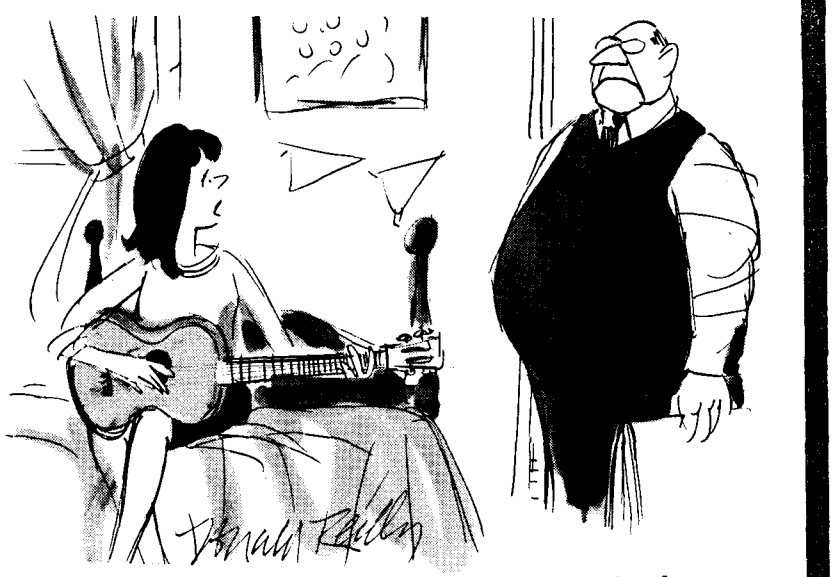
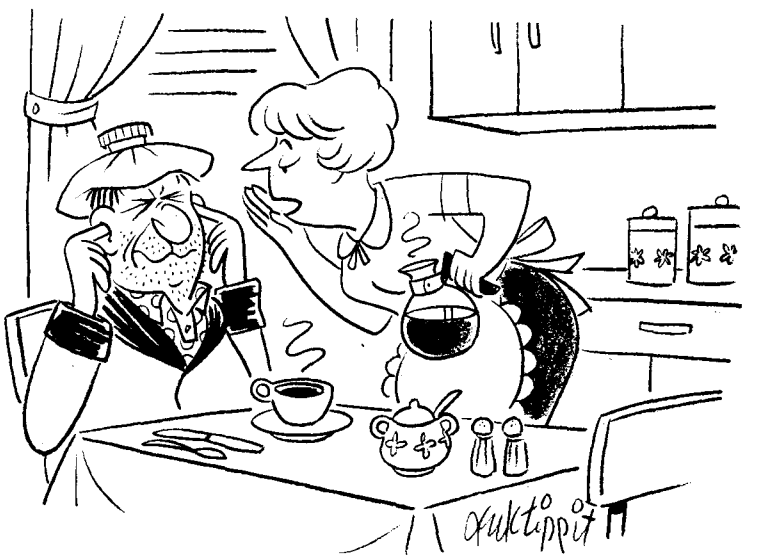
post scripts



"Did you hear a twig snap?"



"But Daddy, these folk songs are about the people who built America: the field hands, the mill laborers. . . ."



"I'm through pouring."

"They've got me in on an arson rap. But confidentially, I'm a homicidal maniac."

"I know 217 is a helluva lot for nine holes, Lou, but I also think your caddie left a great deal to be desired."

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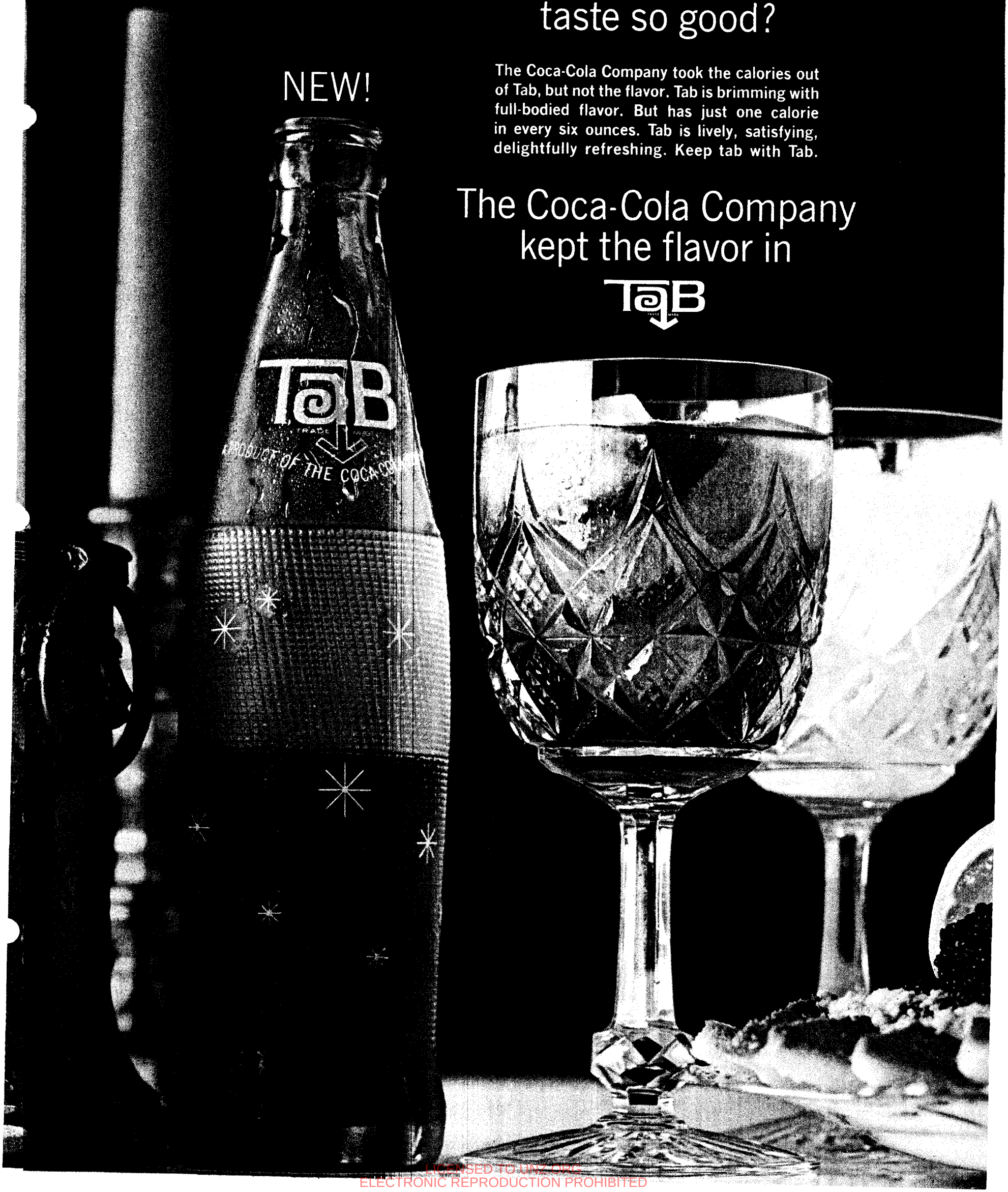

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They're off and running this week in the New Hampshire Sweepstakes, the nation's first legal state lottery in 70 years. Or <u>is</u> it legal, really?

In first drawing at Rockingham Park last July, announcer Babe Rubenstein reads name plucked from drum of 333,333 tickets by Miss New Hampshire.

THE SWEEPS VS. THE LAW

By Jack Iams

When the starting gate slams open for the big race at New Hampshire's Rockingham Park next Saturday, no one would be totally surprised if a pack of lawyers rode forth lashing their steeds with writs. Merely by opening the gate, the sovereign state of New Hampshire will be setting loose legal problems that may not be resolved in three—or 10—years flat. And many solid citizens are convinced that the horses in the inaugural running of the New Hampshire Sweepstakes will be officially trampling New Hampshire's very morality in the dust.

The race is the climax of the nation's first legal state lottery since the turn of the century, and some million-and-a-half Americans have put up three dollars apiece for tickets. A handful of ticket holders, whose names were drawn and paired with horses in the race, stand to make small fortunes; four or five people with tickets on the winner will get $100,000 apiece, the second and third horses will pay $50,000 and $25,000 respectively, and the rest of the entries will pay around $4,000. No matter who wins, New Hampshire will net about $2.5 million for its public-school system. The state may also come into multiple collision with the United States Government.

Even though tickets for the Sweeps are sold only in New Hampshire, plungers from coast to coast have managed to buy them. Since federal law forbids any lottery to spill over state lines, Justice Department officials will be among the most interested observers at Rockingham. New York Congressman Emanuel Celler has called on Justice to enforce the letter of the law. A U.S. attorney in Massachusetts has warned residents of that state that they have already broken the law if they brought receipts for Sweeps tickets across the border (thousands of Massachusetts bettors *have* brought receipts over). In New Jersey the attorney general's office has declared that possession of Sweeps receipts is a misdemeanor, punishable by up to three years in prison (New Jersey receipt-possessors are undoubtedly legion).

Then there is the Internal Revenue Service, which is not only waiting for its huge slice of any prize winnings—$60,000 out of the $100,000 if the winner is single—but also aims to collect a 10 percent federal "gambling tax" on the proceeds realized by New Hampshire from ticket sales. New Hampshire is paying it only under bitter protest.

The Post Office Department is alert to see that the mails are not used in the operation of the Sweeps. For instance, winners cannot be notified by mail, nor can prize money be sent through the mails. There are differences of opinion in the department as to whether even form letters answering public inquiries on the Sweeps can go out by letter.

Finally, there is the Federal Communications Commission, which theoretically can punish any radio or television station that broadcasts the names of winners (although it raises no objection to broadcasting of the race). The FCC also may have to step in if Sweeps officials try to get around the post office by telegraphing prize money.

This sort of federal-state conflict is uncharted territory, legally, and a rash of test cases can be expected to follow the race. Civic groups, who fought a bitter, losing battle against the Sweeps, hope that everything that can go wrong will. Legal prosecutions could stir public reaction against "this miserable intruder"—as New Hampshire's Episcopal Bishop Charles F. Hall dubbed the Sweeps—and even start a ground swell for repeal.

A number of out-of-state observers will be hoping for just the opposite. If the Sweeps succeeds, the demand for legalized lotteries is bound to increase in many parts of the country. California has authorized a referendum on the issue in November. Kentucky sent State Sen. Aloysius McCann to study the New Hampshire operation, with a view to establishing a sweepstakes on the

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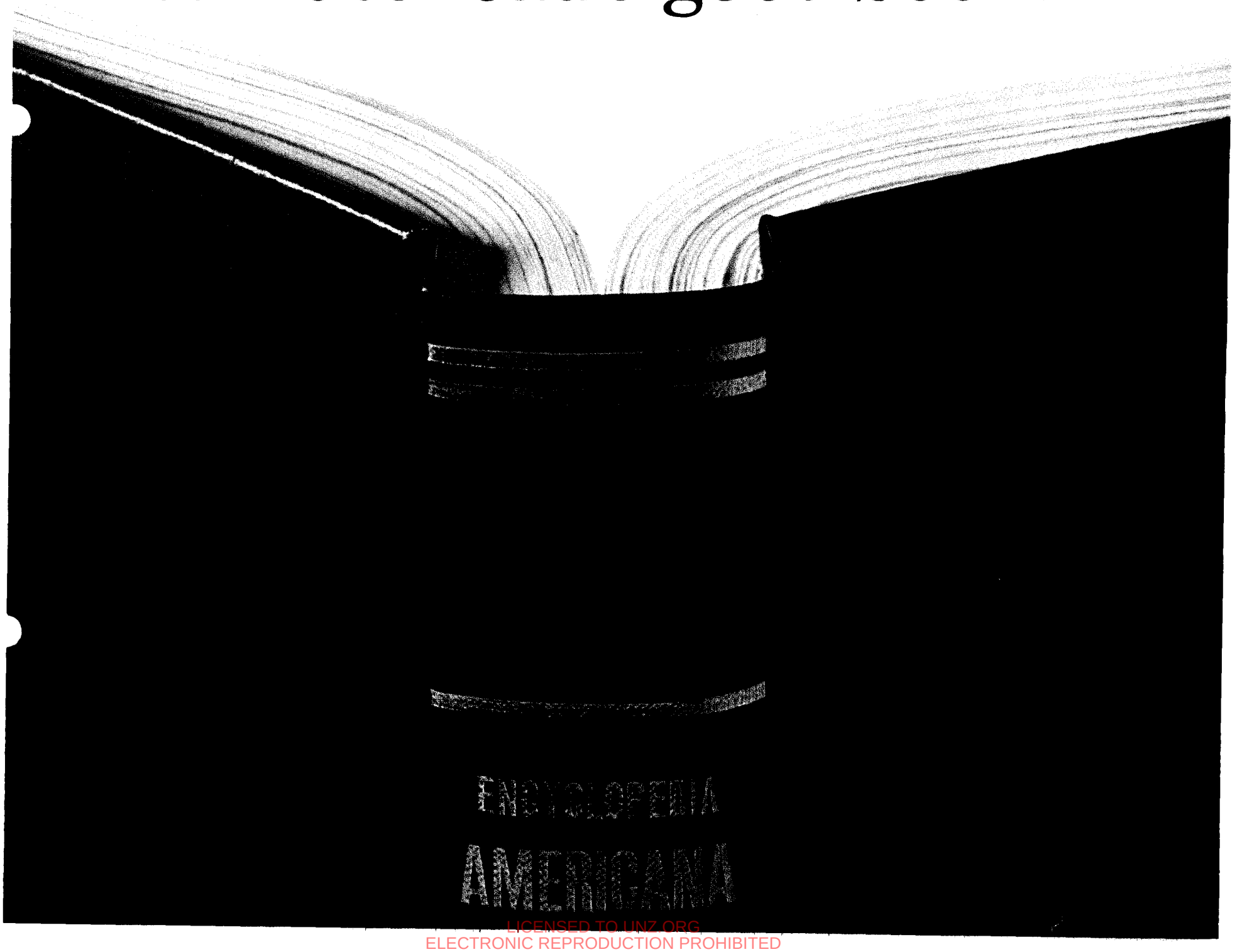

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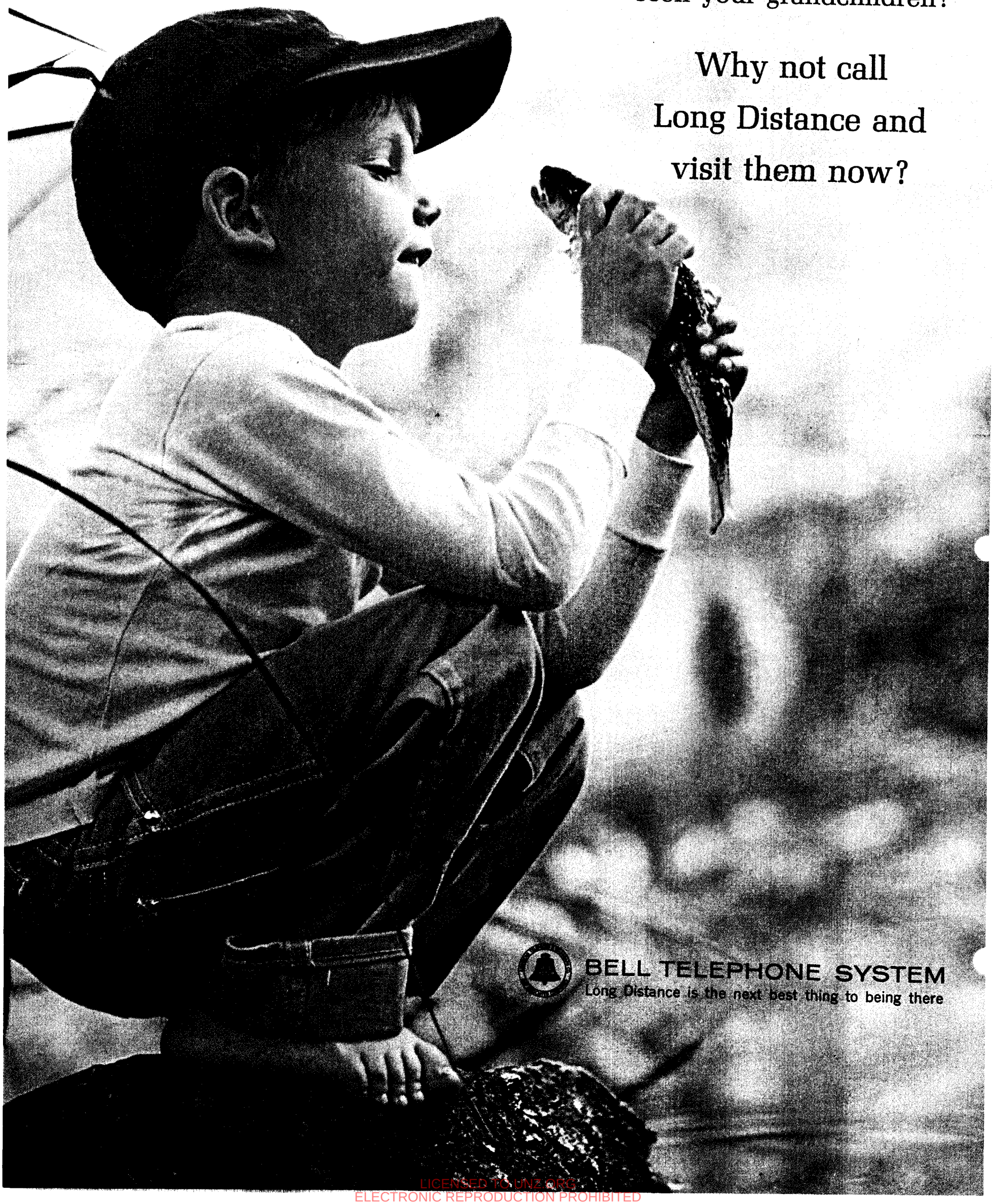

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Sweeps vs. the Law

Kentucky Derby. New York's Rep. Paul Fino—who proclaimed himself the first congressman to buy a ticket "or publicly admit it"—is counting on the Sweeps to pave the way toward the national lottery for which he has long campaigned on Capitol Hill.

Current consensus is that the Sweeps has a better chance for federal approval than it did when New Hampshire Gov. John William King signed it into law 16 months ago. King is the first Democratic governor the state has had in 40 years. The Administration has no wish to embarrass him in his campaign for re-election this fall, nor to endanger New Hampshire's presidential electoral votes with anything smacking of federal encroachment on the state's sovereign rights.

Back in early 1963, however, when the Sweepstakes bill was a bone of bitter contention in the New Hampshire legislature, the Department of Justice unblushingly threw its weight behind the bill's opponents. The department's stand was summed up by Assistant Attorney General Herbert Miller in a letter to legislators battling the Sweeps.

"Undoubtedly," Miller wrote, "a score of federal violations will result. . . . A state-sanctioned lottery in no way immunizes an individual who travels interstate with the tickets from possible federal prosecution for a felony. . . ."

Miller provided opponents of the bill with powerful ammunition. But Sweeps supporters contended that a Federal Government which had long winked at Irish Sweeps operations in this country was hardly likely to crack down on a native state, no matter what it said officially.

In any event, in March last year the Sweepstakes won approval in the lower house, 196 to 166. This came as no great surprise. The house had repeatedly passed similar legislation, introduced at every session over the past decade by Laurence Pickett, a Democrat from Keene. Pickett has waged ceaseless war against what he calls "do-gooders," to whom he, in turn, seems an archtypical villain. A jovial, red-faced man with an expansive paunch and a love for strong drink, he could have stepped out of a Thomas B. Nast anti-Tweed cartoon.

But even Larry Pickett saw little hope of getting the bill through the state senate, which had regularly rejected Sweepstakes legislation. The lineup in the 24-member upper chamber was clear-cut. Five Republicans and five Democrats had announced support for the bill. Fourteen Republicans had expressed solid opposition. But on the eve of the vote three of the opposition Republicans—Nathan Battles, Robert Whalen, and Nelson Howard—suddenly switched sides. The final vote was 13 to 11 in favor of the bill.

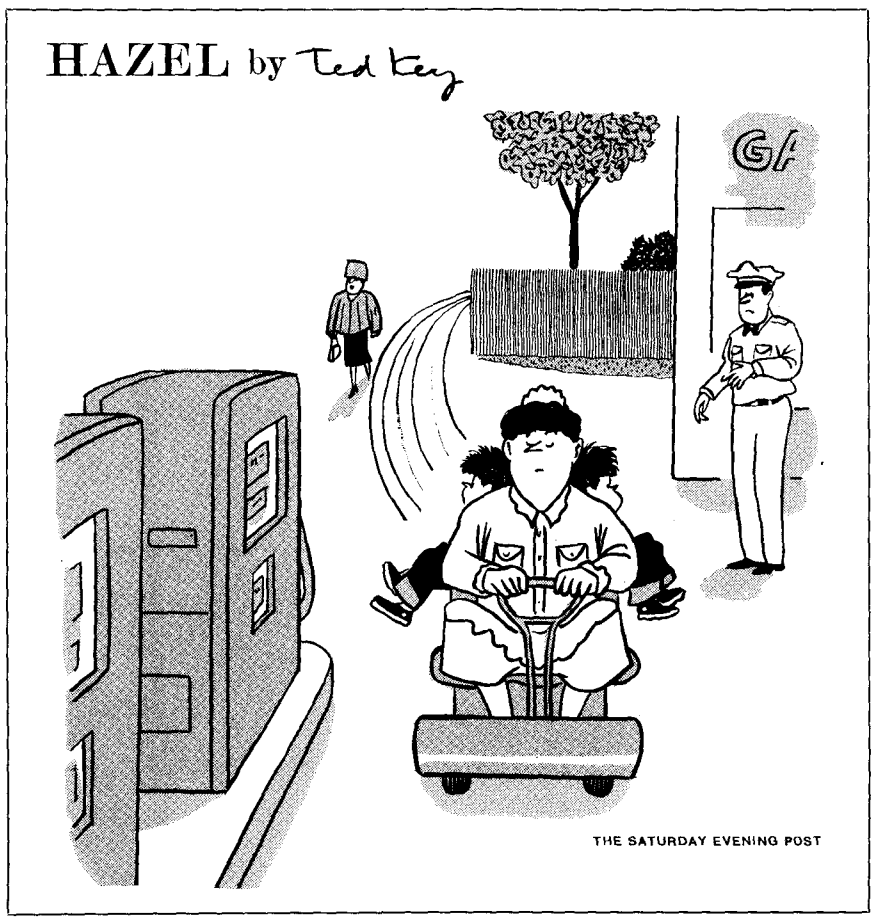
The Concord *Monitor* darkly hinted that the three had been swayed by former Gov. Wesley Powell, the Republican whom many expect to run against John King this fall. This was denied. But Powell was undoubtedly happy to see the hot potato passed on to King.

For John King, a plumpish, pink-cheeked man in his mid-40's, it was a time of soul-searching and considerable harassment. "I couldn't walk out of my office," he recalls, "without a dozen people buttonholing me and telling me I mustn't sign the bill. Some women even used to call my wife at home and beg her to use her influence."

King sent his legal counselor, Joseph Millimet, to find out from the Department of Justice exactly what would happen if the bill should become law. Millimet insists Justice gave him no "under-the-table assurance of nonprosecution." But the word he brought back was undoubtedly much softer than the blunt warning issued by Assistant Attorney General Miller a few weeks before. It served to make up Governor King's mind, and on April 30, 1963, he signed the bill.

Editorial reaction was unfavorable. THE SHAME OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, the New York *Herald-Tribune* called it (presumably reflecting the views of its proprietor, turfman John Hay Whitney, whose Greentree Stables subsequently nominated five horses for the race).

But the mail and telegrams that poured into the governor's office were overwhelmingly approving. One letter from Hollywood said, "What this country needs is more governors like you." It was signed, Groucho Marx.



House Bill 47 called for establishment of a three-man Sweepstakes Commission, and authorized it to sell tickets for three dollars apiece at the three state-operated racetracks and at the 49 state liquor stores. It decreed that two races should be held annually (only one is being held this year), and stipulated that profits should be earmarked for education. The profit figure most frequently mentioned was an annual four million dollars, based on a gross of eight million dollars.

A local-option clause provided that at the forthcoming presidential-preference primary the question should be submitted to the voters: "Shall Sweepstakes tickets be sold in this city or town?"

To the groups opposing the bill, this provision offered a chance for one final burst of fire on the moral issue. "We do not believe," said the Rev. Hartley P. Grandin, of the New Hampshire Council of Churches, "that the people of our God-fearing state really want this basically immoral legislation on the books."

Most Protestant ministers in the state supported the crusade, joined by a group of educators, lawyers and businessmen called The Committee of 100: Nearly all of the state's newspapers cheered them on.

But the voters who tramped through the snow last March 10 to give Henry Cabot Lodge a surprise victory also dealt the crusaders a stunning blow. Only 12 towns out of 237 in the state voted against the Sweeps. "There is nothing we can do now but wait and watch," said the Reverend Mr. Grandin gloomily. "Too many people in this state apparently want something for nothing."

Most New Hampshiremen did like the idea of Sweeps revenue (largely contributed by out-of-staters) postponing the threat of a state sales tax. Another factor in the Sweeps victory was the appointment, months before, of a former FBI man named Edward J. Powers as the Sweeps executive director. There could scarcely have been a better answer to the opposition's arguments that federal laws were bound to be violated, and that criminal elements were certain to creep in.

Powers, a trim man of 50 who headed the FBI's New England operations and is given credit for breaking the Brinks robbery, had to work out a system to sell tickets to out-of-staters without violating federal law. Tickets could not be carried outside the state for sale or resale. Here the law was clear. But could a visitor buy a ticket for his own use and carry it home across state lines? The law was hazy on that point, but Powers was taking no chances. His system operates like this:

You go into a liquor store or a booth at the track, give an attendant three dollars and write your name and address—or a friend's—on a ticket that is on a roll inside a vending machine. You turn a crank, and out comes a duplicate. But the ticket itself remains inside the machine. The duplicate is actually valueless. It is simply an "acknowledgment"—a word Powers prefers to "receipt."

"It may seem a quibble," says Powers, "but an 'acknowledgment' does not constitute a claim to a prize, and we maintain it cannot be considered as 'gambling paraphernalia.' The statute forbidding transportation of 'paraphernalia' across state lines was designed to help the states suppress illegal gambling. It is a misapplication to use it against the legal operation of a state lottery."

The nearest thing to a test case so far involved state rather than federal law. A Rhode Island restaurant owner was arrested by state police when he came back with 38 "acknowledgments" in his car for tickets he had purchased for his customers. Powers hustled down to testify for the defense, but to his disappointment the case was thrown out of court on grounds of illegal search.

Then the U.S. attorney in Boston ruled that newspapers containing the names of ticket holders who had drawn horses could not be sent across state lines. Powers comes close to anger when he discusses this. "It's ridiculous. It contravenes freedom of the press. I hope the papers will fight this ruling to a finish."

If this issue comes to a head, it will come after the race, when the names of the top prizewinners will be big news. Until now it has been only a question of printing the names of those who have drawn *nominated* horses. Of the 332 horses nominated, it is expected that no more than 16 will be at the starting post. Those who have drawn horses that do not run will receive about $200.

Drawings are held for each one million dollars' worth of tickets sold—which means that four, and possibly five, will have been held before S-Day. Each drawing has a full complement of winners.

The first drawing, held at Rockingham in mid-July, was a festive occasion, the first such event to take place in the U.S. since 1894—when the corrupt Louisiana lottery was put out of business by some of the same federal statutes New Hampshire is coping with today.

On a platform in front of the grandstand, guarded by state troopers, were two Plexiglas drums, one large and one small. In the small one were 332 slips bearing the names of nominated horses. The big one held 333,333 tickets that accounted for the Sweeps' first million dollars.

Three fetching young women in sleeveless white gowns—Miss New Hampshire and two of her handmaidens—did the actual drawing. After *The Star-Spangled Banner* and a few speeches, one of the handmaidens thrust her hand into the smaller drum, drew out the name of the horse—an obscure one called Channan. Then Miss New Hampshire reached into the large drum and drew out the ticket to be matched with the horse. It belonged to a Manchester overalls salesman.

A stir of excitement ran through the crowd when the first of the famous horses was drawn—Northern Dancer. Miss New Hampshire's handmaiden, spelling her at the large drum, became so flustered that she drew two tickets instead of one, and both had to be thrown back.

It was heady stuff for staid old New Hampshire, the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne's Great Stone Face, "a great day for our state," as Governor King put it. What really made the day for him was that one of the first ticket holders to draw a horse was the wife of a legislator who had been a member of the Committee of 100. King wasted no time dropping her a note: "I am glad to see that you support our program. The ladies are often wiser than their husbands in such matters."

But the matter is not settled yet. What's more, the final result of the New Hampshire Sweepstakes will not be determined by horses alone. THE END

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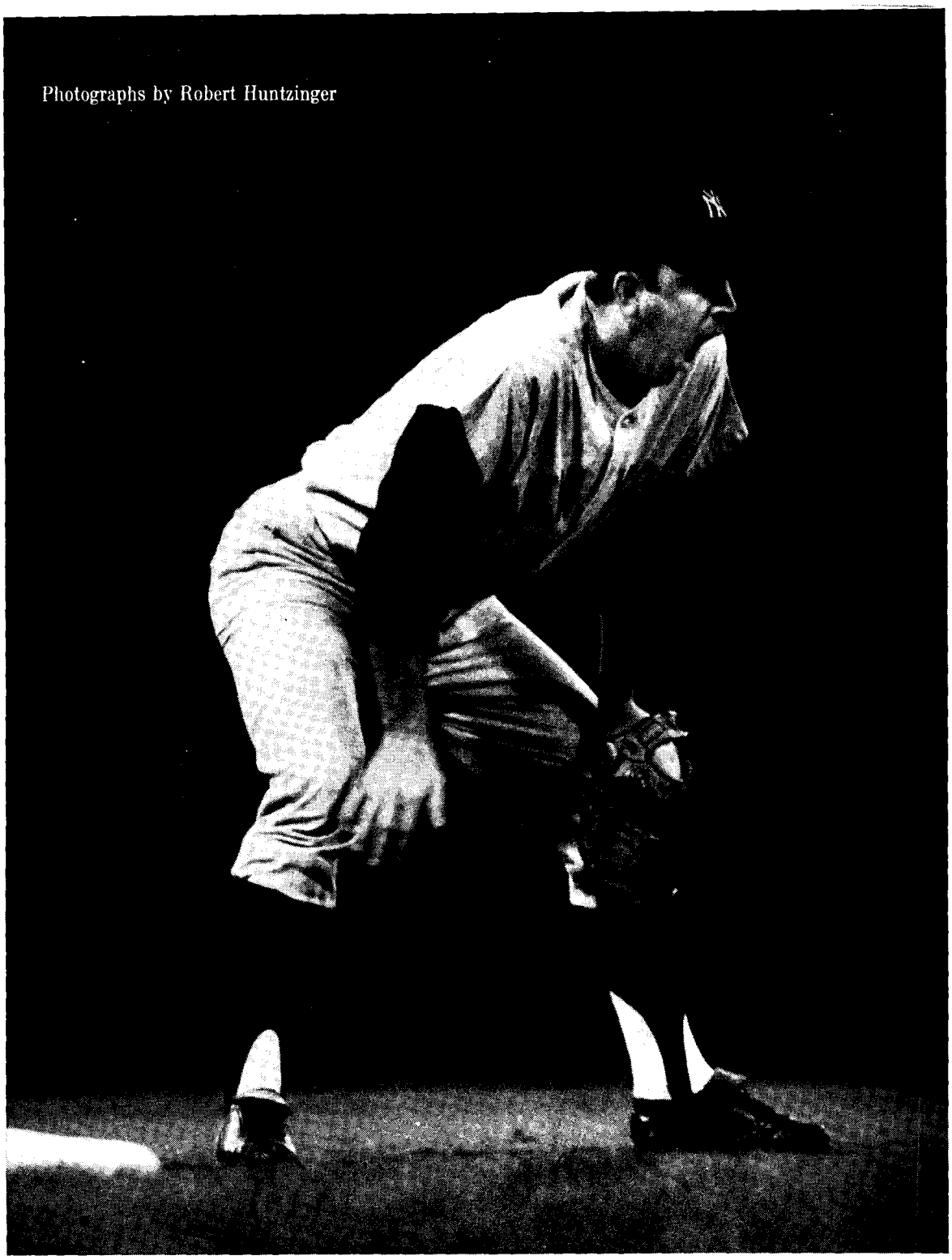
Photographs by Robert Huntzinger



Third-baseman Boyer—a good fielder whose hitting has been team's lowest—yawns between pitches of a night game.

The Yankees:

DESCENT FROM OLYMPUS

New York once boasted the mightiest team in baseball. Now, like The Beverly Hillbillies, it belongs to CBS. Why?

By Roger Kahn

I wonder if two millionaires who owned a major-league baseball team ever sat together and talked like this:

"I think we've had it."

"We sure have. The team looks bad and our minor-league clubs are going sour too."

"The competition's getting better and the neighborhood's getting worse. We can't seem to draw fans. Have you looked at the ledgers lately?"

"Please. Not while I'm drinking."

"Well, don't just sit there. Think of something."

"Why don't we sell?"

"Sure, sure. But who would buy at our price?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some big, rich outfit with some angles that's worried about its image. A TV network, maybe."

"But what about our own image? What will we tell the public?"

"Tell 'em what we always tell 'em when we're stuck. Say we did it for the good of The Game."

It is obviously absurd to suggest that any such conversation ever transpired between Daniel R. Topping (inherited wealth) and Del E. Webb (self-made fortune), the millionaires who last month sold control of the New York Yankees to the Columbia Broadcasting System. It is probably coincidence that as Topping and Webb pulled out for $11.2 million in capital gains, the Yankees lost control of the American League pennant race for the first time in five years. It may be alarmist to assert that the Yankee dynasty we have known is, in the words of Richard Burton, dying, Egypt, dying.

And yet forget for the moment history, sentiment and myth. Consider samplings from the oddly mixed bag that CBS received in exchange for its millions.

The Yankees this year will very likely have only one .300 hitter and only one man who hits as many as 30 home runs. It will be the same man, Mickey Mantle, that great Purple Heart of an outfielder, whose battered legs make him a part-time ball player at 32.

The Yankees will have no starting pitcher healthy enough and good enough to win 20 games, nor do they have any outstanding reliever.

Once their minor-league system was a miracle of consistent productivity. Aging regulars were always being pressed by young prospects. No longer. The Yankees' two principal farm teams, Richmond and Columbus (Ga.), have both slumped to the second division.

The Yankees will draw about 1.3 million customers this season, "enough to make a profit but not a fortune," according to Ralph Houk, the general manager. The New York Mets, a last-place team, will outdraw the Yankees by 400,000.

One suspects that CBS executives are aware of at least some of these considerations. For $11.2 million the company might have bought a few new stations, tied up the Beverly Hillbillies for eternity, or possibly even seduced Huntley and Brinkley from NBC. But no, CBS chose the Yankees. Why? The real reason, some observers maintain, is that "they want to keep pay TV out of New York, and pay TV can't make it in New York without a good baseball program."

This is a serious charge, against which CBS defends its honor with virginal zeal. "Pay television was in no way a motivating consideration," says a vice president named E. K. (for Kidder) Meade, Jr. "We believe that we can lend a constructive interest to the game and to the Yan-

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kees. That is the sole purpose of our investment." Only a cad would say anything to that but "*beau geste.*"

This has been a curious year for baseball, the year of the non sequitur. The Los Angeles Dodgers, who swept last fall's World Series like the team of the century, failed to follow with so much as a challenge for the National League pennant. The Yankees, who last season won their fourth straight pennant (by 10½ games) have not led at any time by as much as two. Meanwhile such teams as the Phillies and the White Sox and Orioles, which traditionally lose with a smile, have moved to the edge of victory.

Foreshadowing appeared 10 years ago in Douglass Wallop's popular novel, *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*. In that heady fantasy, the Yankees lost the 1958 pennant because the hero, an enthusiastic Washington rooter, made a pact with the devil. Actually, the Yankees won the '58 pennant by 10 games, but this year, when they seem likely to lose, cynics who remember the novel have said, "It's because they made a pact with CBS."

The truth is apparently less dramatic. The Yankee descent from Olympus has been gradual, complex, steep and very real. A good way to sense that reality is to sit high up behind home plate at the stadium, where the view has become faintly depressing, even when Joe Pepitone isn't dropping a pop fly, and Clete Boyer isn't bouncing out.

On a hill, beyond the gaping bleachers, rises The Bronx County Courthouse, a granite monolith that suggests the worst of New Deal architecture. Nearby, surrounded by squat apartment buildings, stands the Concourse Plaza Hotel, a pre-Hiltonite structure that George Follansbee Babbitt would have called "real swell." Closer, a sign painted on a water tower advertises Seven-Up, the Bitter Lemon of 1924.

What the stadium has become is an old ball park in a twilight neighborhood. The Southwest Bronx, where the cracked structure stands, is a narrow river away from the foment of Harlem and is in itself an area which is growing more and more heavily Negro. There is sound reason to believe that within a few years Yankee Stadium will lie inside New York's expanding black ghetto. It would be difficult to imagine a more severe deterrent to attendance at night games, at least for the kind of suburban, upper-middle-class Caucasians who have been buying the Yankees' expensive tickets for years.

Sentimentalists think of the stadium as The House That Ruth Built, but Babe Ruth is now dead 16 years and out of a Yankee uniform for 30. There is a monument to him in center field, along with one to Col. Jake Ruppert, a former owner dead 25 seasons, and one to Lou Gehrig, who played with Ruth, dead 23. Thus the Yankees lead both leagues in memorial slabs, making their ballyard the Forest Lawn of baseball.

If the atmosphere is moribund so, often, is the team. You may remember the old gambling adage: Never bet against the Yankees or Notre Dame. The Notre Dame football team has lately turned in enough losing seasons to cancel half the saying and also to emphasize the fact that the Yankee phenomenon—28 pennants in 43 years—is not an act of God. That phenomenon is now threatened, and all of the Columbia Broadcasting System's vice presidents (15) may not be enough to preserve it.

"Well," Yogi Berra, the freshman manager, tells visitors, as he sits in an ensemble of skin and shower slippers after victories or losses, "it's an experience." Berra grins tentatively. "It's an experience," he repeats, and it is disconcerting to see this vastly amiable man moving toward the wings before anyone has asked him to go. (Come back, Little Yogi.) It is also a remarkable change from recent times in the Yankee manager's office.

Casey Stengel (1949 through 1960; ten pennants) dominated that office with loud, rambling, often profane sentences. Ralph Houk (1961 through 1963; three pennants) dominated it more quietly but just as surely through the sense of kinetic fury that he transmits.

Now comes Lawrence Peter Berra, a gentle and deferential manager, on whose desk rests an $8 bill, serial number B 69851960 E, mailed to him by Frank Gifford, the football player. Berra's likeness appears in the $8 bill along with the motto: WHAT—ME WORRY? This is taken from *Mad*, a magazine which is popular with many teen-agers. Such humor is a revolutionary break from the old hard-line Yankee attitudes.

Old Yankee attitude

The old Yankee attitude had all the warmth and kindness of the Prussian general staff. It allowed for jokes, provided they were cracked at someone else's expense and came on days when the team had won by not less than seven runs. The Yankees were champions. They knew it. Fans were lucky to be allowed to purchase tickets, the management hinted. Officials stressed that they were interested in the box-seat market and put up with loud workingmen in shirt-sleeves only because they had to.

Journalists assigned to cover the Yankees were required to accept special rules (no interviews around the trainer's table) and were expected to vie with one another in praise. "You've got the greatest assignment in the newspaper business," a former Yankee publicity man told a reporter, "and because you can write pretty well, the way is open for you to be the greatest pollyanna guy of them all."

Opposing athletes were regarded with general disdain or, at best, with tolerance. Look, the reasoning went, if those guys were any good, they'd be Yankees.

One could argue with any or all of these points, but in the end the Yankees had only to mention their profit statements, or the standing of the club, and the argument was over. In the years just after World War II the team attracted more than two million customers for five consecutive seasons. In the 10-year period beginning with 1949 they won nine pennants and seven World Series.

The first strong suggestion that the Yankees would not always have everything their own way came when the Dodgers and Giants abandoned New York for California after the season of 1957. With all competition gone, with the biggest city in the country all to themselves, the Yankees should have had a boom in attendance. None materialized. The year after the two National League clubs left, Yankee home attendance actually declined by fully 60,000 fans. The shirt-sleeved workingmen, who had crowded into the Polo Grounds, the raucous eccentrics who jammed Ebbets Field, were not interested in watching the Yankees imperiously trounce the Kansas City Athletics.

The classic baseball response to slumping attendance is to build a better ball club, but the Yankees could hardly do that since they were already winning pennants. Other responses are "color" or the installation of promotional devices, such as the scoreboard Bill Veeck installed in Chicago, which exploded at suitable moments. Neither promotion nor color comes easily to the staid Yankee organization, but unquestionably Berra was selected to manage for reasons that go beyond straight baseball. Yogi was more famous as a master of the malapropism than as a strategic genius. "He was hired," says Houk, "because he's a sound baseball man, and he understands the organization." Those are two factors. Berra's popular appeal is the third, and possibly the most important one.

Unfortunately for Berra, his managerial debut comes at a time when there is a further strong suggestion that the Time of the Yankees is waning. To put it plainly, the team is short of talent. Late last season the Yankees went into a batting slump, which did not affect the pennant race but was a disaster in the World Series. "Taking nothing away from Dodger pitching," says Houk, taking something away from Dodger pitching, "we weren't hitting going in." Yankee hitting has never really resumed.

Consider the batting averages that Berra could position around the infield at the start of an important series with the White Sox last month. Joe Pepitone, the first baseman who had seemed such a sure prospect, was hitting .255. Bobby Richardson, the second baseman who has hit over .300, was at .258. Tony Kubek, the shortstop, was bogged down at .224 and Boyer, the third baseman, was a cool .219. Berra could, of course, have made changes. He could have removed Kubek and substituted Phil Linz, who was then hitting .255. In the outfield Roger Maris, who earns $72,000 a year because he broke Babe Ruth's record of 60 home runs three years ago, has had to be benched from time to time against left-handed pitching. Tom Tresh, the 25-year-old left fielder, was not hitting as well as he had when he was 24.

It is not simply a matter of averages, since one game-winning hit is worth an infinite number of wasted singles. It is also a matter of timeliness. An old Yankee characteristic was that one key hit, which made an outfielder like Tommy Henrich "the best .275 hitter in baseball," not only in press releases, but in fact. Often this season the key hit has been going the other way, which is to say it falls with a dull splat among Yankee outfielders or thunks against a fence beyond them.

In one game against the White Sox, Jim Bouton was scrambling with good stuff, making good pitches but being hit, as happens to anybody. In a situation of that sort the manager likes to stay with his pitcher, and Berra did. Bouton was working hard and keeping the game close because the White Sox could not come up with a crucial hit. Then Juan Pizarro, a skinny-legged, left-handed pitcher, came to bat for Chicago with two runners on

General manager Ralph Houk and ex-owner Del Webb watch Yankees lose fourth straight to Chicago after team was sold to CBS.

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Berra: "Well, it's an experience."

Descent from Olympus

base and hit a ferocious line drive that landed far beyond the fence in right center field. Result of one key White Sox hit: one key White Sox victory, ultimately by a score of 8 to 2.

This year, with men on base, Yankees have been popping up. They have been hitting their doubles with two out and bases empty. "Over-eagerness is a kind of problem," Tom Tresh reported. "It's one of the things that's been the matter. It used to be when I had to come through in a spot, I'd figure, well if I didn't the guy who hit after me would. Now, when I have to come through I think everything is really up to me. Maybe nobody else will get the hit." Tresh paused before adding what everyone who has played baseball understands: "It's a lot easier to hit relaxed than to hit tense."

In the Chicago counter-revolution (the White Sox lost 10 straight to the Yankees, then took the next 6 of 8) non-delivery in late innings by presumably tense New York hitters has been significant. Thus the Sox win by scores of 2–1, 4–3 and 4–2, where once the Yankees did.

"I don't think our guys were ever really afraid," says a Chicago official. "They were just fatalistic. They figured whatever they did, the Yankees would bomb out the big hit and beat them. They're not thinking that way anymore."

The current Yankees, once called Murderers' Row in the violent lexicon of baseball clichés, are a light-hitting team. A slump of a year's duration may fairly be called chronic, and, still being fair, men like Kubek, Tresh and Boyer will never become punishing batters. This is hard to accept because the Yankee uniform tends to fool us and also because Mantle can still slam a 500-foot home run that defies belief, as he did one day in August. We forget that Mantle is one man in a lineup full of patsies, forget to ask: Where is the pressure from young pinstriped sluggers to move pinstriped patsies to the bench?

Coinciding with the hitting slump has been a decline in Yankee pitching. Bill Stafford, a confident competitor who started 33 games as a sophomore in 1962, slipped from the first line and by midsummer this season had pitched fewer than 50 innings. Ralph Terry, who won 17 games last year and tied for the league lead in completions, was able to complete only two starts through August. These blows were serious, but in other years, with young pitchers developing swiftly on farms, the Yankees could have endured them. This year, a calamitous blow also struck their star, Whitey Ford.

Edward Charles Ford, of Lake Success, Long Island, stockbroker, realtor and left hander, is the most successful pitcher of his time. Fast enough, unafraid, possessed of remarkable pitching intelligence and a good assortment of curves, Ford has been able to go out and win critical games, in series after series, in month after month, in year after year. As this season began he had won 199 games, and had a lifetime winning percentage of .718, the highest of any enduring pitcher since 1900, which is accepted as the dawn of modern baseball. (Lefty Grove finished at .682 and Christy Mathewson, who is supposed to have been the best pitcher who ever lived, finished at .665.)

Last winter Ford, at 35, was named Yankee pitching coach, which everyone thought was a good idea since it made it easier for Whitey to help his old friend Berra. With customary lightness Ford promised to keep signals simple, "to make sure we don't confuse our manager." What everyone then expected from Ford was more levity plus an exemplary effort as coach, in that he would be a winning example.

Sure enough Ford pitched seven shutouts and won 12 games into August. Then calcium deposits appeared on one of his hips and he was able to pitch only an inning or two at a time. In August the Yankees played four consecutive series with the White Sox and the Orioles, which would ordinarily have meant at least four starts for Ford. Hobbled, he was able only to make a few relief appearances, none significant.

"Can you imagine," a newspaperman said to Berra, "going through all these big ones without Whitey?"

"I can imagine it," Yogi said, "because I'm doin' it." He pointed to a gaudy assortment of fruits sent by an admirer. "I'm just glad they ain't flowers," he said.

Still thinks they'll win

Ralph Houk was a strong factor in the Berra appointment and, as Yogi is likable and gentle, Houk is likable and hard. Appointed general manager at the end of last season, Houk reestablished his often-established toughness very early by threatening to fine pitcher Jim Bouton $100 for every day Bouton continued a holdout. The pitcher quickly capitulated.

Houk rejects any suggestion that all is not well with the Yankee organization. "I still think we'll win it," he said on a day when few others agreed. "Some writers say that our farms aren't good, but it isn't only the standings of the teams, it's who's on them. We have some excellent kids. Look at (Mel) Stottlemyre (a pitcher who won three consecutive games immediately after being brought up from Richmond)."

Houk was sitting in an unpretentious stadium office, talking with a combination of candor and discretion. "About batting averages," he said, "I think they're lower because pitching is getting better. I look at pitchers now, they're bigger kids. We have the horses. I honestly believe we do.

"People wonder about Yogi. Well, nobody can say in advance how good a manager is going to be. I used to read the papers and one day I was a brilliant manager and the next day I was nothing. Yogi's good. He's gonna get better.

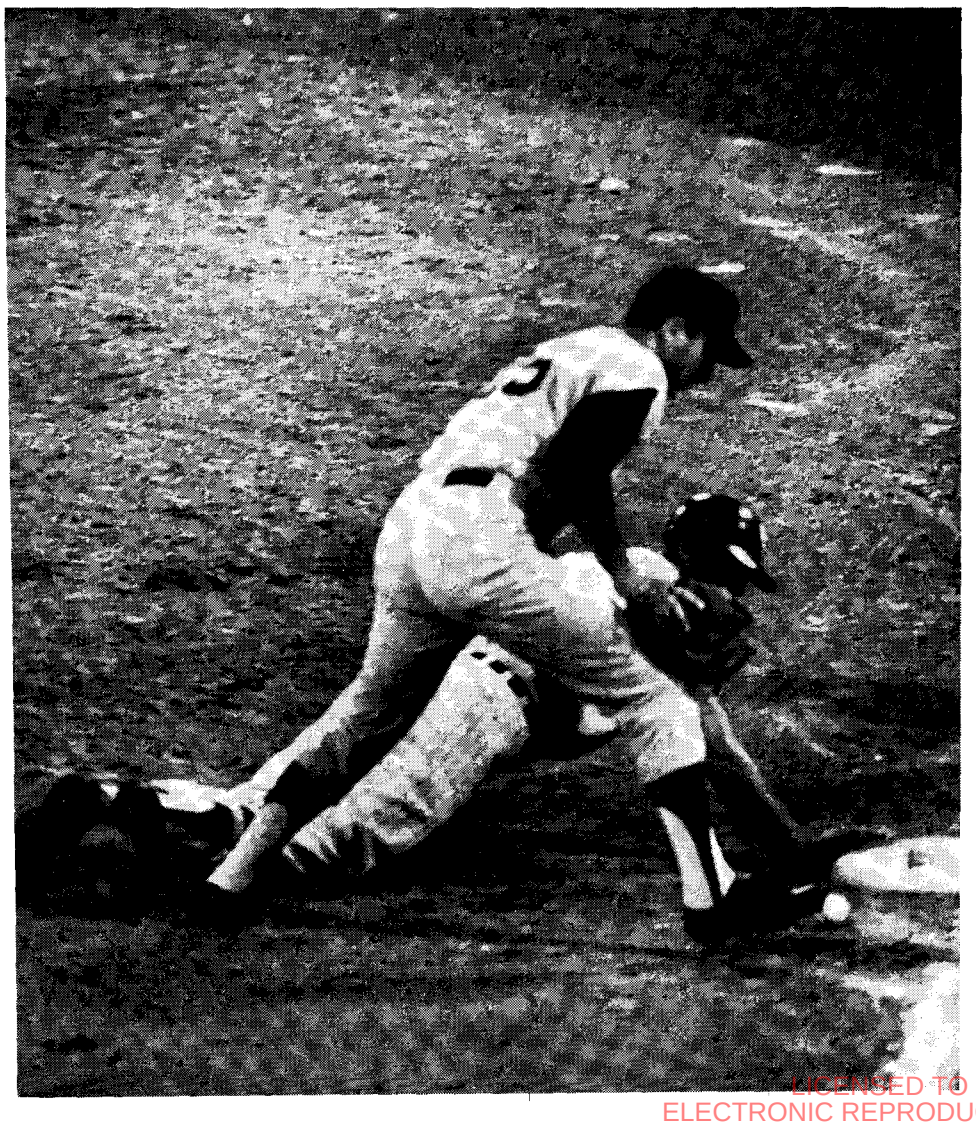
"We're tired of hearing our players booed. I'm sick of everybody saying the Yankees are cold. We have two jobs. One is to keep on winning pennants. Two is to convince New York that we're their team, a New York team, a team worth liking, worth rooting for."

Houk spoke intensely. One cannot question his sincerity any more than one can question Berra's desire to win. But both men are employees of the New York Yankees, Inc., which is now a subsidiary of CBS. To many people the phrase "corporate subsidiary" can never have real warmth.

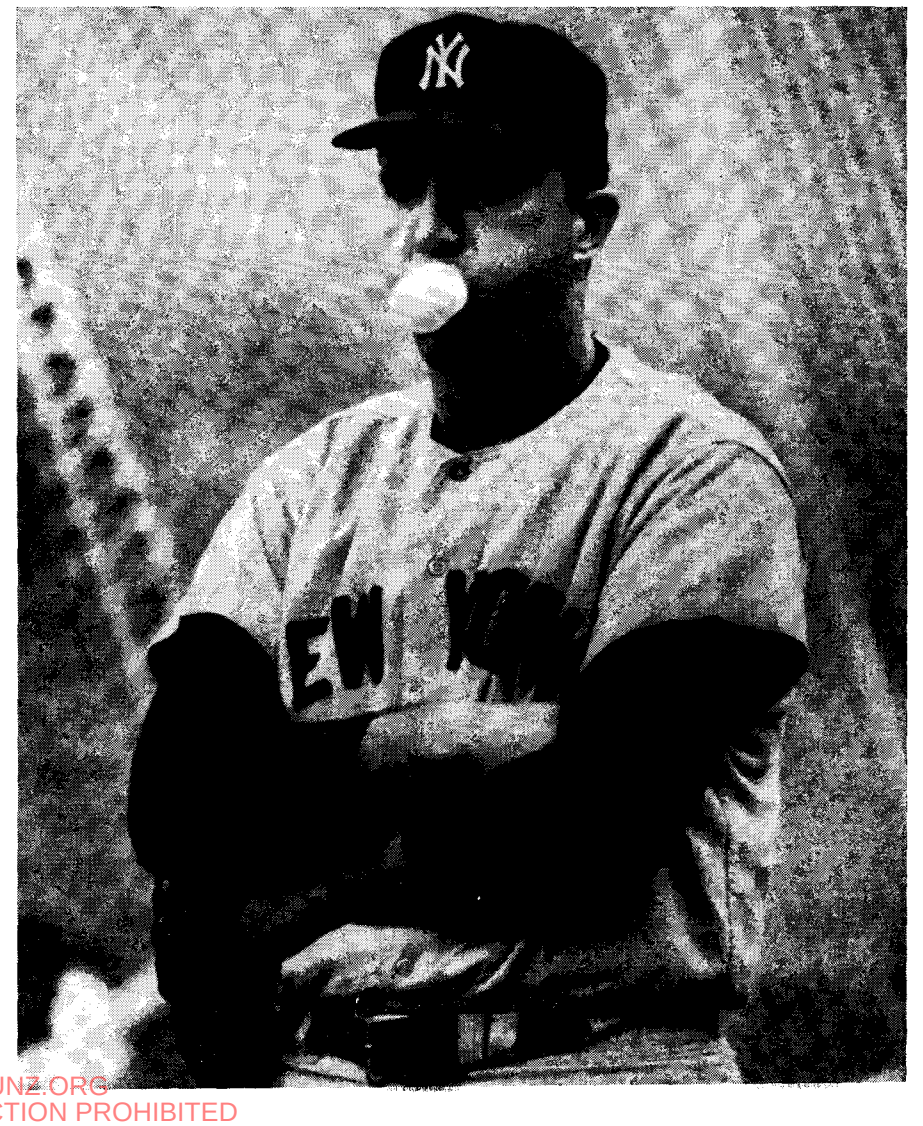
Branch Rickey, in another baseball time, had a theory about profitable operations. "You must be able," Rickey said, "to consider the star baseball player without passion, with no passion at all. You must be able to look at him when he has lost that half step and tell yourself without fear, 'Now, now is the time to make a sale.'" Thus Rickey, a matchless operator, sold such stars as Dizzy Dean and Joe Medwick, when each was just past his peak. Neither had another really successful season.

Now, in another day, come other operators in baseball. In 1953 Topping and Webb sold Yankee Stadium and the land on which it is built for about $6 million. In 1964 Topping and Webb sold the Yankees, assuring all that there will be no change really, and congratulating the gentlemen at CBS for having made a smart transaction. Then, suddenly, the Yankees are losing and one remembers Branch Rickey and the theory of selling just past the peak. Rickey dealt in individuals. It is an innovation to apply his theory to a whole team. THE END

First-baseman Joe Pepitone plays kickball with pickoff throw as runner returns to bag.



John Blanchard, who keeps busy filling in for slumping regulars, relaxes before game.



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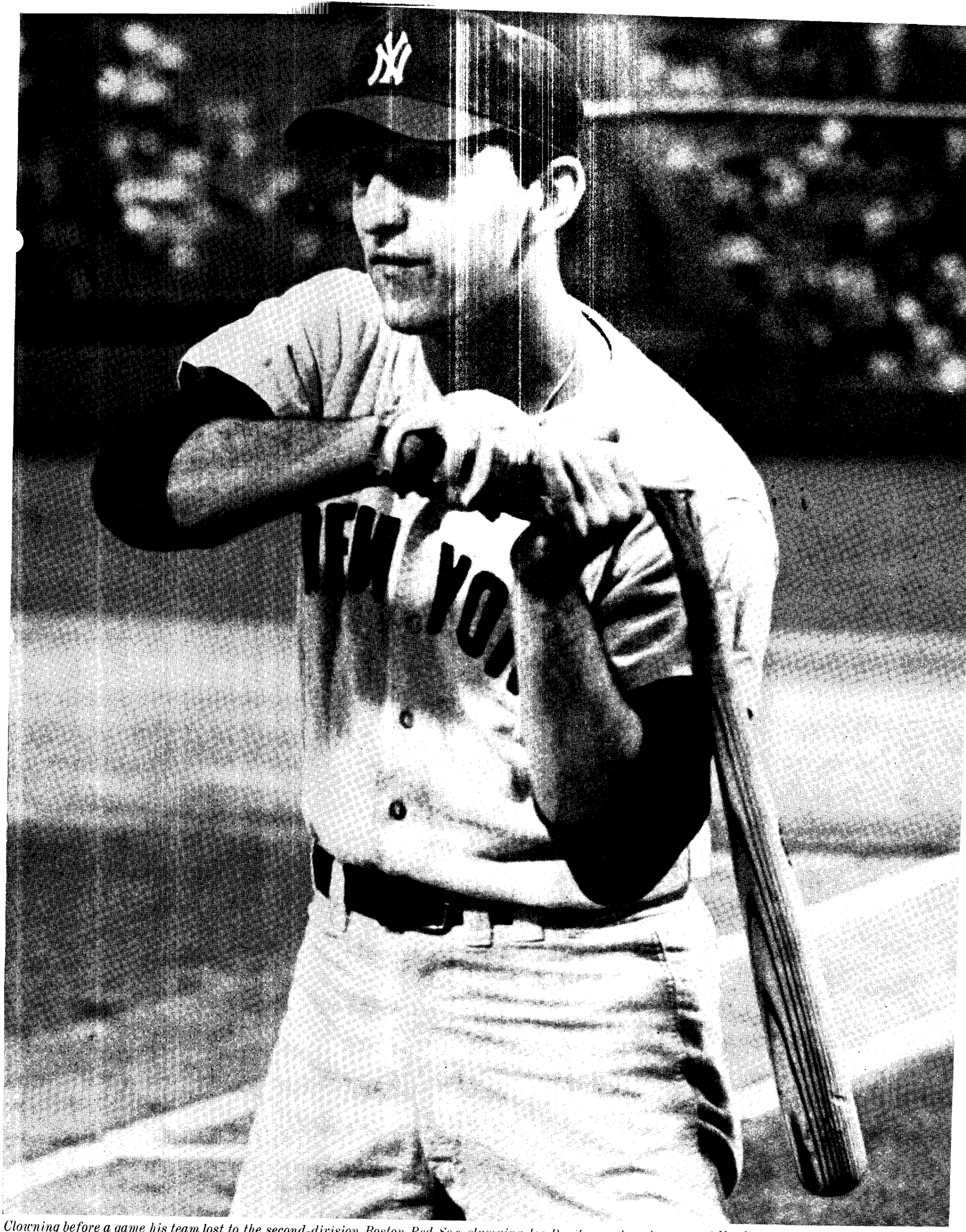

Clowning before a game his team lost to the second-division Boston Red Sox, slumping Joe Pepitone acts out a current Yankee problem: weak hitting.

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THE LESSON OF MALCOLM X

If Malcolm X were not a Negro, his autobiography would be little more than a journal of abnormal psychology, the story of a burglar, dope pusher, addict and jailbird—with a family history of insanity—who acquires messianic delusions and sets forth to preach an upside-down religion of "brotherly" hatred. What lends importance to Malcolm's otherwise depressing tale is that he is a leader of the Black Muslims, a sort of Negro Ku Klux Klan. Nobody knows just how large a following he has, but unquestionably the militant hatred he preaches was behind some of the violence of the summer riots in the North.

Society must share the blame for making Malcolm X the angry and possibly dangerous man that he is. His story is the story of all the injustice still inflicted on his race; it begins in senseless cruelty and violence, moves through poverty and deprivation to the capricious murder of his father and his mother's insanity, through his own easy drift into crime and long imprisonment, to—finally—the catharsis of a pseudoreligious revelation. He is, in truth, the product of a world he never made. But he is also, like every other man, self-made. The same unjust world has also turned out a Martin Luther King, who has had to face the same deprivations and senseless cruelties, yet through them has reached a personal serenity and religious revelation founded on the idea of brotherly love. America may consider itself lucky that in a large poll which *The New York Times* took in Harlem—by coincidence, just before the riots—King had more than 12 times as many followers as Malcolm X. We say lucky, because this fact shows more patience, forbearance and trust among Negroes than their past treatment has justified.

America has been lucky like that for a long time. The persecuted, neglected, mistreated Negro minority would have seemed a perfect setup for Communist agitators—and Lenin proved that a very small minority, properly organized, can overthrow a state. Yet it is a tribute to the inherent loyalty and good sense of the American Negro that the Communists could never make any real headway among them. It is likely that Malcolm X won't either. It would be understandable if all the ignorant hatreds of the Ku Klux Klan created a black-robed mirror image of revenge. But Negroes, by and large, are not vengeful.

Unlike Malcolm X, most of them would laugh at Mr. Elijah Muhammad's childlike fantasy that the "white devil" is a genetic aberration from the "natural man," the Negro, who will regain his rightful mastery when "the black original race [gives] birth to one whose wisdom, knowledge and power would be infinite." Yet this fantasy is no more childish than the solemn conviction of many a Mississippi fundamentalist that God has doomed Negroes to eternal inferiority as the "sons of Ham," condemned to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Though no man, as Jefferson warned, is born booted and spurred with the right to ride on the backs of his fellows, some of the Mississippi delegates to the Democratic convention in Atlantic City seemed to be still under that misapprehension.

The lesson of Malcolm X, and the lesson of the Mississippi showdown at Atlantic City, is that 19 million Negro Americans, who are equally taxed in all respects, still do not get equal representation, politically or otherwise. Taxation without representation is still tyranny, and until all Americans join in providing every citizen with the rights of citizenship, we shall be lucky if Malcolm X is not succeeded by even weirder and more virulent extremists.

THE BULLS OF PEACE

"Do you suppose there's any danger of peace breaking out?" The question is sometimes asked, in a jest with underlying seriousness, by investors who wonder whether "prosperity" could withstand any large-scale cutback in the $54 billion arms program on which so much of the economy necessarily rests. The question is particularly pertinent in Don Oberdorfer's story (page 17) on the human tragedies and community dislocations involved in even the small-scale cutbacks that Secretary McNamara's economies have made possible.

These problems are very real to everyone involved, and cushioning the blow to these individuals and communities is a proper concern for governments. The fact will remain, however, that in a larger sense, every dollar that can be safely removed from the nonproductive business of war is a dollar that can be better used for the productive good of society. If, by any improbable chance, most of the whole $54 billion could be saved, there would be tremendous, but temporary, dislocations. But they could lead to vast new undertakings—rebuilding our cities, modernizing urban transportation, filling the enormous need for new schools, desalting seawater and reclaiming deserts, stimulating medical and scientific research, building hospitals—the list is so endless it staggers the imagination. And it leaves no doubt that the prosperity so created would be greater, and far more soundly based, than any "defense boom." Even on a smaller scale, the corollary is obvious: So much needs to be done that the industries hurt by military cutbacks have great opportunities that await only the right combination of research, imagination and boldness.

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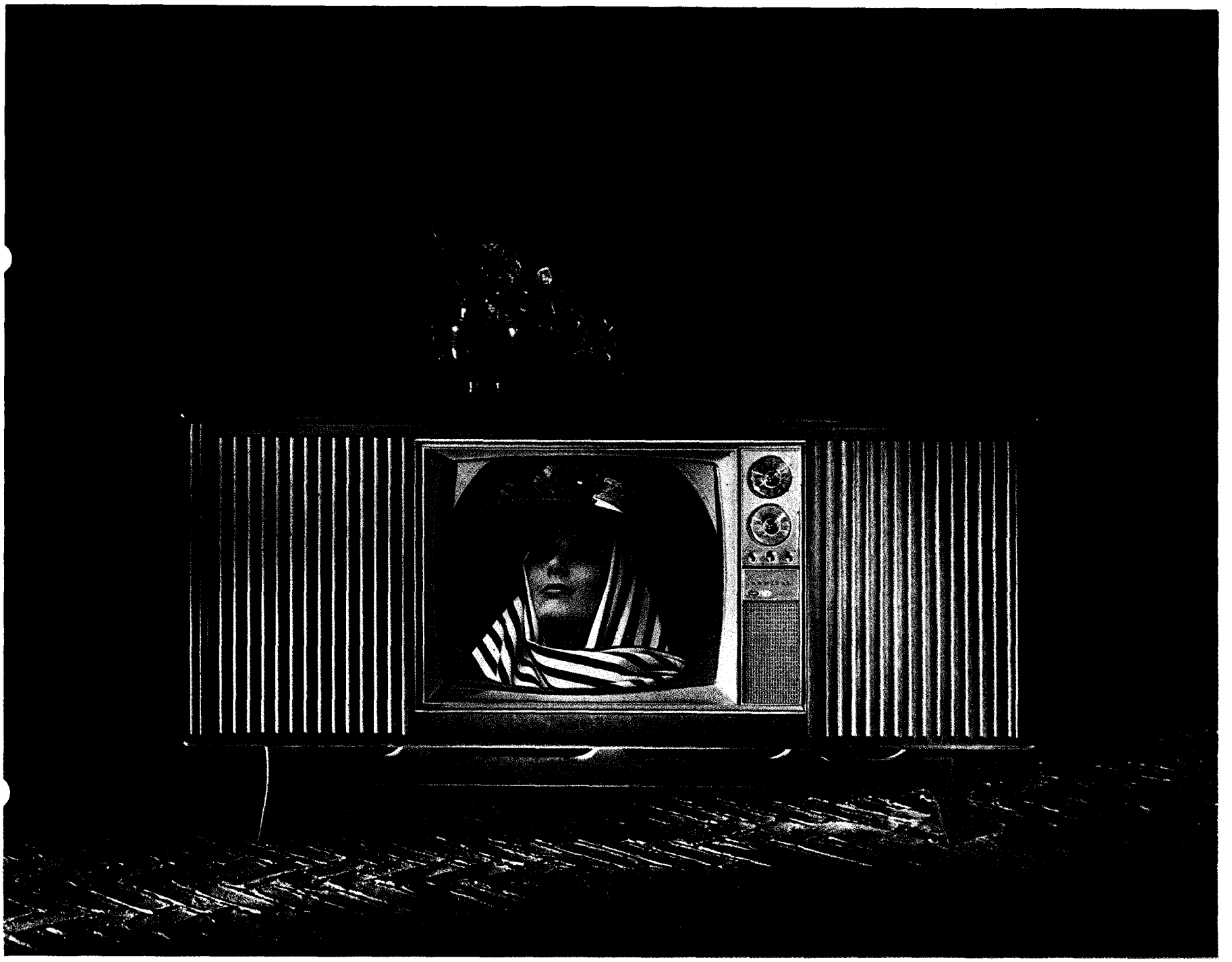

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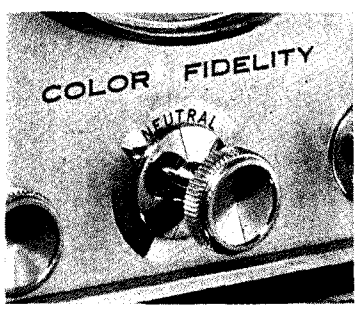

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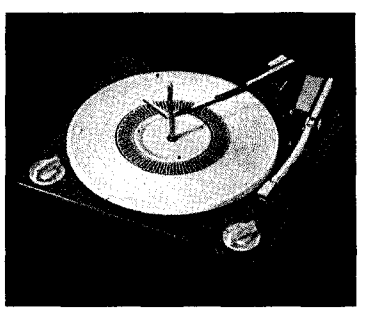

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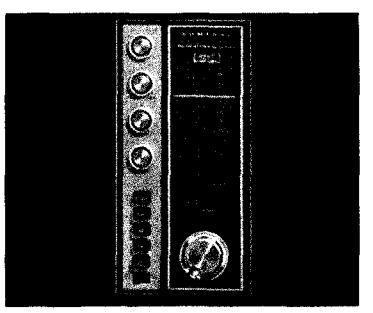

Solid-state FM/AM, FM stereo multiplex radio operates from pushbutton master control center. Press button, sound comes alive instantly, from records or radio. No waiting for warm-up! Stereo Sentry light glows when stereo program is tuned. AFC, separate balance, treble, bass, loudness controls.

The home entertainment center that has everything! Admiral Color TV with exclusive Color Fidelity Control for unmatched color realism. New Admiral AMF Circuit automatically eliminates picture distortion caused by magnetic interference from appliances or moving the set. Solid-state stereo is guaranteed five years*, has no tubes to mar professional-quality sound. So dramatically different, a demonstration by your Admiral dealer will amaze you. *There's nothing finer at any price!* From $795.**

Admiral Col r

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

***5-year warranty:** Admiral warrants each new solid state stereophonic instrument to be free from defects in factory workmanship or material under normal use for 90 days after date of sale to consumer; the FM/AM stereo multiplex radio tuner, pre-amplifier and amplifier are so warranted for five years. Admiral obligation is limited to supplying suitable replacement parts. The warranty is effective only if the instrument is registered with Admiral within 10 days after date of sale to consumer. †T.M. Admiral Corp. **Mfr. suggested list price. Slightly higher some areas. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

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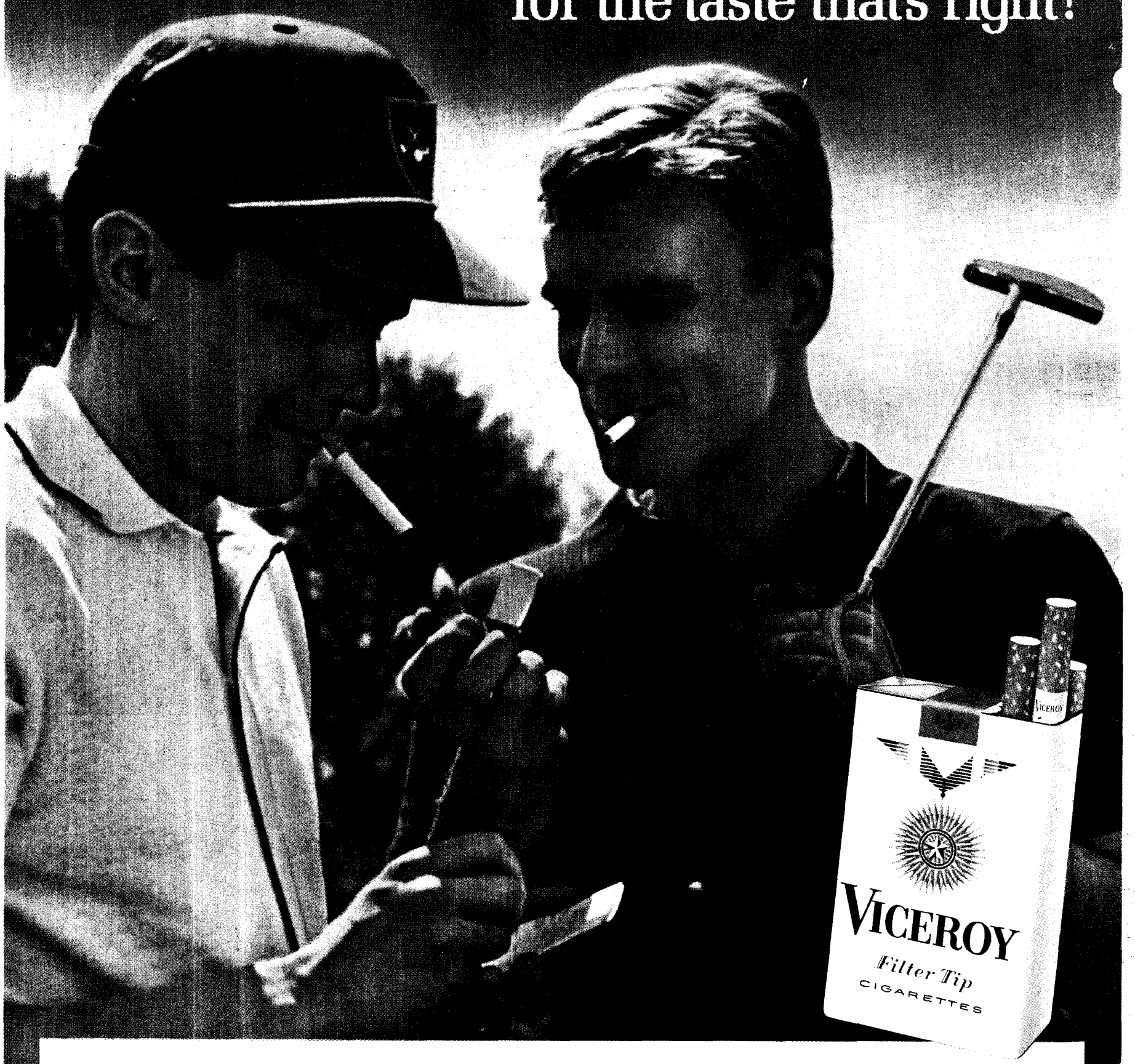
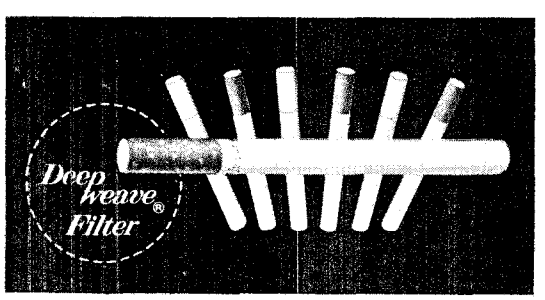
Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter for the taste that's right!



Viceroy is scientifically made to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong... not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong... while others taste too light. But Viceroy—with the Deep-Weave Filter—tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

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